Good Housekeeping

APRIL 1930

25 CENTS

MAR 25 1930

FASHIONS FROM PARIS OPENINGS

Margaret Widdemer – Dorothy Canfield – Achmed Abdullah
Mary Synon – Margaret Sangster – Elizabeth B. Petersen

Home, safe home

We are apt to think of scientific laboratories when prevention of disease is mentioned. Conquerors of plagues spring into our mind's eye . . . hospitals . . . clinics . . . the glorious drama of medicine.

Yet, one of the chief reasons why life is healthier and safer today is our enlightened, intelligent homes. Here the campaign against disease never stops . . . here the discoveries of medicine are eagerly accepted . . . here are carried out *daily* the thousand-and-one little things that make us a people resistant to disease, whose homes are the most healthful of any period in history.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have co-operated with four generations of parents in the practice of prevention at home. While serving scientific medicine through the development of vaccines, sera and preparations of the utmost purity, the House of Squibb has also served the home by preparing products for the medicine cabinet that meet the same high standards.

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Here is ORCHID *a fresh breath of beauty* IN SILVER DESIGN

HERE is a new pattern in sterling silver—a pattern whose rare and inspired loveliness marks a distinct turning-point in silver design.

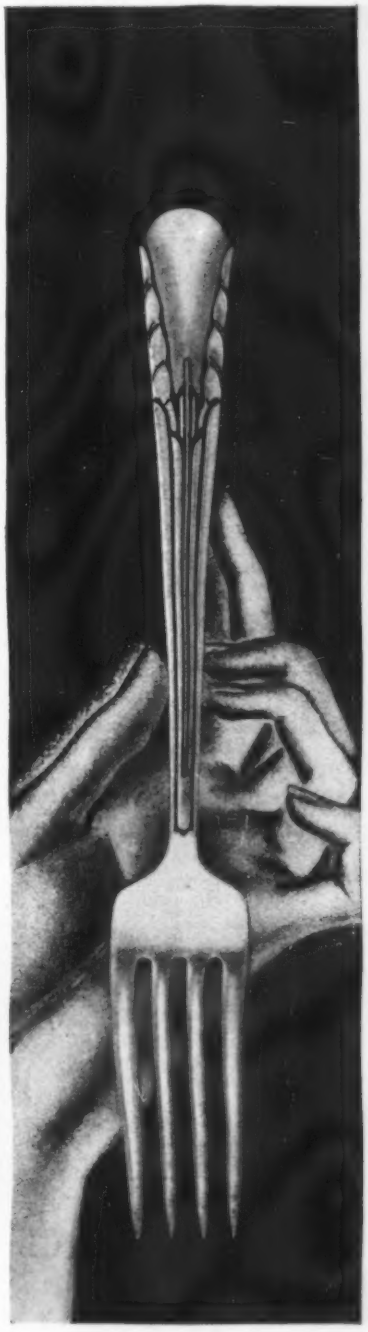
The motif of this pattern is a flower form. With bold and vigorous sculpturing, expressive of the metal, the artist has achieved, miraculously, the effect of a flower's delicacy and grace. Orchid brings to silver, for the first time, the authentic influence of Europe's new movement in creative art.

Like the exquisite flower from which it takes its name, this pattern perfectly expresses the luxury and elegance of modern life.

Yet Orchid is no more costly than ordinary patterns! A twenty-six piece set is but $78—while for only $255 you can purchase a correct, formal service for eight.

Orchid is now on exhibition at leading jewelers'. Or send your name and address and fifteen cents for the Book of Orchid—a beautifully illustrated brochure.

See the exquisite Orchid Hollow-ware at your jeweler's. Tea and coffee services, plates, goblets and many other beautifully designed pieces.



INTERNATIONAL STERLING

Fine Arts Division . . . Wallingford, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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Only those who read "THE BEAUTY PRIZE" and "AROUND THE WORLD" will know in advance the treat in store for them when we announce that

GEORGE WESTON'S *New Serial*

"The American Marquis"

Begins Next Month

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On Easter Morning,
millions of Americans will taste
—for the first time—a new and
finer-flavored Ham

Armour *announces*

the new and revolutionary *"double-f"* process of flavor-control...Fixed* Flavor

Read every word of this message!

We say to you, in all seriousness, you have never tasted *ham!* "Ham" maybe, but not *ham*. For even the criterion of *all* ham, Armour's Star, has been born anew!

There is a Star Ham in your dealer's ice-box *today* that is as new as this morning's newspaper . . . as different from your previous conception of ham as oranges are from grapefruit.

Your neighbor would have told you yesterday that it was simply impossible to improve the flavor of Star Ham. It was tender, tasty, tempting, people said—all that a ham could be. But Armour, with the responsibility of leadership, was not satisfied to stop there.

For months—yes, years—we have been studying the tastes of the American public. We felt that if it were possible to make certain changes, we could offer you an even *finer* ham than the one you have preferred for years. So here was born the "double-f" process—developed by Armour and Company. The result is yours.

"Double-f" means Fixed* Flavor, a scientific process of flavor-control, as changeless as the fixed stars. Fixed* Flavor starts with the livestock itself —a rigorous method of selection and rejection that permits only the finest specimens to bear the Star badge. And then come the improved Armour curing and smoking processes with automatic control of time and temperature beyond all possibility of human error.

We tried the new Star Ham on our own family of 60,000 workers. They were *amazed* at the new evenness and goodness of flavor. Then we consulted food-specialists who write for the great magazines and newspapers. Again, hearty applause for Fixed* Flavor. Finally, we went to the greatest arbiter of them all—the American housewife. Not just a few, but representative groups all over the country. The evidence is overwhelming. It is agreed unanimously: *the new Star Ham with the Fixed* Flavor is the best ever!*

Try a Star Ham for dinner tomorrow. Notice how plump and pink it is. Notice the nice proportion of fat to lean. Then cook it in the regular way. We *know* what your verdict will be.

We know that you will say "Star" to your dealer from now on. Mail the coupon for "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

* * *

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 9.30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the N.B.C. Armour and Company, Chicago; Armour and Company, Limited, London, England.

A brand-new ham flavor—delivered to you in a bright, new wrapper

* ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

with the Fixed* Flavor

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ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.
Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

SOMETHING to JOIN

BECAUSE with our whole heart we believe in the work that is now being done by the American Legion Auxiliary, and in its plans for alleviating the sufferings of those to whom the Armistice did not bring peace, we are printing the letter that follows; we have no doubt that it will bring a greater response than would any word of ours—though we wish that we might say the word that would send our women trooping back to stand by those who are still "carrying on." Here is the letter:

Mr. W. F. Bigelow, Editor,
Good Housekeeping

Dear Sir:

April 6, 1930, marks the thirteenth anniversary of our country's entrance into the World War.

It is conceded that your magazine was largely instrumental in rousing millions of women to the importance of war service, which contributed materially to the ultimate victory of the Allies.

Today there still exists a need for the type of service the women gave during the war. More than 330,000 American women are united in serving the almost forgotten victims of the war in our hospitals and the orphans of those men who lie in military cemeteries at home and abroad. This group is the American Legion Auxiliary with Units in almost every city and town in the country. The Auxiliary needs more of those millions of women who served during the war to help it carry the burden of peacetime service. We need a membership of 500,000 to carry out our program.

So in April, 1930, we will make a nationwide appeal for members. We are not asking the public for funds. We are asking only that the women of this country eligible for membership come into the Auxiliary and complete the work they started so gallantly in 1917. Given a membership of half a million, we will have sufficient strength to carry out our work.

Will you help us in your April issue by writing one of your ringing editorials, or by printing a special feature article calculated to interest your readers who may be eligible to join?

I attach data giving details of our work and our plans.

Yours very truly,
MRS. DONALD MACRAE,
National President.

Membership Facts

Eligible to Membership—Mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of American Legion members, and of men and women who died in the service or after honorable discharge.

Where Organized—Local Units are active in almost every city and town of any size in the United States. The Auxiliary is also organized in territorial possessions of the United States and five foreign countries.

Information Concerning Membership and Organization—This, with interesting literature can be secured from the National Headquarters, American Legion Auxiliary, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Activities of the Auxiliary

For the Disabled—Members carry out a continuous program of visits to 37,000 disabled veterans in hospitals, keeping them in contact with the outside world and with their families. Comforts and necessities not supplied by the government are furnished. Disabled men are given employment making memorial poppies for the Auxiliary, earning approximately $100,000 last year. Aid is given in selling articles made in the hospitals. Convalescent workshops are maintained to give employment to veterans leaving hospitals.

For the Families of the Dead and Disabled—Aid in the form of food, fuel, clothing, rent, and other essentials is given by the Auxiliary to families left destitute through the death or disability of a veteran. Almost every Unit of the Auxiliary has one or more families under its care continually. This work is financed largely through the sale of memorial poppies, from which approximately $1,000,000 was realized last year.

For the Children of the Dead and Disabled—Preventing children from suffering hardships and handicaps because of the sacrifices of their fathers is one of the first interests of the Auxiliary. Aid is given to mothers in rearing the children in their own homes. Help is given in keeping the children in school, and many scholarships for children of veterans have been secured or established by the Auxiliary. A special effort to secure opportunities for higher education for war orphans was begun successfully by the Auxiliary last year.

If you are eligible to membership, there is a place for you in the Auxiliary. It is doing a noble, a necessary work. We must not forget those who were broken in the fight and who were denied the mercy of a hero's death and now must daily fight the good fight with pain and discouragement, with disease and destitution—while the world goes marching gayly by. And if you can not join the Auxiliary, any member of that loyal legion can tell you how you can help just the same.

The Story of the Children's Bureau

Have you an extra quarter? You can not spend it more wisely than by sending it to the Children's Bureau at Washington for a copy of this story. It is only 48 pages long, but every page is a thriller. We thought we knew what the Children's Bureau is doing, for it has been our pleasure and privilege to be closely associated with it in several of its most important activities; but the scope of its work is far more extensive than we had realized. It is an institution of which we should all be proud; and we will be proud of it when we know its record and its vital relation to the maternal and child life of the nation. When you have ordered this story, send another letter to the American Child Health Association, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y., for its program for Child Health Day. The slogan for this year is, "Every parent and every community united for health for every child." That means you.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

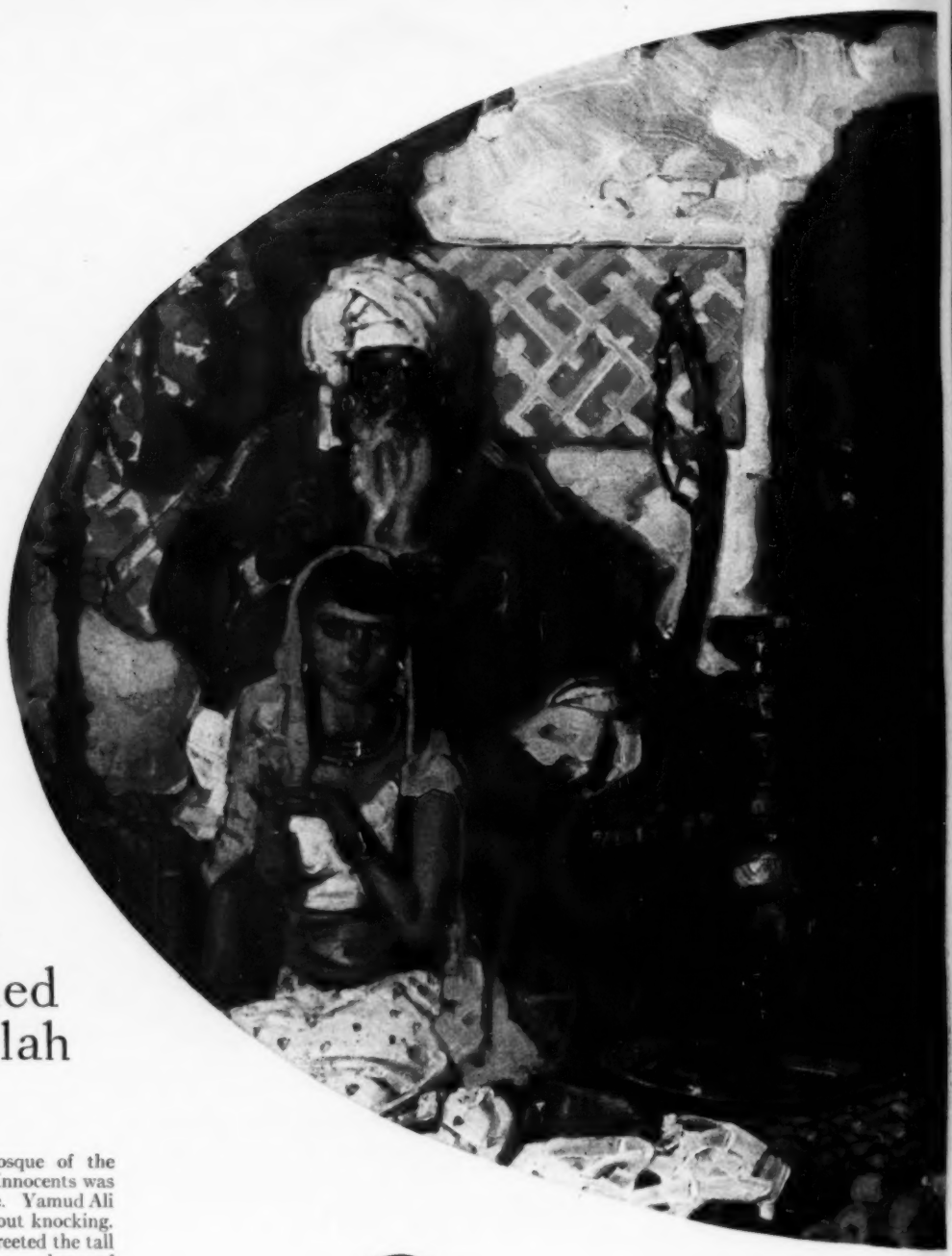
And They Followed Him

By Grace Noll Crowell

Bas-Relief By J. Clinton Shepherd

HE WALKED the highways—up small streets and down,
Or on the shore-roads by the glittering sea,
But whether in the country or the town
They sought Him ceaselessly.
Men closed their shops—they left their plows to seek
The many roads He took beneath the sun;
The women, eager to see Him—hear Him speak—
Left every task undone,
Their little children stumbling at their side,
That All might see this Healer, Teacher, Guide.

THAT ALL might see Him! Oh, I wish to-day
That He were here along some city street
Or country lane, and we could find the way
On eager, stumbling feet:
Our men to leave their shops and plows to go—
Our women every household task to find
The One who had compassion long ago
Upon the deaf and blind.
We are so deaf and blind— Dear God, I pray
That somewhere we shall find him on the way.



By
Achmed
Abdullah

ONCE in

The Tale of a Hard Bargain

NEAR the Mosque of the Seven Holy Innocents was a small house. Yamud Ali entered without knocking.

"The salute!" he greeted the tall woman who rose from a heap of cushions.

"The salute!" she replied, yawning a little.

But she stifled the yawn when from his right thumb he slipped a large, off-color emerald in a crude silver setting.

"For me?" she asked greedily.

"Yes, Fathma. It is yours. So is this house and all I possess—except my clothes, my weapons, and my gray stallion. It is time I was saddling up and riding down the road."

"You are off to war, my lord?"

"To peace."

He related how caravan men had brought him word of his father's death and that he was now chief of the Mahmudi tribe whose round, stone huts topped a ridge seven days north of Kabul.

"I must return to my clan," he added.

She laughed rather mockingly. "What is there amongst the Mahmudi for the like of you?" she demanded. "Why—I remember when you came here, nine years ago, a beardless fledgling. I remember your very words. Never again the hills of the north for you, you swore. Only black rocks there—did you not tell me?—and black storms and black trees and black, shriveled cattle."

Yamud Ali inclined his head. He, too, recalled.

A hard land was his own land—barren, bitter, frowning. A grim, sardonic welter of granite peaks and, pinched into the narrow valley below, a few stony acres. Always the heart-breaking, back-breaking

"It seems that I must give all the dowry. What will you give?" jeered Suryah's father

Illustrated By Dan Content

Our HILLS

— *And a Soft Heart*

toil of these same acres; the herding of the small cattle and the lean, shaggy goats; work, work, work, day in and day out, and often the crops slashed by drouth and then a tightening of girths, and never an hour of pleasure or ease, and always his tribesmen's envy against the neighboring clan, the Turkolani, whose fields stretched wide and fertile and greenly abundant, whose foals and heifers were fat with the rich feeding.

How he had hated it, hated it all with the sharp impatience of youth—and he had wondered,

"Am I not the fool to be staying on here when there are so many roads elsewhere?"

Then one morning a recruiting officer of the Afghan Amir had come to the village with a half-company, asking the peasant lads to try a trip to the foreign wars; and Yamud Ali had watched the soldiers, the great, bearded, careless men, stepping their jaunty way to the beat of the drums. Ah, the cheery thunder of the drums, sending a rush of blood to his brain, a queer tingling to his heart—the loud-bragging drums that had spelled escape from the black rocks! So in spite of his father's entreaties—"You are my only son, and your mother is dead—may her soul reach Paradise!—and without you the hearth will be cold and lonely—" he had marched away with the soldiers. He had enlisted; had done well; was today a captain of horse in pomp of steel and scarlet. . . .

"I remember indeed," he said to Fathma. "I had such high dreams of the grand, brisk world I wanted to see."

"And today," she suggested, mockingly as before, "you have other dreams—dreams of home?"

"No. Is not home still the same barren,

brooding land? But there is my duty. I am the chief. I must go."

"Without me?" she sighed insincerely.

A thin smile curled his lips. "Would you like to come?" he asked.

"No!" she admitted.

"Then why make believe? Why lie?"

"No reason—except a woman's. There is, belike, a girl waiting for you in the north?"

"Another woman—after your kisses? Ah—" with a clumsy attempt at gallantry —"how can that be!"

"Who is lying now?" she interrupted; and both laughed.

Years earlier they had met, in Timur's coffee house where she had been a singer and dancer. Quick, burning passion had come to them. But it had turned to ashes. For in spite of the long time he had spent in the Afghan capital, he was still the hill-bred, of harsh manners and tense, brittle honor, while she was a product of the city's ancient, lissom wickedness, a woman of gliding wit and crooked desires, who preferred gallants less occupied with their honor and more with the mazed subtleties of the five senses. Yet their life together had continued, had become a habit—perhaps because he had been too decent to put a stop to it, and she too indolent. Nor had she been unhappy. He had always treated her with generosity and kindly respect. Now the break had come from the outside, and she was glad. She kissed him.

"May the Lord Allah bless the stepping of your feet!"

"May He grant you peace and plenty!"

"The salute, O Yamud Ali!"

"The salute, O Fathma!"

Thus their leave-taking, chilly and passionless as once their meeting had been hot and passionate; and he went straight to the palace of Fateh Nur Durani, Amir of the Afghans, demanded and obtained audience, salaamed —not so deeply—and begged to be released from service.

The Amir frowned. He was a short, fat, elderly man, his head topped by a coquettish and decidedly unbecoming turban of cerise silk, his scant beard dyed crimson with henna. Ludicrous he appeared at first glance—not so ludicrous when you saw his face, heavy-jowled, thin-lipped; when you saw the cruel, rapacious expression in the pin-points of his gray eyes.

He was in an ugly mood. For recently his youngest son had crossed the frontier of High Tartary with a tail of ruffianly retainers, had harried there villages and looted caravans; and this morning the Grand Khan of High Tartary had sent curt word that the indemnity would be five thousand purses of gold, or else— The threat was obvious.

Five thousand purses to be paid to the Tartars—bless them not the Lord Allah! —five thousand. A stout, brave, goodly sum! No wonder Fateh Nur Durani was annoyed, with himself, the Tartars, and the world at large; and here was this captain calmly asking to be released from service. He looked at him—tall, erect, with a massive chest, ruddy, hawkish features. And the way he had salaamed—negligently it had seemed, cavalierly.

"Go back to your regiment!" ordered the Amir.

"But —"

"Those of my subjects who join the army stay there until death—or age or wounds—incapacitates them. You are young and strong."

"But my father is dead. My clansmen are clamoring for me."

"Your clansmen?" echoed Fateh Nur Durani with a sneer. "Pah—dirt-eating hillmen!"

"Maybe. Yet am I their chief as much as you, O Majesty, are chief in this grand town. I repeat—I beg permission. . . ."

"Not granted!"

Yamud Ali stared at the Amir.

"I must make haste and grow angry," he thought "I must get the red fury in me at once, before I become afraid of this man —before he gets the advantage of me with his power and cruelty."

So, aloud, in a bullying kind of trumpet, he shouted, "And who is there to keep me here against my will?"

For that was the Afghan in him: that he should be braggingly reckless, not counting the cost, fearing fear more than the causes of fear; and he stood there, head high, and out with his sword and bending it across his body like a switch.

"Begone, O creature!" warned Fateh Nur Durani in a steely, ominous purr. "Begone at once!"

"Begone—aye—to my own land—this very day."

"*Hai!*" came the Amir's enraged shriek; and he had already half-turned to his executioners to give orders to behead this man who dared carry the insolence of untrammeled speech into the Presence.

But suddenly he reconsidered. For he told himself that Yamud Ali, though a truculent hill-bred, was a chief in his own land. And there were the Tartars. He would not pay them the indemnity. No—by the teeth of the True Prophet! So presently their copper-faced hordes would pour through the passes, and on that day it would be better to have the hillmen as allies than as foes—the hillmen who squatted on the ridges and peaks above the border passes; who knew how to ambush rear guards and convoys and how to cut off stragglers; who, though few in numbers, might be the very ones to turn defeat into victory.

Therefore, with an effort, the Amir banished the anger from his heart, the frown from his face. A crinkle, meant to be a smile, went across his lips like curdling milk. The executioners, quick to read his shifting moods, took hands from sword hilts—gently, unobtrusively, as if they had only meant to play with the long, golden tassels—and beamed upon the bold captain who had thus amused their master.

"Hillmen are like fleas," remarked the latter, "heedless where they jump—caring neither for rank nor dignity."

"Except, belike, their own dignity?" suggested Yamud Ali, nowise abashed.

"So it seems." Fateh Nur Durani laughed. "Your prayer is granted," he went on. "Return to your own people—a chief. But remember, you are still and always a captain in my army. And if ever the time should come—"

"Aye! If ever the time should come, it will be myself and the strong men of the Mahmudi at the old war trade—catching the Tartars from the back and giving them the long reach of our short daggers."

"Good—by the honor of my nose!" The Amir tossed him a purse filled with gold. "You are a most excellent beard, though—ah—" coughing—"slightly lacking in manners and refinement." He rose. "The audience is ended."

"Thanks, O Majesty!"

And Yamud Ali left the palace, walking with somewhat of a strut and swagger. For that was the way of him.

HE HAD spoken the truth when he had said to Fathma that there were no dreams of home in his soul, that it was only duty which was urging him on. Yet when, on the seventh day out of Kabul, he drew within sight of the border range, towering immense and stark and austere, he became aware of a queer sensation.

Home—yes—here was home and the sharp tang of the home wind, the home scent—like a mingling of honey and gall, of ecstasy and pain, of longing and regret—and perhaps this feeling which he tried to combat, but could not, rose from the hidden roots of his racial, cosmic consciousness reaching deep down into the stony core of these mountains where his forefathers had lived for so many centuries; perhaps it was due to what the old peasant woman told him.

He met her in the afternoon. She gave him the courteous greeting of the countryside,

"How goes it with you, O son of the world?"

They stopped and swapped the time of day; and, thinking him a stranger by token of his fine clothes, she said to him with a hill-bred's ingenuous conceit,

"The lucky man you are, to be traveling through this blessed land of ours!"

"Blessed—you call it?" He laughed harshly. "I hate it. These granite peaks crush my heart against my very ribs."

"These granite peaks," she rejoined heatedly, "are good enough for the decent folk who dwell here. You can have Kabul and all the glittering, splendid towns of the south as long as in the north rocks are

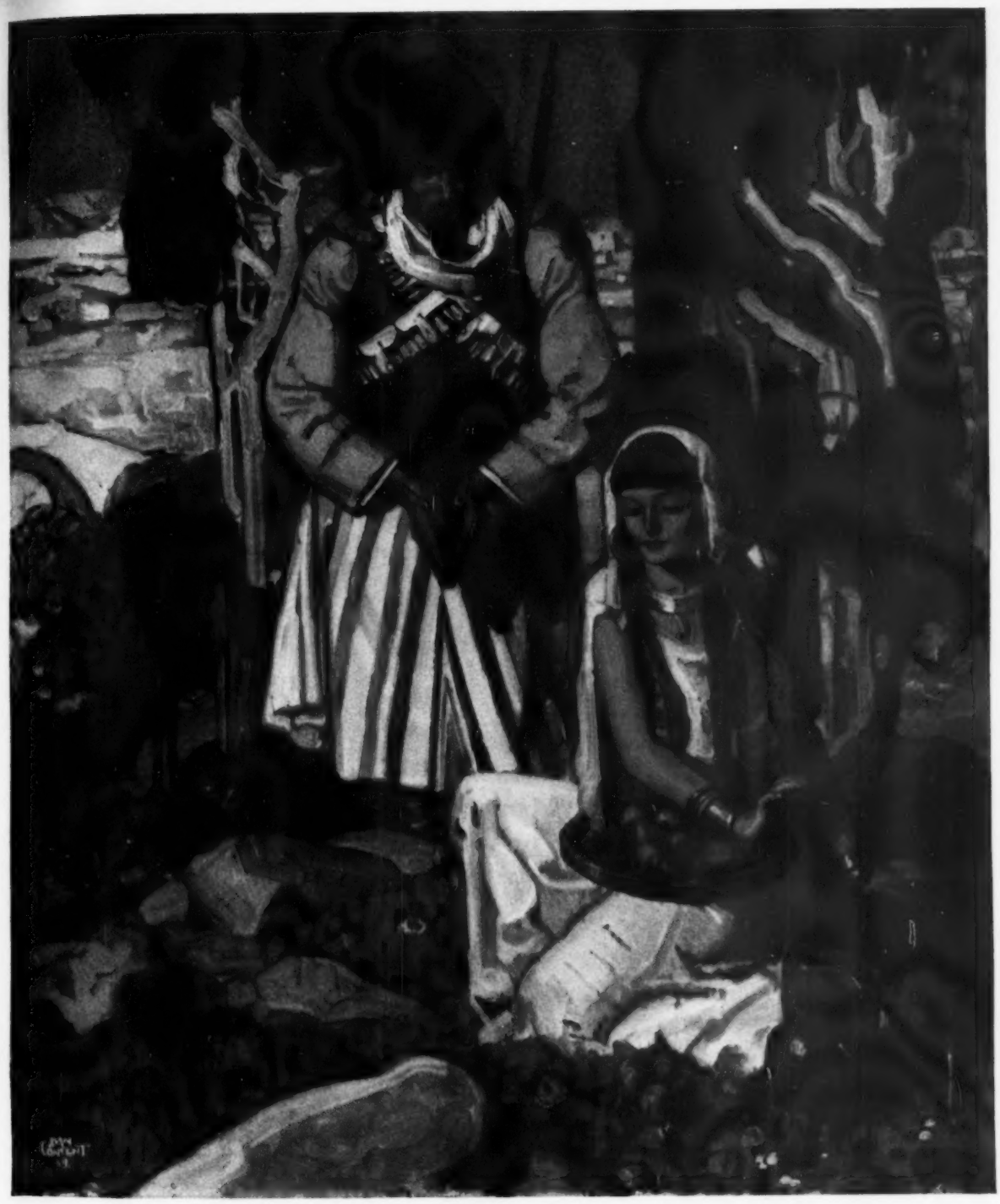
EARTH

By Bert Cooksley

NOT *to know earth, nor how its seasons pass,*
Nor how the seedling fashions cup and rod,
Nor how the fields throughout their Aprils mass
Their food and beauty—is not to know God.

I THINK *sometimes man could not worship Him*
In any greater temple than a place
Where underfoot the grass lives cool and dim,
Where overhead a tree spreads forth her lace;

NOR *with a greater faith, nor truer word,*
Than is in brook and tree, in wind and bird!



He stood there, staring at her, for suddenly—as is always the way of a strong man's heart in our hills—he knew that empty would be the house where she was not

piled on rocks and the sun shines above them so polished and hearty."

"A sun most necessary for this grim land of shadows," came his mocking interruption, "this land so black and mournful."

"And yet there may be great love in this black land for him who has a soul to feel. There may be warm hearts here and tenderness and noble friendship. There may be a soil here where truth and honor flourish—golden and green and sturdy. But what can you know of all this, being an alien, city-bred, gutter-bred, smirched by bazaar reek and bazaar meanness?"

"I am not. I am a Mahmudi."

"Then the curse of the seventh son's seventh son on you for fouling your own nest!"

She walked away, her nose in the air, her earth-brown rags sweeping at her heels as proudly as a Sultana's robe, while he stared after her, wondering if she was right.

His own nest. His own land. Poor? Yes. But his own.

And yet—nine years had passed since he had followed the drums. Nine long years. A tree might change in nine years. A river. A star. Why not a human heart?

And he thought of Kabul; thought of his comrades in barracks, the staunch, lusty men. Quaffing Persian wine they would be, roaring, laughing, boasting:

"Pass the bottle, (*Continued on page 182*)

A Good GIRL SCOUT

Says Dorothy Canfield, *Builds Her Character on a Firm Foundation.*

Mrs. Herbert Hoover, *Honorary President of The Girl Scouts, Talking to Scout Leaders, Stated Their Aims in These Words:*

© *Harris and Ewing*

Mrs. Herbert Hoover, First Lady of the United States, is also First Lady of the Girl Scouts—their honorary president

"GIRL SCOUTS are girls who have gathered together in a group quite of their own volition, that they may find a means of expressing their constantly changing stream of high spirits and good will; that they may serve their community in a manner that is practicable; that they may explore trails which lead out of the pleasant fields of childhood to the broad and teeming highways of adult life.

"Girl Scouts seem to have a better time working than playing; and a better time working for others than for themselves. Those I have known get a tremendous exaltation from serving others; and a frequent result of the voluntary co-operation and comradeship in Girl Scout activities is the development of thought and helpfulness for other people. This makes our girls better homemakers, better citizens, better friends. Individually, it tends toward a keener mind, a finer character, and a happier self."

AFTER long ages of teaching women how to starve and repress their personalities, the world now peremptorily calls to them to make the most of themselves—and be quick about it. This new need confronts all of modern society. Yes, the whole of society, not women alone—democracy having at length knocked into our skulls the knowledge that anybody's problem is everybody's. Whether we like it or not, the modern industrial, machine-using organization of life is pushing women out of the home. If they are not to fall over their own feet and get in everybody's way in this new life, they must as girls have different opportunities and training from those open to their grandmothers in the days when the world needed docile, self-effacing, not very intelligent, and easily intimidated women.

The first grab made by modern society at such new training for girls was in the direction of book-learning. With a rapidity which will make some future historian blink, public opinion executed a right-about-face in the matter of educating girls. From having given them as little schooling as possible, and above all not so much as to boys, the feeling is now that education and lots of it is peculiarly suitable for girls.

As this change in sentiment became accomplished, the results showed that schooling is not all—in fact, is not so very much—of character building. And it was precisely a change in the character of girls that was necessary if women were not to be a drag on the democratic modern world. Schools informed their minds. What sort of training would strengthen and invigorate their characters? In the older days mothers and grandmothers knew very well how to shape girls into at least the appearance of the required docility and timidity, because that was the training they themselves had had. But such women did not know at all how to train girls to develop vigor, fearlessness, and initiative—in fact, they did not like the look of those qualities any too well.

The twentieth century faced this question, and before the end of the first decade had invented at least one answer to it—the Girl Scout movement. For that is what the Girl Scout organization is, a new opportunity for the building of character in girls. Our usual silly notion that it is a sort of fresh-air movement for city girls, which keeps them out of mischief by taking them on pleasant country

The home is no longer the only training school for the domestic arts; the Girl Scouts are teaching all the old skills

Girl Scouts continually camp, hike, sleep, and cook out-of-doors; they are freed of the old reliance on house walls

The Girl Scouts are a true democracy; no one can tell whether the uniform covers a little daughter of the rich or a tenement child

walks, shows only how deaf and blind we can be to what is going on under our noses.

There have been about a million girls who have benefited by this new opportunity in the life of the organization here in the United States. The movement has grown steadily to the proportions of world-wide organization with an active membership of 850,000 girls in sixty different countries. Of this number, there are 205,834 in the United States. Every state in the Union boasts of organized Girl Scouts, though there are more of them in New England, New York and New Jersey than in any other section. And all of these girls are receiving training that will enable them to take a proper place in the new order of society.

What are some of the new qualities which modern women must have if they are not to suffer unduly and make others suffer? Certainly one is courage. A timid adult of either sex is now an acknowledged, unmitigated pest. The schools, of course, can do little to stimulate courage. What has the Girl Scout training in it for the cultivation of fortitude?

Well, more than I have space to put down here. Girl Scouts continually camp, hike, sleep, and cook in the out-of-doors. They learn to enjoy with all their hearts experiences (camping in a storm, finding their way through a pathless country) which would have completely frightened their mothers. They get out of their systems thoroughly the virulent poison—with which women used to be carefully inoculated in girlhood—of reliance on house-walls. Yes, it is to free women from walls, not merely to give the girls a good time, that you see the Captain taking out her troop a-hiking and camping. Years of this experience are needed to change and stiffen girl-fiber. It takes a long time to make a liberated prisoner realize that he no longer needs to pace back and forth. It takes time and ingenuity to make girls realize that they have won freedom, that they can now step out beside their brothers along the road to complete humanity.

From all the camps, little and big, run by the Girl Scout organization, comes the testimony that the chief difficulty in dealing with modern girls is not to restrain them from wildness, rule-breaking, hot-headed, or foolish, or naughty adventuring, but to stir them to a little spirit of invention, to a little ingenuity of self-reliance. One leader reported after years of experience:

"When you tell the girls, 'Now, today, you may do just as you please all day long,' usually, if they are new girls, they sit on the edge of the beds and talk gossip about their home towns. Later on in their Scout experience, they often plan an outing or an entertainment, but it is almost always something they have done before. It is only after years of Girl Scout atmosphere that it occurs to a girl to try something new. And then how they love it!"

This first-hand testimony from women in direct contact with hundreds of thousands of American girls does not seem to show that they are as dangerous and in need of repression as alarmists would have us believe, does it? It suggests too the possibility that the occasional flapper escapade so played up by the newspapers may come from a frantic rebellion against monotony and boredom.

What else is brought out from the experience of Girl Scout leaders as to the amount of fear and superstitious ignorance still in the minds of our girls so soon to be voting citizens? I think your hair would rise on your head if you got even a glimpse of the medieval blackness of some of the corners of their minds, unreached by the excellent primary schools most of them attend. By (*Continued on page 324*)

Margaret Widdemer's

Poignant Romance of a Girl Who Was Jilted

ALL the KING'S

Last Month's Instalment—

THE red coat began it—the lovely, flaming, scarlet thing with the big collar that framed Helen's face like an old portrait. Jessica sent it—poor, foolish little Jessica, who never could count her pennies! She and Lester had gone deeper and deeper in debt, until big sister Helen, as usual, had to come to the rescue. And in the midst of gratitude, Jessica saw the coat. She knew how it would look on Helen—and she bought it and sent it. Only, of course, Helen would have to pay for it—and Helen did not have the money to pay for it, really. All her money had gone to help Jessica and Lester.

Well, there was no use sighing—better wear the coat and be happy. And that is exactly what Helen did.

It was not hard for her to be happy, although some people might have thought her lot in life none too easy. Her work, as secretary to Mr. Delamater, president of the bank, was pleasant enough—and her home, with her wealthy cousin Nina, was better than her small wages could ever have purchased for her. Nina gave her small favors, but charged her board—and in addition Helen did all the work a social secretary would have done. Jessica's unfortunate affairs were always a drain on her slight resources, and Nina's rather caustic advice on the subject merely made her own discouragement worse.

In the midst of all her bothers, just one person made sunshine for her all the time—Mr. Delamater's son, Tommy, whose ardent protestations of undying affection were far more public than they were passionate. To Helen he was perfect, and his delightful bursts of high spirits completely blinded her to the fact that he had just as many moods of low spirits, out of which it was her part to cheer him.

It seemed like almost too much happiness when Tommy asked her to marry him and go to Wisconsin with him on the new job he was beginning the first of the month. He even had his father's consent, he assured her proudly, as a fitting conclusion to his proposal.

For a moment—one golden moment—Helen thought she could go. And then she remembered the red coat. The red coat must be paid for out of her small salary, and besides she must have a few things—just a few things—of her own. As soon as she had caught up with her budget she would go to Tommy. And with that he had to be satisfied.

Nina was delighted with Helen's prospective marriage. Rich herself, through a rather aged husband whom she had acquired with a canny eye to what he could give her, she was glad to see Helen marrying into an equally wealthy family. For her part, she was now a widow in a position to please herself—and her choice fell on Ethan Kingsway—the very man whom she had jilted twenty years earlier in order to marry a fortune.

Ethan was abroad now, on no one knew what errand, and Nina—induced, no doubt, by the fact that Helen would so soon leave her alone in her big house—

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

Helen was awakened by footsteps—a man's and a child's. She leaned forward a little to see. It was Ethan Kingsway, his face bent toward a little girl in a blue sweater and knickers

HORSES

Part II

decided to go abroad and just accidentally happen to be staying somewhere near Ethan. Perhaps foreign sunshine would warm his heart, which, truth to tell, had seemed rather chilly to her ever since their broken romance.

Helen had closed the house and given the keys to the faithful Tacy, who was going to her own people in Nina's absence. She was dressed for the train—her baggage was at the station—when the letter came—Tommy's letter, with a special delivery stamp like a warning on its face.

She opened it gaily. How delightful to hear once more from Tommy—and then she grew pale. Was it possible—Could it be true—

It was. Tommy was telling her that it had all been a mistake. Because he was in love with another girl.

NOTHING mattered very much at the time. Tommy had broken his engagement to Helen on the very edge of her going out to him to be married. After a thing like that you don't notice anything else except dimly.

But looking back long afterward, Helen was able to see how kind people were. At the time she could not realize it; she was like some one making her way, deafened and blinded and worn out, through a winter storm. She never liked to remember the first day, that day when she went dazedly picking up all the threads she had dropped so gayly. Because in a place like Kingsway people are interested.

The station-master wasn't a nameless official; he was Mr. Wentworth, who took up the collection at the church she went to. He knew what the ticket was for. He said, "Changing your ticket, hey?" with

friendliness, but also with keen curiosity.

"Changing my plans a little, too," she was able to say with a fair imitation of her naturally gay smile.

She took the money back with a vague relief. Now the thing was done; now she could do the next thing, which was to get back her position at the bank . . . How could she? But she must. She telephoned Mr. Delamater. He was everything that was kind and, she saw, unhappy. So he'd heard, too.

"I've been trying to get you at the house," he said.

"It's locked, and I haven't the key," she said.

He made a little shocked noise. He seemed more upset by that than anything else. "You must come and stay with us till you can turn around," he told her—which seemed a crowning horror.

But it wasn't. He dropped everything and met her on the deserted porch at Nina's. He put her suitcases into his car and took her to his house. And for once he had asserted himself, for Mrs. Delamater neither purred nor scratched. She was a little over-pitying in her manner, that was all; but she established Helen, docile in any one's hands after the shock, in the guest-room, and after only four or five flutterings in and out on small, forgotten, unnecessary errands, left her alone.

Helen lay on the bed and counted the guest towels. Four hand-towels embroidered in forget-me-nots and two bath towels with "Guest" on their borders. The bedspread had been fussily thrown back before she lay down, three neat folds. There was a system of curtains like a layer-cake, at least three sets at each window. There were ennobling mottoes about.

"Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou whoe'er thou art,
And let no troubled yesterday
Disturb thy quiet heart"

commanded the bed, and there were others by the pier-glass and the bureau. It was all immaculate. Helen thought of all the funny things Nina would have found to say about it. She would have carried a couple of courses at one of her dinners on the strength of that motto-ful room. But Helen, who yesterday would have laughed at anything herself, stared at the motto, all reds and golds and Old English lettering, the most expensive of its kind, and was dimly grateful to it, whatever she might be to the others when she got around to them. It seemed to want to be kind. And evidently lots of people had troubles, or they wouldn't sell so many mottoes like that. She'd never thought of that. She'd never had what she called real trouble before.

Presently—it seemed like a long time and no time at all—Mrs. Delamater came up to fuss over her.

"—A pity you announced it so publicly," she was saying from far off, "but young people are always so precipitate!"

"It was Tommy who wanted to," Helen said with dry lips.

"Ah—my poor boy—he was so young!"

Helen didn't know how much more she could stand of this sort of thing. Mrs. Delamater was wriggling the blame for Tommy's behavior slowly but surely in Helen's direction. In a few minutes Helen would be made to understand, too furtively to face and deny it, that she had entrapped Tommy.

"Why does Marietta call you an imp of Satan?" Helen manage me except Cousin Ethan, and he's away a lot," reason with me, and punishments have no effect." She

demanded lazily. "Because there isn't a soul on earth can
stated Patricia with complacence. "You simply can't
sighed a little, but with excitement gleaming in her eyes

"Mrs. Delamater, it's hard for us both, my being here," she said, sitting up with her head aching intolerably. "Tommy asked me to marry him and then threw me over, and your husband had me come here because it was better for people to see that you and I were still friends. But we can't talk about Tommy, because we can't look at what he did the same way."

Oh Tommy, so despicable and so obstinately dear yet!

Mrs. Delamater arched her thin, powdered neck; looked first insulted and then forgiving. She evidently remembered in time that Helen had to be propitiated into helping shield Tommy's name. That she had urged him into breaking the engagement Helen believed, but had no way of knowing.

"Well, we must just *love* each other and be *kind*," she said smoothly, patting Helen's reluctant hand.

Helen hated her. But after that she was better, because she talked about the thing she had really come up to talk about—what face to put on this to the village.

She and Mr. Delamater thought, it seemed, that the thing to do was to tell every one that the marriage was postponed.

"That will spare every one," said Mrs. Delamater kindly, smiling at Helen as if she was bearing with her. "We'll just say, 'They decided at the last minute to wait till next year.' And by next year, you see, everybody will have forgotten it."

"Even if he marries Kay Heinemann?" said Helen, though the words cut her lips to speak.

Mrs. Delamater looked appalled. "Did he tell you that?" she demanded with none of her usual suavity.

She did not say, "The fool!" but she might as well. Helen shut her eyes; she didn't think she could listen.

"But you're all tired out," Mrs. Delamater cooed. "I'll send you up a tray, shall I? That will be better."

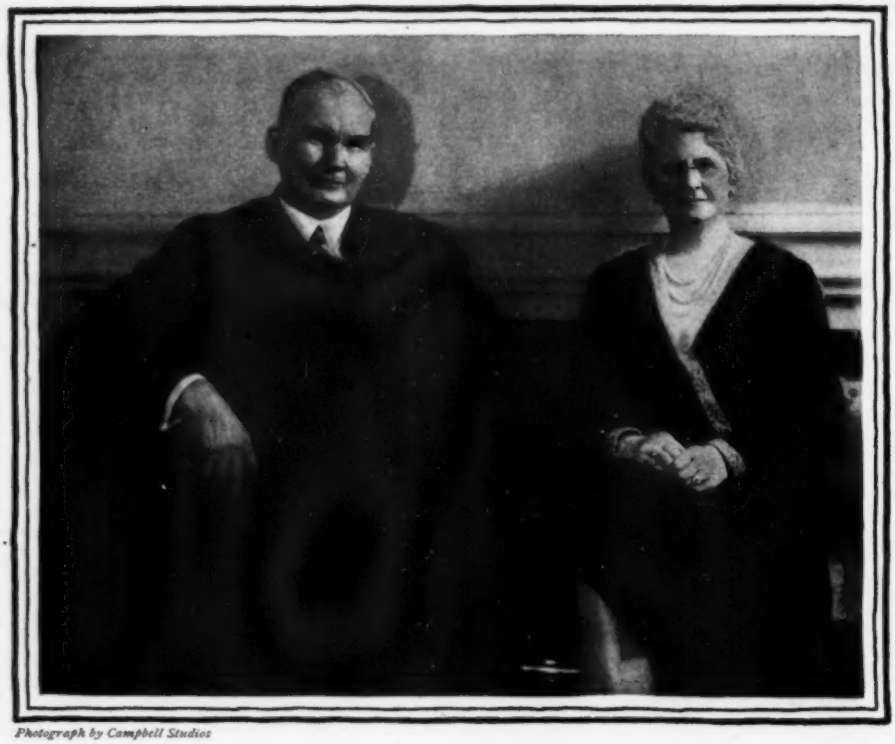
Helen nodded. It would, indeed. And if her hostess would only go, it would be best of all. Which, after a little tiptoeing about the room and fussing with shades and curtains and lights, she did.

How Helen went through the return to work she never quite remembered. She drove in with Mr. Delamater, which made it easier, and also made it impossible for the girls to ask her questions till the noon hour. Then, of course, everybody did. She had steadied herself to face it, and thought out her answer.

"At the last minute I just couldn't pull it off. Tommy's going to have to wait another six months, after all. And if he doesn't like that, why—"

She managed to shrug her shoulders and laugh with a creditable imitation of her old gay laughter, but she had forgotten to paint her cheeks to look like her burning roses of yesterday, and there were circles under her eyes.

She hated lying. The only thing that made it possible not to shriek everything out to every one who asked or looked a question, was that she was protecting dear old Mr. Delamater, who had looked so tired and haggard and ashamed ever since it happened, and—yes—Tommy. For she couldn't unlove Tommy all at once. She couldn't even resent. She saw him with such clearness now—Tommy, who had been giving her marsh-fires instead (*Continued on page 232*)



Photograph by Campbell Studios

Judge Ford: **Young people should struggle upward together**

Mrs. Ford: **Share your troubles and your earnings. And —have children**

Vera Connolly

Interviews Just a Few of the Really Distinguished People Who Are

HAPPILY MARRIED

And Not Afraid to Admit It

I HAD called on a United States Senator to interview him on some proposed divorce legislation.

"Divorce! Divorce!" he exclaimed finally. "I am tired of this talk of divorces. One hears nothing else!"

"There are so many of them," I apologized.

"Are there?" he demanded, and at the words he whirled irritably in his big swivel chair, his blue eyes half-angry, his gray hair disheveled. "Tell me just how many are there?"

"One in seven marriages—according to the last census report," I informed him. "I am told the forthcoming report will show a larger—"

"One in seven!" he interrupted. "Well, what of it? In every group of seven young girls there's usually a shallow one. Take any seven young men; you're likely to find a weakling in the lot. Is that anything to be alarmed about? It's the other twelve that count, isn't it? Only we never hear about them."

"No," I admitted, "we never do."

He crossed over to the window and threw it open. The roar of the twilight city came faintly in, borne on a spring breeze. The wind stirred some hyacinths in a bowl by the window. Their color drew my eyes. And then I noted, standing near them, the daguerreotype of a lovely young girl, an adorable, short-haired flapper of eighty years ago, dressed in a blue frock. Her blue eyes were dancing. Her resolute little face was a-twinkle with mischief. In that rather dull, bookish room the daguerreotype burned like a blue jewel.

The Senator turned to find me looking at it. He took it up quickly, tenderly.

"It is my mother," he said. "This was her wedding present to my father." He brought the little daguerreotype over to the desk with him and sat down. "There was no divorce in that home," he said slowly.

"They were happy," I asked? "It was a successful marriage?"

He smiled. Suddenly he began to tell me the story—while the twilight deepened in the room, and lights pricked out in the tall buildings round about. It was a story of poverty and young love; of long years of waiting; of more years of illness; of obstacles finally overcome; of a deeply happy married life.

"They died," he said, "within a day of each other. She went first. My father the following day, of grief."

He added soberly: "I can not say that our home was without a word of dispute or altercation. She was high-spirited. My father was strong-willed. But I can say this—their little quarrels were rare, and never more than skin-deep. And I can still remember how lovely it was to see them make up. Had any one suggested that they rush off to the divorce courts after a spat, they would have laughed. Neither could have lived without the other. I was raised in that environment. When I came to marrying, my own choice was as fortunate as my father's. My wife

and I are inseparable today. Our marriage has been deeply satisfying."

He looked down at the daguerreotype, then up at me.

"You came in here to talk about divorce, to urge some additional divorce legislation. Instead, let me tell you there are far more happy marriages today than divorces. Many times more! The two marriages I know most about were very happy. I want you to promise me this: For a little while quit hunting divorce statistics! Hunt happy marriages instead—and tell us what you find. Tell us why those marriages were successful, where others today are failing. It's worth a try. And it's needed. Young love, marriage, home, the voices of little children—these are the finest things in life. And they're here, all around us. Only we Americans have grown a blind spot somehow. We've quit seeing them. *We see ourselves as a nation of divorcés.*" He rose. "Will you try my plan?"

"I will see what I can find to confirm you," I promised.

©Keystone View Co.

Major Bowes: **A happy home is the greatest inspiration a business man can have**

And it seemed to me that the blue girl smiled up at me from the desk.

I found my first happy-marriage story by accident. I had dropped into the New York Supreme Court to hear a case tried by a distinguished Judge, the Honorable John Ford. Judge Ford has been on the Supreme Court bench for almost twenty-five years.

He had not been scheduled to try a divorce case that morning, but apparently the calendar had been rearranged, for a particularly pitiable divorce case was before him. A young husband and wife were exchanging low-voiced recriminations. The man was exclaiming bitterly:

"Your Honor, I don't believe there's a decent woman living. I don't believe there's a real wife anywhere today. Not one man I know has a real home. Wives? Today they're just rotters!"

"Stop!" The Judge's gavel crashed down on his desk.

Magnificent in his anger, he leaned forward, an imposing, silver-haired man in court robes. And for twenty minutes, quietly, sternly, he talked to the young cynic before him about our American homes, our American women—about all that the word "home" means to right-minded American people today. It was thrilling—from a judge who had been trying divorce cases for almost a quarter of a century.

When court adjourned for a recess, I sought the Judge in his chambers.

"Your marriage must have been very happy, Judge Ford?" I ventured.

He bowed. (*Continued on page 306*)

Mrs. Damrosch: **Next in importance to care in choosing a partner, I place courtesy after marriage**

Mrs. Cantor: **Children give permanence and stability to the relationship as nothing else can**

WOMEN & MISSES

The First Delightful Stories Behind the Windows of

Annice was wearing the unearthly glory-gown, her bare arms perfect as ice crystals. J. Spalding was staring, hypnotized

THE party frocks hung in long, scintillating rows on their padded, silk hangers. The Misses' Dresses for the winter dances.

Miss Gussie Reingold walked down the rows and fingered the models. "Oh, be yourself!" she said, poking one especially impertinent little dress as she passed it.

Miss Reingold was the buyer of the Misses' Dresses at the Fifth Avenue shop of Reiser and Reiser. She never made a mistake about buying coquettish frocks. But she always went about afterward admonishing them to keep their ruffles down.

Now she stopped to look at her mannequin modeling up and down the carpet in the flame-colored Chanel frock from Paris. How lovely the young creature looked! The frock was her soul flaming right out of her body.

The smart French frocks for the *jeune fille* always made Annice seem exciting. And just in her own ordinary clothes she was as uninteresting as if she were not beautiful at all. Gussie Reingold wondered why this was, as she looked at the weary woman of her own reflection in the mirror beside her.

"There's a lot of difference between Women and Misses," she sighed.

But there wasn't really such a big difference. For under her skin Gussie Reingold was still a Misses. She had to be, to believe in those evanescent frocks enough to buy them. To see swift generation after generation of them vanish the way of all chiffon. And then to buy them again!

That was the reason, of course, that she was the Misses buyer. She was always ready to believe. Crushable as that filmiest frock of spangled tulle there on the hanger—though the shining drops that spangled her were more often tears than silver sequins like those on the tulle frock.

But poor Gussie Reingold couldn't even cry in comfort, for she had a sense of humor. And it never failed to seem funny to her that a woman of her age would still feel just like a girl about things. Silly little things, like a beau to go to a dance with, or violets to wear on a holiday.

As she looked at the pirouetting model, and looked all about her at the sweet, young, arrogant, beautiful frocks she had bought, she would have cried now, had it not been for the incongruity of it. For she was in love again! And he had not called her up since Sunday.

She had thought he would surely call today—so near the end of the week! But it was four o'clock already, seeming later, because it was snowing outside. The windows were so dismal she could not bear to look at them. She turned back to the mannequin in the radiant frock.

And the telephone in her office rang. A difference between Women and Misses? What difference? She was across the carpet in an instant, jostling the beautiful mannequin aside, seizing the shining telephone.

"Yes, oh, yes! Yes, it is," she said.

By Claudia Cranston

Illustrated by Thomas Webb

of Several About the World Glittering Shop Fifth Avenue

Mr. Reiser staked Gussie Reingold's happiness — plunged. "Annice!" he cried out sharply. "Go into that fitting-room— *and shut the door!*"

Gussie Reingold's voice was lovely. It was young—revealing that she was of the same stuff as her Misses' dresses.

"Oh, yes. Yes, I *want* you to come. Tonight, of course. And it's *snowing!*"

Suddenly the windows were no longer dismal. Snow? It was the first snow of the season. Mystic, soft, as first things are, always.

"And I'll cook the dinner at home," she said. "It's always so cozy in, when it isn't cozy out!"

She hung up the receiver. Four o'clock —after four—and the advertising conference at four-thirty!

Miss Reingold looked at the waiting dresses she had picked out to advertise in the Sunday paper, to take to the conference in Mr. Reiser's room—one like an orchid tulip, one like a rose, one black with a glittering pin over the left shoulder, one white as samite.

And she must be at the conference, holding them in her arms. Getting the best place for them in the big Sunday ad. Getting those queer copy-writers to say they were cheap, too, at the price! Those strange copy-writers who made their living not working at all, but just writing! And didn't ever want to put in the price of anything.

Dinner at home? That was one of the things Gussie Reingold was good at.

He adored oyster stew. Just the thing for a night like this. The fish-market away over on Third Avenue. Snowing, too. Well, she could get over there, snow or no snow.

But the conference on the Sunday ad?

"Bring me my umbrella, Sophie," she snapped. "Hurry! And my purse out of the top desk drawer."

She looked out of her little cubbyhole office, saw the mannequin still promenading.

What would she wear tonight? He was younger than she. He would like something exciting. Yes.

"Annice," she called to the mannequin. "Take off that red dress and put it in here in my office."

She was running her arms into the sleeves of her fur coat. The little stock-girl was holding out her hat. She looked down at her feet. She had unfashionably fat legs. Her ankles were too large for her feet. It made them flap a little when she walked.

"Take off those spike-heel slippers you have on, too, Annice," she called over her shoulder. "You wear my size, don't you?"

She was running down the steps instead of waiting for the elevator. Oyster stew was always so *rich*, and she knew exactly how to season it. "'Oh, I've a rainbow round my shoulder,'" Gussie Reingold was singing under her breath as she emerged into the snow, "'and it fits me like a glove!'"

Upstairs, in the long, green-carpeted office on the executive floor, young Mr. Reiser was conducting the advertising

conference. The young Mr. Reiser was part Irish. It made him extremely interesting. Just when he was expected to be poetic, he would be a sagacious merchant. Just when he was expected to be a merchant, he would suddenly grow red in the face with embarrassment over some fragilely intimate article of women's wearing apparel.

"A terrible business, a terrible business," he was muttering now at the advertising conference. "Miss Paulchen, have you got those new sports dresses ready? With the Prince of Wales belts? Where is Mac with the shoes? Get MacLauren, somebody, with the shoes. Get Miss Reingold with the Misses' Dresses! Have her stand outside the door there, ready to come in when we want her. Now, Mary O'Collum, show us the gift-shop beads."

Mary O'Collum, a pretty young woman who had worked up through every department of the big shop to the position of the Junior Buyer for the Gift Shop, set a tray with its glittering contents before young Mr. Reiser. The eight or ten members of the conference, seated in a semi-circle in front of the desk, craned their necks.

Miss André, the fashion adviser from Paris, and Miss Claremont, the copy-writer from a smart magazine, bent their heads over the tray. This was the latest, smartest, youngest, swankest fashion from the *rue de la Paix* in Paris and was immediately accepted for the Sunday ad.

"Who's next? Who's next? Get Miss Reingold!" young Mr. Reiser said nervously, stretching his throat above his tight collar, glancing at the snow-spattered window-panes. "Where's Miss Reingold? Get Miss Reingold to come up here at once and bring the new Misses' Dresses!"

But instead of Miss Reingold there entered the door a little man. A very little man, in a dark suit with a faint, white pin-stripe, fitting the shoulders and the collar-line impeccably. A well-groomed, lean, little man, swarthy as an Arab. In one thin hand he held something of pink crêpe de Chine and lace; swished it.

"I told everybody," he said inimitably, "that the wimmen wasn't goin' to buy one-piece combinations! The wimmen are goin' to wear *shirts and drawers!*"

Nobody answered. The thing in his hand was the answer. Nobody had bought it!

The merchandise business is always concrete—after it happens. But only a genius knows in advance the one right out of the thousand wrongs, the genius who by some metaphysical power reads the human mind *en masse* one day—even one hour—before it turns invincibly from an old to a new idea. And that thrilling spiritual quality was embodied in the small, brown man who held the little, pink-silk thing flappily in his hand. For this was Mr. Reiser *père*, of the firm of Reiser and Reiser.

"I been downstairs watchin' the Sale," he continued. "An' the wimmen walk by! Jus' like I said they would! *Nobody* wants combinations."

The big Austrian who wrote the men's clothing advertisements crossed his knees the other way and put his handkerchief up to his face. He wore a checked suit and yellow shoes. Miss Paulchen, the blonde college graduate, giggled.

Young Mr. Reiser looked more Irish; drummed his fingers on the desk. "Where's Miss Reingold?" he snapped. "Get Miss Reingold in here with the Misses' Dresses!"

"Now, look here at this, Miss Paulchen," the little man was saying, holding the pink combination under her large, handsome, well-formed nose, whispering so the very corners of the ceiling hissed with his voice. "The wimmen jus' *look* and go on. I *said* the wimmen was goin' to wear shirts and—"

"*Can't somebody get Miss Reingold in here?*" young Mr. Reiser yelped over his father's sibilant *sotto voce*.

But nobody could. Because Miss Reingold was beating her way back from Third Avenue with the oysters and a sprig of fresh parsley. "I'll have strawberry tarts for dessert," she was thinking, "with lots of whipped cream."

"Now about this ad for the Wednesday papers," Mr. Reiser *père* was saying in the conference room. "Where is Willie Morris? Oh, there you are, Willie."

The slim Women's Lingerie buyer, with a shock of black hair, and spats, arose from the ring.

"Now, what was you goin' to put in this ad, Willie?"

"Well, Mr. Reiser," Willie said, "I thought I would advertise a pink pajammer and a little step-in."

The eyes of the small, eagle-strong, Arab-thin man blinked. The lean fingers clutched at the stiff, wide ribbon of the ad set up on glazed paper.

"A pink pajammer and a little step-in! Nobody but a jackass would put in a pink pajammer and a little step-in! I'm goin' to put in neglijays in here!" Making notes absently on the slick margin of the ad. "Eh? Yes. Now. Wimmen's neglijays! But I ain't sayin' anything against *you*, Willie. Now, I ain't sayin' anything *against* you."

Mr. Reiser *père* loved the advertising. He perched himself now on the corner of his son's flat-topped desk and kicked his heels amiably against it. He reached for the three-column Women's and Misses' Evening Wrap ad. Pushed back his sleeve over his meticulous cuff, moistened the point of a stubby pencil in his mouth, and said,

"I'm goin' to write this over and make it better."

But just then in came Miss Reingold, the lovely Misses' Dresses tumultuously in her arms. Her cheeks above them were as colorful as the dresses. A wavy strand of her dark, soft, naturally-curly hair was across her forehead. Nobody would ever have noticed the weary lines under her eyes now. She looked as snow-freshened as arbutus.

Mr. Reiser *père* shoved the three-column ad aside. Pulled at the dresses in her arms. "I want to see you as soon as you are through here," he said. "I'll be in your office."

Looking down at her wet feet below the ebullient frocks, "Why how did you get your feet wet like that, Miss Reingold?" he whined. "Out in the snow? Herman, get Miss Reingold some dry shoes out of stock! Now, where—"

"Miss Reingold, please bring the Misses' Dresses over here where we can see them," commanded young Mr. Reiser tersely.

Mr. Reiser *père* melted out, leaving the silk and lace combination nobody would buy hanging over the back of his son's chair.

Miss Reingold followed Miss Claremont to the advertising department when the conference was over. Still holding the pert, accepted Misses' Dresses in her arms. Down a steep flight of steps, across a bare floor, into the tiny, box-like space which was the copy-writer's office.

In this miniature room with its gray compo-board walls the crystal snow seemed more inside than outside. The copy-writer was thinking of Stendhal's crystal essay on love. Nothing seemed warm and near. Even love seemed as far away as an analytical mind.

Then she looked up, and there was Gussie Reingold in the door, with the Misses' Dresses, tulipy and rose. Above them were Miss Reingold's perpetually Misses' face and curly hair. Tender mouth that probably had never said anything malicious in all her life. Bare arms holding the dresses like a little girl's dolls.

"What is it, Miss Reingold?" the copy-writer said. "Rotten day, isn't it?"

"Rotten day?" Miss Reingold inquired.

The one window in the little room was dark now on the outside. Ghost fingers against the pane rattled like fleshless knuckles.

"Rotten? Why, I thought it seemed like spring!"

The copy-writer fingered a sharpened pencil impatiently. She had to rewrite Willie Morris's pink pajammer ad before she could go home.

"Spring?" she said. "Why, Gussie Reingold, it's the beginning of winter. D'you want me to write you an ad?"

"No. Not an ad."

"But you want me to write something?"

"Another—poem."

STORM IN APRIL

By Theodosia Garrison

OH, MY *brave daffodils, my golden army,*
That took the hill so gaily yesterday!
Who might have guessed that from the east in fury
Would rush this grim array,
And that a million slanting blades of rain
Would leave you torn and slain?

YOU WERE *so gallant and so confident,*
Tossing your yellow love-locks to the spears—
What chance had you against this force of fury,
My careless Cavaliers?
This little hill is Naseby's self today
When Cromwell rode away.

He put his hand on her head, bent nearer. "You got beautiful hair, Gussie—the kind you love to touch." And he sniffed appreciatively the Fleur de Lune perfume

Miss Claremont wrote verses in between making her living writing advertising copy. And every time Gussie Reingold fell in love again, she got Miss Claremont to write love poems for her. Little four-line verses which she presented to the incumbent beloved.

Miss Claremont was extremely in doubt about this. The affairs had always collapsed. And the copy-writer sometimes awoke in the middle of the night, wondering if one of her verses had done it. But she could never refuse, for she liked to write verses, and she liked Gussie Reingold—and she liked love, too. Who does not?

"Why—why, of course," she said weakly. "When do you want the verse, Miss Reingold?"

"Well—I—I'm going to see him tonight. He's coming!"

Miss Reingold's voice lilted. The "He's coming!" had such a lovely sound. And it was sure to be the same old thing. If only Gussie Reingold would harden up some as she grew older! But she never did. Or if only the stupid men could see her as she really was! But they never did.

Men took empty packages done up with a ribbon—and left somebody like Gussie Reingold, or Abraham Lincoln, done up in a newspaper. Gussie Reingold, who was really arbutus today, done up in snow!

"Of course, I'll write the verse tonight," Miss Claremont was saying, pushing the pink pajammer ad aside. "Send your Sophie Sokolsky up here in ten minutes, and I'll have the poem ready. Now, tell me—what's he like?"

"Oh, he's tall." Gussie Reingold was only too happy to describe him. "He's very handsome. He looks so—strong."

Miss Claremont swallowed a little hard. "Strong? Oh, yes, they all look strong. And what are his tastes? What he likes, you know. Music? Opera? Oh. You say he likes cigars!"

Miss Reingold hitched the burden of the dresses in her arms. The strand of wavy hair caught across her shoulder on the frill of the tulip taffeta. "I—I thought, with the verse, I would give him a humidor," she said.

"A humidor! But do you think you should give him anything—except the verse? Right at first, like this?" Miss Claremont expostulated.

"Well, I *like* to give people things. Just a humidor."

"But isn't a humidor expensive, Miss Reingold?"

"Not much. I thought I would give him one of those from the Gift-Shop. With the music-box inside you know."

"Why, Gussie Reingold! Those come from Berlin and cost twenty dollars!"

"Well, what (*Continued on page 273*)

© J. M. Mora

Adelina Patti, the queen of song, ruled the world of opera through fifty amazing years

STARS And SCISSORS

HERE we are again for our rendezvous. Now for another Arabian Night, so ring up your curtain. This time I bring the Magic Carpet. Why? You'll see later. We'll need it!

I'm full of treasures, my dear: Bernhardt, Grover Cleveland, Adelina Patti, Jumbo, and the baby—*my* baby, if you please. Let's begin with the youngest, you say. Good! You couldn't do better, for it isn't every baby, I'll warrant, that has a president of the United States for a godfather a few hours after its arrival. But then you've always said I was lucky. Now for the story.

March 18, 1888, was an important day for at least two people in the United States, for on that day Grover Cleveland had his *fifty*-first birthday party, and my baby had his *first* birthday party, and it was President Cleveland who gave him the party, and became his godfather as well. I was very sick when my child was born—they thought I wouldn't live. You see, I'd had an accident (I'd fallen down the iron stairs), and there wasn't much hope for me.

Our doctor said: "Now, there's only one man who can save her. We must send for Dr. Danforth."

Dr. Danforth was a famous baby doctor in those days. Well, my dear, he came and saved my life. Thanks to him, my child came safely into the world.

Now, as luck would have it, Dr. Danforth was due at a great birthday dinner for President Cleveland that night at the old Holland House. He was a college friend of Cleveland and was to be toastmaster for this dinner. But I was in such a dangerous condition that he wouldn't leave me until after seven. He was greatly disturbed, as the President's dinner began at seven and he'd be late. Never mind, he wouldn't go until all was well—he even sent his valet to bring over his evening clothes, and he changed at our house and hurried off from there.

Of course he was late, and apologized when he greeted the President,

"I'm so sorry, Mr. President, but this could not be avoided."

And Cleveland said, "But what could have kept you from *my* dinner?"

"Only one thing, Mr. President. I have saved a young mother—I've just brought a fine boy into the world, the first child of a young couple just starting life. The

Photographs from the Albert Davis Collection

MARY LAWTON'S

Reminiscences of Madame Freisinger

The Woman Who Knew the Waist Measure Of Every Operatic Celebrity in America

husband is the secretary of our dear friend, Edmund Stanton."

"Well, then," said Cleveland, "you're forgiven, and as this is my birthday as well as this new baby's, we'll include him in our celebration tonight. Yes," he went on, "we'll give him a birthday party, and I'll be his godfather."

Of course they were all laughing and in high good humor by this time, and fell in with the idea. There was a gorgeous centerpiece of beautiful fruit and flowers on the table, so President Cleveland and one of the guests gathered up some of the fruit and flowers, and dropping a goldpiece into an envelope for the baby, with a little note, a page boy was dispatched to our house. It made quite a little flurry and amusement at the dinner, we heard afterward, and it was then suggested that the child be named after the President. It was the fashion in those days to name children after Presidents.

The next day Dr. Danforth told my husband the story, and a few days later, best of all, came a fine, autographed picture of Cleveland with a note saying that he would be pleased to have the child christened, along with his other names, Grover Cleveland. So I then and there decided

© *A. Dupont*

Both beautiful and hideous, Sarah Bernhardt was one of the most fascinating personalities the world has ever known

The Floradora girls were all beautiful, and every one of them married a rich man. I made their costumes for them

to do it. And that's how it all happened.

I named my boy George (for my brother), Siegfried (I knew you'd shout!), Grover Cleveland. Yes! Why Siegfried? Because, my dear, *Siegfried* is my most beloved character in the opera. *Ach*, I know it sounds funny between George and Grover Cleveland, but whatever could I do? Anyway the Cleveland picture was long a treasure in our house until it was destroyed, with other beloved souvenirs, by fire.

After my baby arrived, I soon got back to the old routine at the Opera House. Stanton was still director, although there were rumors of his retiring, which (*Continued on page 255*)

Margaret Kennedy *Writes a Glowing*

Illustrated By W.G. Ratterman

Sebastian's face was spent and drawn with effort. "How I hate him!" Gemma thought savagely. "How I love him!"

It Began Thus:

THE moment Caryl caught sight of a familiar figure poling a gondola down the Grand Canal, he had a disquieting sense that something was going to happen to him. Something always happened to him whenever he met any of his family. And still he could not get over a sort of shame-faced devotion to them—even to Sebastian, and it was surely Sebastian whom he had seen.

He soon forgot his apprehensions, however, in the joy of having Fenella beside him, and all Venice for a playground. It was mere luck that he had met her at all. Ordinarily a piano player in a cinema never has the chance to fall in love with a daughter of the Scotch nobility. But Fenella had taken refuge in the Pier Cinema during a terrific thunderstorm, accompanied by Otto Heinrich, a distinguished conductor who had known and loved the elder Sanger. And on that very night Caryl, at the end of his endurance of the monotony of his existence, had been seized with one of his rare attacks of the Sanger temperament. The thunder and lightning roused a kindred storm in his soul—and he had tossed aside the program and burst into an inspired rendition of the Sonata Pathetique, which almost swept the audience from their seats—and which swept him out of his job in just the time it took their irate manager to reach his side.

Heinrich was shaking with laughter. Fenella was all tender sympathy. They waited for the young man after the performance, and in that first moment Fenella and Caryl fell in love.

Since that time they spent every moment together, until a new storm broke—and Fenella's justly irate parents snatched her away to the Dolomites without time to do more than call, "It's Gemma—ask Heinrich," from the windows of her train, as poor Caryl ran despairingly along the platform below.

Heinrich supplied the key to the riddle, and Caryl dashed off at once to find Sebastian. As usual, it was all his fault. The girl, Gemma, whom he had taken under his protection when she fainted in the fruit market with her baby, had been caught wandering about the upper rooms of the McCleans' palace,

Sequel to "The Constant Nymph"

The FOOL of The FAMILY

presumably with intent to steal. Confronted by jail, she had made a clean breast of her history, and told them that she was living with a son of the famous Sanger. It had not occurred to either Sir Ivor or Lady McClean that Sanger had several sons—and poor innocent Caryl had to suffer.

Repentant when it was too late—as usual—Sebastian invited Caryl to go with them on a tour of the Dolomites with a marionette show, and find Fenella. Against his better judgment Caryl yielded. But it was his own impetuousness, not their company, that brought the next complication into his life.

They were straggling across the mountains one evening, tired, footsore, when Caryl heard a cry for help. He rushed into a clearing and immediately became involved with a Black-shirt, who stood by a luxurious automobile and refused to let Caryl enter a thicket, from which cries for help still sounded.

Caryl knocked him down, and then, about to be overpowered by more Black-shirts rushing to their comrade's aid, he leaped into the car, overtook his own weary company, and rushed on up the mountain with them until the lights of a hotel in the distance warned them that the end was near.

This was serious. They had stolen a car and were involved in no one knew what political situation. Caryl took command, and they drove the car over the cliff into the lake. The marionette show followed, on the principle of destroying all the evidence. They slept in the woods all night, and the next day Sebastian went down to the hotel, followed by Gemma—and by an amazing stroke of luck met Fenella.

But for her help they never could have got across the border. With her help it was easy. The men took their several ways, and Fenella drove Gemma and her baby across in her car, Gemma going with the passport and in the clothes of Fenella's maid.

They all met in the little village of Steineck, safe in Austria, to make their plans. Fenella promised to marry Caryl as soon as she was twenty-one, and he declared his intention of going to work and making a home for her. They would all go to England.

Good-bys began. Caryl kissed Fenella—as a brother might. The two girls embraced.

Sebastian kissed Fenella—not at all as a brother might. And Fenella felt her heart beating with a hundred complicated emotions, as she got in the car to drive back—alone.

CHAPTER XVI

GEMMA'S baby, for all he was the son of a sailor, hated the sea. He howled all the way across the Channel, and as England came nearer, he howled louder. Gemma said that she did not blame him; anybody would howl if they had to go to England. She shivered and tried to drown Siegfried's wails by bawling a doleful nursery rhyme:

"Leggie over leggie,
The doggie went to Dover.
When he found a stile-oh!
Hop! he went over."

"When I left England," said Sebastian, "I thought I'd shaken its dust off my feet. But I haven't. There isn't any dust. There's only chalk, and it sticks. We get stuck in it like flies on a fly-paper."

"Leggie over leggie . . ."

"Oh, shut your head, Gemma! Nothing but misfortune ever happens to any of us when we go to England."

Gemma rolled up her eyes and nodded meaningly at Caryl. They both knew what was the matter with Sebastian. He was in labor with an idea, and this unwonted gloom was the result.

"It ought to be called 'Ballet written in dejection near Dover'," whispered Gemma to Caryl.

"Oh, it's a Ballet, is it?"

"Umhum. He said, when we got on at Calais, 'How can any one be expected to write a Ballet in a place like this.'"

On this night of their betrothal Caryl was vowing himself, but not to her. And in that moment Fenella found herself completely one with him

"What set him off, d'you know?"

"Well, he began to be funny that day at Steineck, you remember, just after we'd got over the frontier. I think it started then."

"Oho! Then it's only a week old. Sanger used to be awfully bad in the first week, too."

"He'll be better as soon as he really starts writing it down."

"I know. You don't know what sort of Ballet?"

"We-ell—I think it's Milton, because the day after we left Steineck, you remember, he got up very early. And when I went to look for him, he was walking round and round in circles in the wood, saying a piece of poetry that he said was Milton. Something about 'Zephyr with Aurora playing, When he met her once a-maying.'"

THE siren blew a long, desolate blast, and the boat backed into harbor. Sebastian did a sort of war-dance while the noise went on, but the others had little attention to give him. They were collecting their shabby bundles. Soon they were part of the damp, surging crowd that crept, inch by inch, toward the gangways.

"When we get to Victoria," Caryl said, "I'm going to say good-by. I'm going off again on my own after this."

Sebastian and Gemma blinked at him reproachfully, but he was firm.

"I've come to England to get work and marry Fenella. I shall never do either if I hang about with you two. I shall get on much better by myself."

"But what about us?" said Sebastian at last. "We've got no money."

"We'll share what we have left. It'll keep us for a day or two."

"And after a day or two?"

"That'll be your affair. You got on all right, you two, before you met me. I can't keep you. Sebastian had better find some work, too."

"I've got some work," said Sebastian disdainfully. "I thought you knew that."

"And you thought you could both live on my earnings. Well, you can't. And I'm not even sure if I shall get work myself."

"What shall you try for?" asked Gemma.

"I don't know. But when we were in Innsbruck, I wrote to Jacob Birnbaum at his Berlin address and asked him to help me. It's the first time I've ever asked him for anything. I told him to write to the Charing Cross Post Office, and till I hear from him I shall just get any odd jobs I can."

"He won't even answer you," prophesied Sebastian.

Jacob Birnbaum was their brother-in-law. He had married Antonia, the beauty of the family, and he was fabulously rich. But of late years he had grown tired of maintaining all the Sangers, and Sebastian's tirades against war profiteers had finally disgusted him.

"Fancy writing to Ikey-Mo," said Sebastian. "You certainly don't leave the dirtiest stone unturned. But you always were a money-grubber."

"You were quite content to live with them until they turned you out," said Caryl. "I can't think why Ike kept you as long as he did."

"Mere snobbery," explained Sebastian. "He'll put up with a lot from a person who's going to set the Thames on fire. It was the same with Sanger. Could any one have been ruder to him than Sanger sometimes was? But you'll never persuade him that you're likely to reflect any glory on him."

"I'm Toni's brother."

"She's got too many brothers. Do you know, he opens all her letters—not, as you might suppose, to catch her out with a lover, but to see if any of us have been writing to her for money. Last time I wrote to her, I got a stinger back from him."

"Toni must be getting very meek to put up with that."

"Money will ruin anybody. She's so smothered in money that she's hardly human."

"Then I'm glad I wrote to him, not her," said Caryl. "He was always very nice to me, and I've never troubled him before."

"Well, perhaps you'll get round him. If he sends you anything—"

"I didn't ask for money. I asked for a job."

"Oh, I know. Like those old soldiers all covered with medals who come to the door."

"I believe you were going to say, if he sends me anything, I'm to give you some?"

"I was."

"Then get this into your head. You won't get another penny from me after we've shared what I have now."

Sebastian was so much annoyed by this that he said nothing for a while. He stared blankly out of the window at the lines of hop-poles revolving like great spokes of a wheel over the landscape.

"I thought you understood," he said at last. "This—this thing—there's something I must write. I can't do any other work until—"

"You must do as I do. Earn your living and get your writing in as well. Do you think I wouldn't like to be perfectly free for my own work myself?"

"Your work?"

"Yes. My work."

"Do you mean that rubbish you concoct when you're feeling sentimental?"

"Why shouldn't he write music as well as you?" cried Gemma, alarmed by the gathering storm in Caryl's face.

"Because he knows it isn't music."

Gemma thought that there was going to be a fight in the carriage, and she got up quickly so as to stand between the brothers.

"He doesn't know what he's saying," she said to Caryl. "He'll be sorry tomorrow."

"I don't mind if he's sorry or not," said Caryl. "I've finished with him."

HE WENT out to stand in the corridor, amazed that this final break should have turned out to be so easy. For he had been worrying about Sebastian's future ever since they left Innsbruck, understanding quite well how urgent the pressure of this new composition must be. It was not a good moment in which to announce his own impending desertion. Memories of their loyalty in the Dolomites, the communal tradition of the family, had disturbed him. But now he was so angry that he worried no longer. Sebastian could go to the devil.

"And yet," said Gemma, turning fiercely upon her lover when Caryl had gone, "you'll take two-thirds of his money when we get to London!"

"What else am I to do? We haven't a penny."

"I have. I've got twenty pounds."

"You've— Where did you get it?"

"That's my affair. We won't take any of poor Caryl's money. We needn't."

"Certainly we needn't. In fact, if we have as much as that, I think we ought to go shares with him. He needs it as much as we do."

"You idiot! He'll never take it."

"Why not? We've taken his money."

"Do you realize that you've insulted him disgustingly?"

"I only spoke the truth."

"I think you'd better not speak at all, myself. But I won't give any to Caryl; not because I grudge it to him, but he might guess who it comes from."

"Who does it come from?"

"Fenella. She gave it me that day in Steineck. It was all she had, and she knew we were hard up."

"Fenella!"

Sebastian smiled to himself rather curiously and said no more. And in the weeks that followed, while they were living on that twenty pounds, he puzzled Gemma sometimes by calling it "Aurora's loan."

CHAPTER XVII

FENELLA returned from that day over the frontier a different person. She was like one of those maidens in her own North Country ballads, who are snatched away for an hour into fairyland and come back changed for all time. The old severity, the poise of a gallant, unawakened child, was gone. She was aware now of things that she would never know, and other things which it would be dangerous to know: hidden influences, half-comprehended implications breathed all round her, and instead of running to search them out, she stood poised for flight. In one shattering moment all the possibilities of passion had been revealed to her, so that she could not tell whether she was frightened or happy.

But no onlooker would have known that she had lost her balance. On the contrary, she seemed to have gained it. There was more of consciousness and mystery in her looks, words, and gestures; they were the signals of a woman who has begun to learn a little about herself. Everybody noticed the change. Even the waiters who hovered behind her chair at dinner, being but men, observed with a new shock of surprise how charming she was. And afterward, when the dancing began, she was besieged by partners. The young men of the hotel could not be sorry that the Marchese was not present to cut them out. He had gone to Rome to report the matter to a very important person indeed. Fenella had heard the news with relief, for she did not greatly wish to meet him again, and she hoped that he would not come back before she had left the Adlersee.

Meanwhile she danced, since dancing was the only outlet for the fever which possessed her. Every night saw her swaying round the ballroom like a sylph, with flushed cheeks and starry eyes, turning the heads of everybody who looked at her. The shorthand manuals were put away; she danced till (*Continued on page 120*)

CARYL stopped and broke into congratulations. Sebastian nodded coolly, his eyes fixed on Fenella. "I thought you weren't dancing," he said. "Only with Caryl," she replied

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

The great Buddha in Tokyo is a shrine which draws pilgrims from far and near to worship

Two hundred private citizens from the coun- Kyoto to discuss ways of settling interna-

When EAST

In a Friendly Spirit Many Vexing Problems Dis They Talked Things Over Frankly in Meetings

Dr. James T.

KYOTO is a city of romance. For over a thousand years the emperors of Japan held court in its palaces, and the traces of their medieval splendor still survive. Sixty years ago they left this ancient capital to make their residence in the heart of Tokyo, the busy modern city of commerce and industry; but old Kyoto is the scene of their coronation, and there are reminders of the ancient days on every side, in the quaint houses on the river front, and in the dress and habits of its citizens. There are pageants staged in the open streets, when for a few brief hours gaily dressed retainers march once more before their feudal lords; and there are contests in archery and exhibitions of stately dance and ceremonial that come down from beyond the days of Charlemagne. If the Gold Pavilion by the lake of the imperial garden looks drab and weather-worn, the life-like statues of the niches within are masterpieces to rank with the sculpture of the Italian Renaissance; and behind it, farther up against the hillside, lies an enchantment of lake and waterfall, of terraced lawns and the ever-changing color of flower and tree, a landscape which a scheming statesman planned to make so beautiful that his imperial master would choose its beauty rather than the exercise of power.

And then at the base of the encircling hills there are the temples set in their dim groves of giant cryptomaria—the redwood of Japan—temples to which the pilgrims come from all parts of Japan, pilgrims no less picturesque than the temples they frequent. There are those dressed all in white who walk from shrine to shrine, from temple to temple, the country over, with a little food in a knapsack on their backs, with great, umbrella-like bamboo hats on which the priests record the name of each shrine visited. And there are others simply dressed in the picturesque kimono of Japan, going in groups to chant in unison before some altar gleaming in the flickering light of candles from its recess behind the great, timber pillars where the Buddhist clergy chants its ritual.

The Shinto shrines are simpler; one enters through a *torii* or gateway of two great, sloping posts which support two heavy cross-beams, like the timber of an unfinished arch. These Shinto shrines are for the spirits of the dead, and that strange assembly of spirit life with which the mythology of Japan has made all nature

© L. Green from P. P. S.

The Shinto shrines for the spirits of the dead, approached through a gate with stone lanterns

tries around the Pacific Ocean gathered at
tional controversies without using battleships

Meets WEST

appear. So Neighbors of the Pacific Found When Here Discussed by a Conference Chairman

Shotwell

living and respondent to the worshiper. There is no ceremony here, but only a reverent bowing of the head and a clapping of the hands to warn the local deities that the pilgrim has come and gone. But in the temples of Buddha, vast and somber under the wide-spreading roofs, there are ceremonies that outwardly resemble those of European cathedrals. In its religion Japan is still linked with its historic past, and in Kyoto this link is of the strongest.

This was a strange setting for an international conference on the problems of the present and the future such as was held in the rooms of the rambling old Miyako Hotel at the end of October and the opening of November, 1929. It was a meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations, whose two hundred members had come from the countries that lie around the Pacific Ocean to discuss outstanding questions in politics and try to find another way for dealing with international controversy than by sending gunboats or battleships to enforce a nation's demands. For private citizens to come together from distant countries to discuss these matters with the utmost frankness is an experiment new in the history of democracy anywhere. In the years before the World War there was almost nothing of it. In Asia such a meeting was doubly new, for after all it is only a short time since China and Japan threw open their frontiers to any foreigners, and now these foreigners were going to discuss in open forum on the very soil of Japan itself such heated issues of disputes as the clash of interests between Japan and China in Manchuria, or the presence of British and American gunboats in Chinese waters, or the European settlements at Shanghai. It was a bold experiment, this unofficial international parliament in a part of the world where parliaments have existed for hardly a generation.

Imagine a former Lord Chancellor of England presiding over a round-table at which sat a former Ambassador of Japan to the United States, a former Prime Minister of Ontario, the heads of Chinese universities and banking corporations, distinguished representatives of Australia and New Zealand who had held high offices in the government there, and, as is usually the case on such occasions, a delegation from the United States larger than from any other country. No wonder there are observers here, too, from countries not fully represented: (*Continued on page 331*)

DOWN with The RAIN

H. Vandervoort Walsh

Assistant Professor of Architecture
Columbia University

Tells How to Prevent Troublesome Leaks

Photograph by Wurts Brothers

Slate roof valleys such as this must be most carefully provided with underlying flashing of some permanent, non-corroding material

Photograph by George H. Van Anda

Here the shingles on one slope curve around to join those on the other, making a curved valley

ALTHOUGH the sloping roof covered with slate, tile, or shingles has for generations been a symbol of home in northern climates, it is now threatened with replacement by the flat roof so common in the cities. Methods and materials for building level roofs have improved so much that in many ways they are tighter and more easily repaired; they require no waste attic-space under them, and offer many fine opportunities for development into sun-decks, play-areas, and places to sit out under the sky. However, people have associated them so long with box-like city structures that they are strongly prejudiced against them—so much so that many suburban communities have placed upon property clauses of restriction prohibiting houses built with flat roofs. Interesting, ultra-modern houses have been built in Europe and in certain parts of this country, which indicate the trend towards flat roofs in domestic architecture, but on the whole, the sloping rather than the flat roof is still most widely used in small house construction.

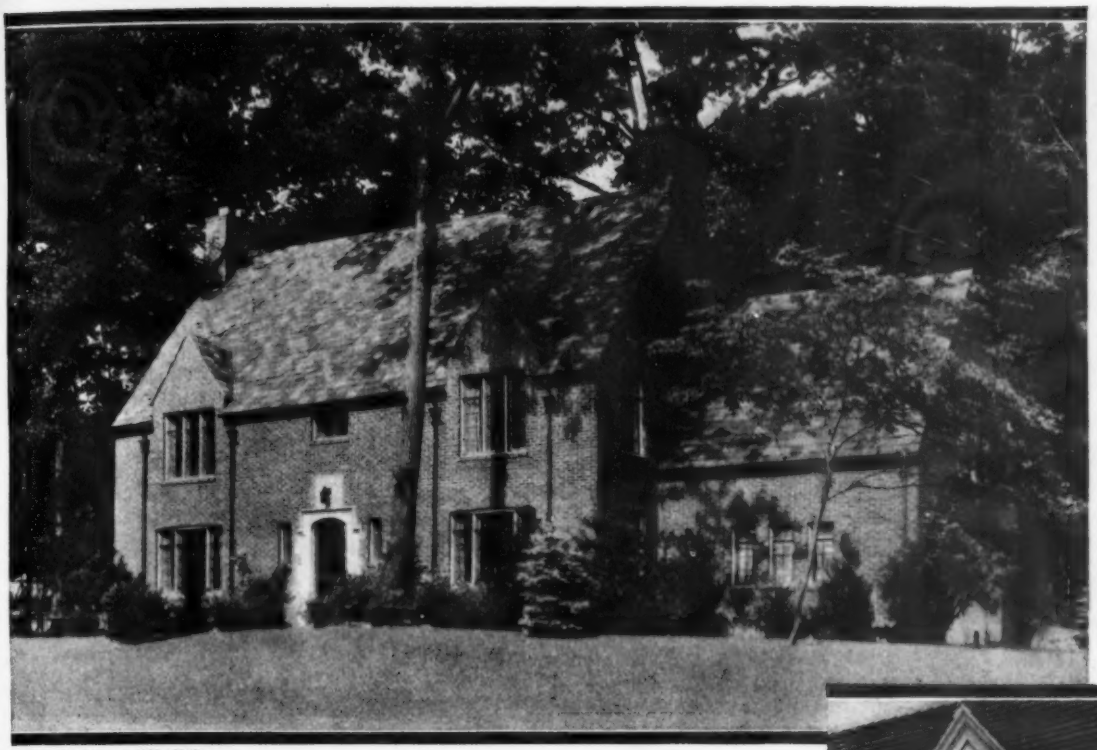
We shall, therefore, confine this article to the weak spots of the sloping roof where discomforting leaks are most likely to occur. They are generally caused by the defective protection of the joints made by one roof surface intersecting another to form a valley, or by some part of the house that projects up through the roof, like the chimney, the plumbing pipes, or the dormer windows.

In the building trade, the accepted method of making tight the joints referred to above is to cover them with metal sheets, called "flashing." In large communities, a special contractor, other than the man who does the roofing, is called in to make tight the valleys and the joints around the chimneys and the dormers. A little carelessness on the part of his mechanic can create a good deal of damage. He works up in the high places of the house, where the superintendent or architect does not easily see his labor. If some slight mistake has been made, nothing may be known of it for months until the right wind and a heavy downpour force water into the house around the chimney.

You will realize how intelligent and highly skilled a sheet metal worker must be to avoid mistakes if you consider for a moment what he must do to make tight the joint around the chimney.

In the first place, the water which runs down the roof must be kept from damming up in back of the chimney, since it would then leak through the joints between the shingles. A cricket, or saddle, is therefore built. It is a small, peaked roof, covered with sheet metal, with its ridge running from the chimney to the roof. Then the metal that covers this cricket must be properly soldered and made to extend up under the roofing material far enough and also be bent up on the side of the chimney. Then shingles of metal must be slipped under the courses of roofing material along the sides of the chimney and also partly bent up against it. To keep the water from running down in back of these upturned ends of flashing, other strips, called "counter-flashing," must be built into the joints of the chimney and bent down to lap over. In front of the chimney, sheet metal must be built into the masonry, bent down and spread out over the roofing material like an apron. This is, as you see, quite a complicated bit of construction. Improperly soldered joints, too narrow flashing, counter-flashing poorly imbedded in the masonry, and too tight fastenings that prevent expansion and contraction of the metal may cause some small leak.

About the only way for the home owner



Designed by Mann and MacNeille

What to do with the water when you have caught it is here solved simply and directly by having plenty of leaders, well arranged

(Right) The place where dormers join the roof is a weak spot unless carefully flashed in the valleys, on the sides, and under the sill

Photographs by George H. Van Anda

to protect himself against leaks caused by small mistakes in flashing is to hire a responsible contractor and to require from him a guaranty that he will be responsible for the water-tightness of the sheet metal work for one year and repair any leaks that may develop.

Leaks in flashing, besides being caused by defective workmanship, may be due to the corrosion of the metal used. Now, many people have but one idea about corrosion of sheet metal, and that is that iron, steel and tin plates rust, but that copper, lead, zinc, and aluminum sheets do not, and are therefore everlasting. But it is not nearly so simple as that. All the metals corrode rapidly in certain conditions and more slowly in others. Besides, the tin sheets that are commonly used for flashing and which show rusting after some years are not tin at all, but consist of iron sheets, coated with lead and tin. It is the iron core that rusts, when the protecting coat is penetrated. A good grade of roofing tin, constantly kept protected on the surface with paint, is good for from thirty to fifty years. Iron is also protected by covering it with zinc, when it is known as galvanized iron. Sheets of copper-bearing steel are also coated with lead and resist corrosion remarkably well. Improvements are being made all the time in slowing down the speed of corrosion of the iron core itself.

The general acceptance of copper, in the building trade, as the best metal for flashing, gutters, and leaders is due to more advantages than its apparent resistance to corrosion. For after all, like all other metals, it corrodes and the surface becomes green, but this protects it from further corrosion, unless there are acids in (*Continued on page 300*)

In the closed valley shown above, bent copper shingles slipped under each roofing course keep out water. Note the bay window flashing

(Left) Badly-soldered joints, narrow flashing, counter-flashing poorly embedded in masonry, and fastenings that prevent expansion and contraction in the metal cause chimney leaks

This border in an old Concord garden is gay with annuals

ANNUALS

Join the Aristocrats

By

Florence Taft Eaton

Photographs by Charles Darling

A glimpse of the lovely, old-fashioned garden at the Wayside Inn, owned by Henry Ford

NO MATTER how varied and successful our perennial border and our general planting, no garden yields all the satisfaction it should unless it includes plenty of annuals. On them we depend for our main supply of picking flowers during the summer and fall, and on them we rely for the spectacular color effects we desire in beds and borders. Then, in the combination gardens—flower and vegetable—seen so much across the water and becoming much more general in this country, annuals give the rich color and variety of foliage needed to make a beautiful background for the utilitarian planting.

Annuals, as a class, are constantly being developed and improved, to the increasing beauty of our gardens. I can remember when the zinnia had no social standing whatever—and with reason. The blossoms were insignificant in size and color, and the whole plant was quite without charm. Nowadays zinnias have become real aristocrats and would be almost my first choice among annuals for cutting or for garden color. My zinnias, the seed of which I obtained from Sutton's, England, were truly magnificent this year—tremendous double blossoms of the most exquisite shades, blooming from June until frost. The range of colors makes them adaptable to any garden, for one may choose either the pastel shades—lemon, cream, lovely dull pinks, flesh, salmon—or use only the rich, brilliant colors—burnt orange, glowing crimson, flame pink. They are at their best as a border plant, either in the combination vegetable and flower garden, or in the garden proper. There is a delightful, light-pink dwarf, offered last year, which makes a brilliant edging and is nice for cutting. Zinnias may be started early in a frame or planted in the open ground and thinned.

Asters are, I think, my choice among annuals of limited season. We prolong the season for them by making several plantings, starting the first in a cold frame or in the house. We also often set extra rows of asters in the vegetable garden for picking. The branching variety is preferable. The King aster—very full double flowers with quilled petals—is a particularly fine, new, branching aster. Of all this lovely family, and every one is beautiful, I like the single asters best; they are absolutely invaluable for cutting and are plus-lovely in the garden. Plant them as edging rows, double if space allows. We buy Southcote Beauty, mixed seed, saving our own once the plants are established. Sometimes they self-sow freely. Of all the (*Continued on page 176*)

"Let Me Live in a House—"

ON the SLOPE of a HILL

By Duncanhunter

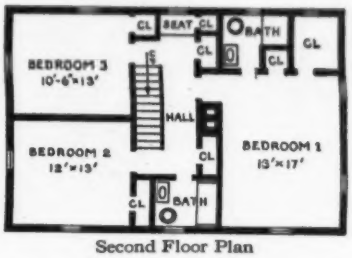
Architect

ALL credit is due the owners for the success of this house, for they knew what they wanted, and as architect I had only to interpret and crystallize their ideas. Often an architect finds that it is almost impossible to elicit from a client what he really likes, so it was extremely pleasant to work with Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Clark, both of whom combine definite ideas with artistic appreciation. Mrs. Clark is an interior decorator, and her highly developed color sense was of great assistance.

The house is located in Woodland Park, Summit, New Jersey—a community of fine modern American homes, not pretentious, but possessing real architectural character. The lot, on a heavily wooded hillside, was sold with stringent restrictions as to the location of both house and garage. The garage must be attached and entered from the rear; and the design and construction of the house must be approved by a board of property owners controlling the entire community.

After a careful study of the site, I had a number of conferences with the owners.

First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan

The charm of this house lies chiefly in its simplicity and its fidelity to New England prototypes. The plan is unusually well adapted to the average needs

Mrs. Clark had made a small clay model of the house she would like, which revealed her good taste and her affection for the homes of her New England ancestors. The house was to be large enough for two people who live quietly, but like to have frequent guests. A tentative sketch, showing floor plans, elevations, and suggestions for garden treatments was then made, and this I submitted to the builder for approximate estimates of cost. Then there were more conferences in which the owners' preferences as to various materials, types of construction, equipment, and finish were talked over. Various economies were considered, and some accepted, some rejected.

As a result of this thorough discussion, I had a complete, clear-cut, and well-defined picture of the kind of house the owners wanted, and was able to draw up the final plans and specifications without the slightest hitch. The contract was awarded and the house built without any of the maddening extra costs caused by last-minute changes. It is my opinion that if all details (*Continued on page 230*)

"Maren, here's a most important-looking letter for you," said the Professor. She felt Rikard's laughing eyes looking on and flushed painfully

STARS for YOUR DREAMS

THE Dahl garden sloped down to the sea, and just inside the white picket fence stood the old pear tree. It was in early blossom, and Maren breathed in its sweetness as she sat on the circular bench that ran around the trunk, polishing the family's shoes.

"There you are, Herr Professor!"

She set the master's sturdy, square-toed boots on the grass beside her. They looked startlingly like the Professor himself, and Maren smiled as she rubbed the polish into the mistress's frayed walking shoes. Only Maren knew the innermost secret of the Dahls, and their shoes had betrayed some of them.

The Fru Professor would have been mortified had any one seen those patched soles and scrubbed toes. They were like the mistress herself, Maren decided, polished and black in spite of their patches, just as Fru Dahl's whole life was ordered to conceal the worn places. The Dahls weren't the only family in Norway who had to alter their way of living after the banks crashed during the after-war years, yet the Fru Professor took it as a personal affront that she should have to use butter savingly and count the number of eggs she put into her cakes.

Maren had finished Dagmar's slippers and left them outside her room when she took the coffee trays upstairs. Rikard's shoes were the last.

Her hands caressed them as they lay in her lap. The thought of him made the garden an enchanted place, like the meadow back home where the old wives believed the fairies danced on midsummer night.

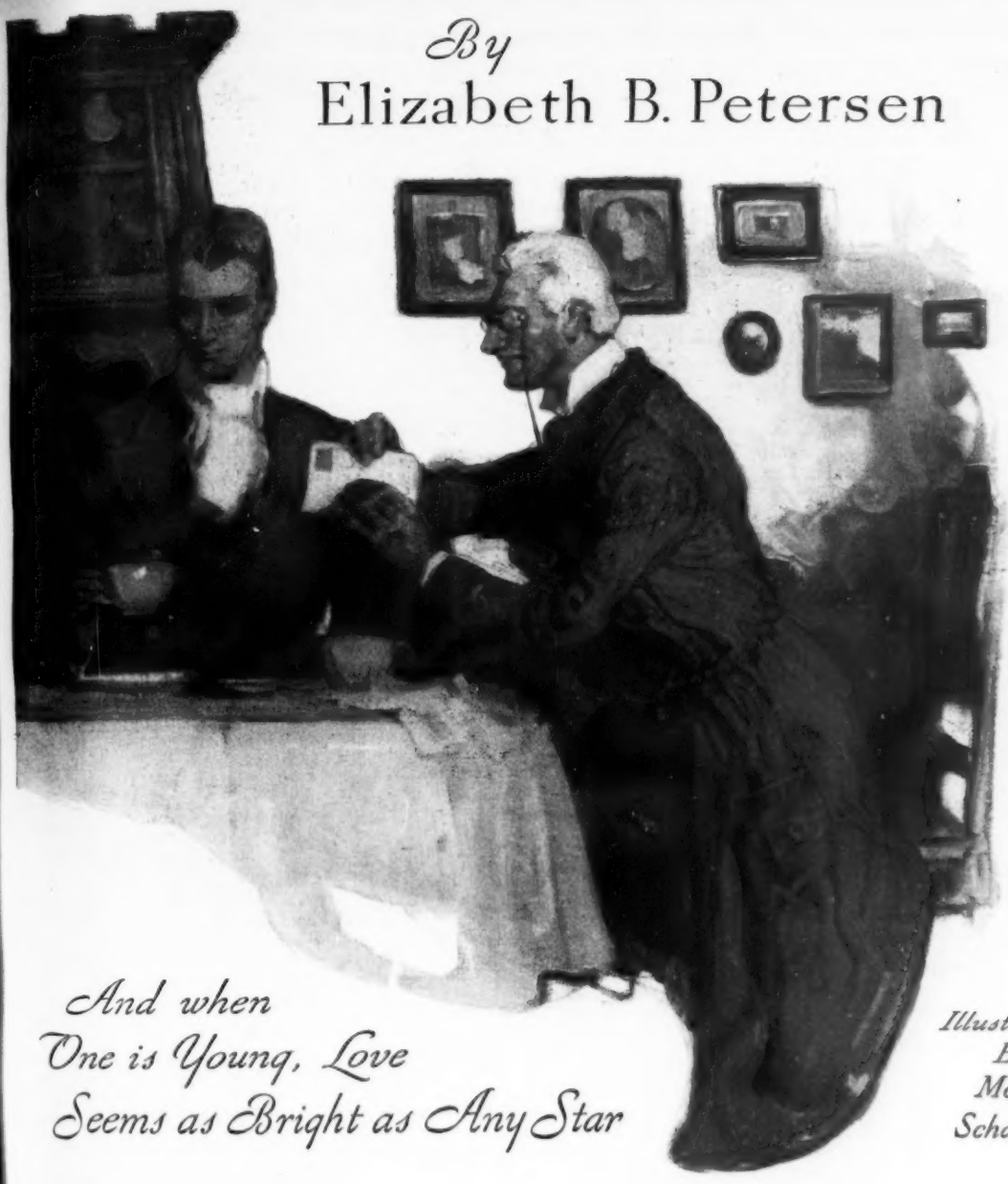
Rikard and Dagmar and she had played there one summer. At first, Maren had been a little in awe of the children from the town, but before the holidays were over she had shown them the hidden places in the woods where the blueberries grew the thickest, and the little stream on the other side of the mountain that was paved with jewels.

The Dahls had come back every summer, but Rikard had been in England in school, and when she saw him again he was almost grown. That year she had waited for them near the little bridge fording the river, but when she heard their automobile coming, a curious fright closed about her, so that she could not call out to them. They passed without knowing she was there, and Maren caught only a bewildering glimpse of a pretty girl who sat beside Rikard.

That summer there was not much time for play, for it was decided Maren was old enough to help in the fields. But sometimes in the cool of evening she escaped into the woods and followed the trail leading to the *saeter*.

Once she met Rikard crashing through the underbrush toward her, the pretty girl

By
Elizabeth B. Petersen



And when One is Young, Love Seems as Bright as Any Star

Illustrated By Mead Schaeffer

who was visiting them close behind. He held out his hand as he came nearer.

"See Maren—your precious jewels! They're only pebbles after all."

Maren held the bright-colored stones in her hand, and a sudden sorrow came to her for all the bright, beautiful things she had lost, for the fairies who had never danced in the meadow and the little stream lonely for its jewels. In all the summers that had gone before, she had been a child with a child's unfaltering faith. This summer was different.

It was in winter the princess came to her from the wool that had come alive on her loom. And because Maren's hair was as yellow as buttercups tumbling together in the south meadow, the princess had hair as black as a crow's wing, and her cheek was as pink and white as a briar rose blooming in a snow drift. The wool often caught in Maren's roughened fingers, as they darted in and out of the loom, but the princess's hands were as white damask.

Sometimes Maren talked to her as she worked.

"When your prince comes, he will have eyes like Rikard's," she promised softly. "And his laugh will be like his, too."

It almost seemed as though the princess smiled through the winter gloom.

When summer came again, the princess had only partly emerged from her woolen background, for Maren had no colors lovely enough for her gown. She rose at dawn, and on her way to the *saeter* to do the milking she gathered roots and berries in the woods and made dyes from them so the princess could be arrayed in a color that would be like mist upon the sea.

But that year things fared badly with the farm, and Maren had a man's work to do in the fields, and when autumn brought promise of leisure again, her mother sent her to Molde in service with the Dahls.

Maren sighed, as she sat for a moment with Rikard's shoes on her lap. It had been so different from what she had dreamed. Only the princess had remained unchanged on the loom she brought with her. It was almost like going back into the past to the days when they had all been happy together, to sit in front of her.

There was a changed look on Maren's face that morning. The whole family noticed it, as she went from one to the other, pouring the coffee from the Dresden pot. When she brought the mail and left it at the Professor's plate, he smiled at her almost paternally. He was fond of this little peasant girl who strove so hard to make things comfortable for him. None of their other maids had taken such pains to get the coffee clear as she did.

"Maren, there's a letter for you." The Professor waved his *pince-nez* playfully. "A most important-looking letter with so many government seals one can almost see the gold braid. You haven't a young man

in the diplomatic service, Maren, a gallant attaché or perhaps an ambassador?"

Maren's eyes drooped before the professorial bantering. He was only having his fun with her, she knew, but she felt Rikard's laughing eyes looking on, and she flushed painfully, as she took the letter from his outstretched hand.

It was the first time any one had written to her. She wanted to wait until she got back in the kitchen to read it, but Fru Dahl was looking on so expectantly that Maren felt compelled to tear open the envelope and read the message there before them all.

She gasped a little. "It's from the American consul—I'm to go over in the next quota."

THE mistress's eyes narrowed, and her voice rasped ominously. "I had no idea you weren't satisfied here with us, Maren. But all you girls think of these days is the money you can make. Still you might have told us—given some warning."

"But it was so long ago I sent in my application," Maren explained earnestly. "Almost three years ago, before I came here. I didn't think it would come at all. And my cousin Maria will take my place here if you like."

"I think it's splendid." The professor patted the little brown hand holding the letter. "Just think, Maren, one of these days you will be coming back to pay us a visit with so much money in your purse you'll throw it to the pigs, as my friend Halvorsen writes me they throw apples to them out in America. Imagine a land where the swine feed on apples. There must be nectar flowing in its streams and its hills made of cake. Send me a piece some day for my afternoon coffee, Maren, and think of us back here when you set out on your high adventure."

The Fru Professor glanced at him meaningfully, but her voice was calm as she turned to the trembling girl.

"You may clear the table, Maren, and it would be a good idea to have Maria come tomorrow."

Maren closed the door behind her and stood for a moment leaning against it, the heavy tray still in her hands. It had come at last. But somehow she was not so happy as she had thought she would be. There was Rikard. There would always be Rikard.

She was glad for all the things that were waiting for her, the dishes to be washed, the floors to be scoured. It eased the bewildering havoc in her heart to have her hands flying from one task to another, to be so bodily tired that she could not think.

Afterward, when she had gone to her room and changed into a fresh dress and combed her unruly hair and fastened it back with a comb, she crept out into the quiet of the garden. The family were gone for the evening, and there was no one to frown at her being there. For a while she watched the boats sailing out in the distance. One of them was Rikard's, and because she did not know which one her heart twisted as each new sail came within her sight. She heard the distant music of guitars and young voices singing.

The twilight drifted so softly into night that Maren hardly knew the dark had come until she looked up and saw the stars. In such a little time the long summer days would come, and they would be gone, and she wondered what happened to the lost stars of the north—if they flew away as the sparrows fly south in the winter to a land of their own.

It would be a land of love, this land of stars. Maren's hands twisted in her lap as she leaned back against the tree. A land where every lad loved the lass who loved him.

In the close of the garden Rikard loved her. Maren dreamed of it in the evenings when the garden was hers alone. She dreamed of him so, now. He lay sprawled on the grass at her feet, his head resting against her knees. It seemed so real she could almost feel him there beside her, so real the voice that spoke in her heart seemed his.

And then, while she was still dreaming, she heard the garden gate open, and when she looked around she saw it was Rikard.

He did not see her at first, then the blur of her white apron in the darkness brought him over to her.

"Why, Maren," he laughed. "It's you."

She could not say the wild things clamoring at her throat, but she smiled as she smoothed down the billowing softness of her dress. It was as she had dreamed it so many times. He threw himself down on the grass beside her, and she felt his eyes seeking her.

"You are going away." His voice had a faint tinge of regret. "When you told us this morning, Maren, it didn't seem possible. Somehow I can't imagine this—without you."

"Do you think I should stay?"

Maren sounded calm, but a thousand little voices inside her were urging him, "Ask me to stay, Rikard; ask me to stay." It seemed as though he must surely hear so insistent were they. She leaned toward him in the darkness, her heart urging him to heed the little voices.

"No, I don't think so," he said slowly. "It means your whole life, Maren. It's as father said this morning. You're riding out to meet high adventure, while we stay on behind."

She wanted to say: "My life is you, Rikard. I want to stay with the safe, unchanging things," but when her voice came at last she could only whisper, "But if I should fail over there in that new strange country—what then?"

THE boy reached up and took her hand. He held it against his cheek for a moment. "Your hands won't let you fail, Maren. They're so strong—and honest—and dear.

"It seemed strange, this morning—all I could think of was the day I brought you back the pebbles from our enchanted stream. You looked as though you had lost all heaven when I showed them to you . . . and suddenly it came to me, 'Maren again will find her stream that is paved with jewels, and this time they will be real.' It was almost as though something told me you are going to be successful—that all of us back here will be proud of you."

"Me—successful, Rikard?" There was a soft wonder in her voice, then her little laugh shattered it. "Now you're making fun of me. All I know about is cooking and sweeping and scouring. Things like that can not bring success—you know it."

"They can bring happiness, and that's the biggest success of all. But I know it will be more than that, Maren. I feel it."

He stumbled to his feet, pulling her up with him. And then his arms went about her, and she felt his kisses on her lips.

Before, when she had dreamed, it had all seemed so real, but now that it had come it was vaguely unreal. The moon came out, a little new moon as young as their love, and in the faint light Maren saw that Rikard was as white and shaken as herself.

Her hands crept to his face, and she held his cheek against hers for a moment while she whispered:

"I love you, Rikard . . . I've always loved you."

SHE waited for his words, but they did not come. It seemed as though she waited centuries for him to speak, as though she lived through a thousand lives, and stars died and were born and died again.

Then his words came. "I'm sorry, Maren. I—I haven't the right . . ."

She remembered then the pretty girl who had been in the country, that summer, smiling from the picture in his room, and the letters in the delicate handwriting that came so often from Oslo.

She tried to talk, but a little gasp of pain came instead, and she held her hand over her mouth so he could not hear. He spoke her name, but she turned from him and ran to the house.

It was incredible that her room was as she had left it, that the princess still smiled on her loom—incredible that all these little things should be the same and life be finished for her.

She woke while it was still dark, and the pain about her heart brought back with an unbearable nostalgia the garden and the night that had gone. It was strange to get up and dress as though nothing had happened, to go about in the familiar way, setting the table and making breakfast and getting the coffee trays ready. She left them at the doors of their bedrooms, and on the mistress's was a little note of apology.

"Please forgive me for going now. I am sending my cousin, Maria, to take my place. Maybe she will get here in time to make dinner."

She had written the simple little letter over and over again. The last time her tears had spotted the page, but she could not write it again.

Her few belongings were packed in the painted, wooden box she had brought with her from the farm, and her small loom was carefully wrapped in newspapers. If she hurried, she could get to the dairy in time to meet Magnus, who drove in every morning with the milk. She stumbled under her heavy burden, as she ran through the crooked, little street that was the main thoroughfare of Molde, and when she reached the dairy she was flushed and out of breath.

Old Magnus looked at her with that elaborate unconcern that was his when he was most curious, but Maren did not talk, as she climbed up on the high seat beside him. Molde was just waking. As they rode past, servant girls were scrubbing the front steps or polishing the brass door handles. They passed the ruins of the Grand Hotel that had burned to the ground one mad New (*Continued on page 214*)

IN THE close of the garden Rikard loved her. Maren dreamed of it in the evenings when the garden was hers alone. It seemed so real, she could almost feel him there beside her. And then, while she was still dreaming, she heard the gate open—and it was Rikard

Good Housekeeping Studio Of Furnishings and Decorations

By Helen Kouer, Director

Even a long, narrow hall may be made attractive by architectural treatment in the Georgian manner and by the use of a colorful scenic wallpaper

BEFORE beginning a new series of interiors in the May issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, the Studio illustrates this month a hall in the Georgian or formal Colonial style, and a bedroom furnished on a budget of less than $500, really an extremely small sum.

The Studio built this hall to remain permanently in the corridor leading to the exhibition rooms in our publication building. It is an example of what can be done to create an atmosphere in a nondescript—even an ungainly—space.

Economy often necessitates sacrificing the hall to the living-room, but a foot or two of extra width, which was always provided for in Colonial houses built from 1730–1760, contributes largely to a friendly and hospitable atmosphere. Correct treatment of doors, wall, and floor space, such as we have shown here, will completely change and improve the appearance of the hall.

As the first consideration, the hall should conform to the type of architecture of the house. A sense of unity without and within can and should be followed in the smallest of houses. This conformity to type and consistency in design have created the styles we know as the English manor house, the French château, the Italian villa, and preserved them through the centuries.

The Studio's Work

To translate a theory into a fact—and a helpful fact—that is the Studio's work. We do it in four ways: We build and furnish the rooms which we illustrate on the pages, to be sure they are attractive, useful, and practical before presenting them to you. Everything that goes into their making is a procurable article that you can buy. We have a decorating service that will gladly answer by letter any question on decorating that may be troubling you. We publish at a trifling cost folios of eight to ten pages, the size of the magazine page, which are as lovely picture books of attractive interiors as they are reliable books of instruction

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In this hall the Studio chose for type that of the Georgian manor house of the eighteenth century, which was simplified in the American Colonies and subsequently referred to as "Colonial." In houses of this period scenic papers imported from China were frequently used.

This corridor, 55′8″ long by 5′10″ wide, is a size unlikely to be found in a house, but possible in an apartment. The same sort of treatment, however, used in a better proportioned space, would have added charm. The length is broken by a careful spacing of moldings to outline panels of a beautiful, colorful, scenic wallpaper. This paper, just on the market, depicts scenes in early American cities. These panels dominate the hall.

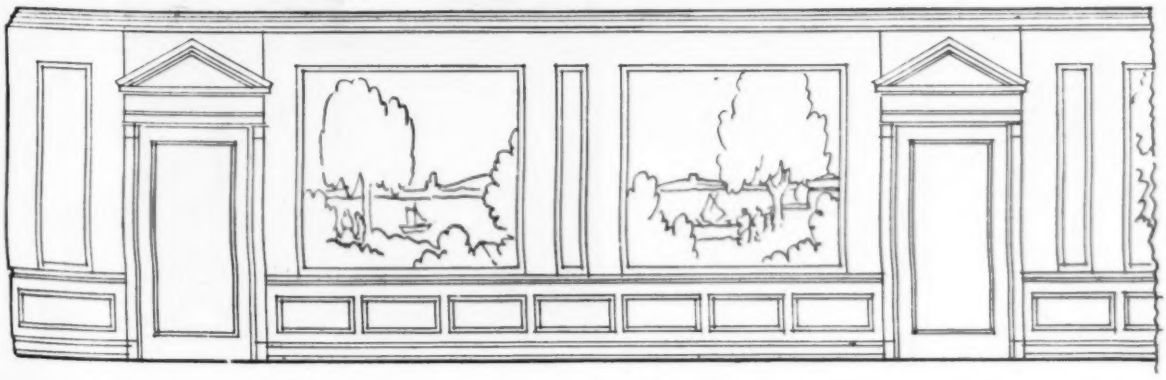
In building or altering a Georgian or Colonial house, or in decorating an apartment in which eighteenth-century furniture is to be used, consider the use of a wood-paneled dado or the effect of one with moldings. Add door frames and windows of this formal type, and this paper or a similar one. The elevation gives the proportions, the scale of which may be increased or decreased as the requirements demand. Such construction can be built by the average carpenter, and, although adding a little to the expense, it adds much more to the attractiveness of the hall.

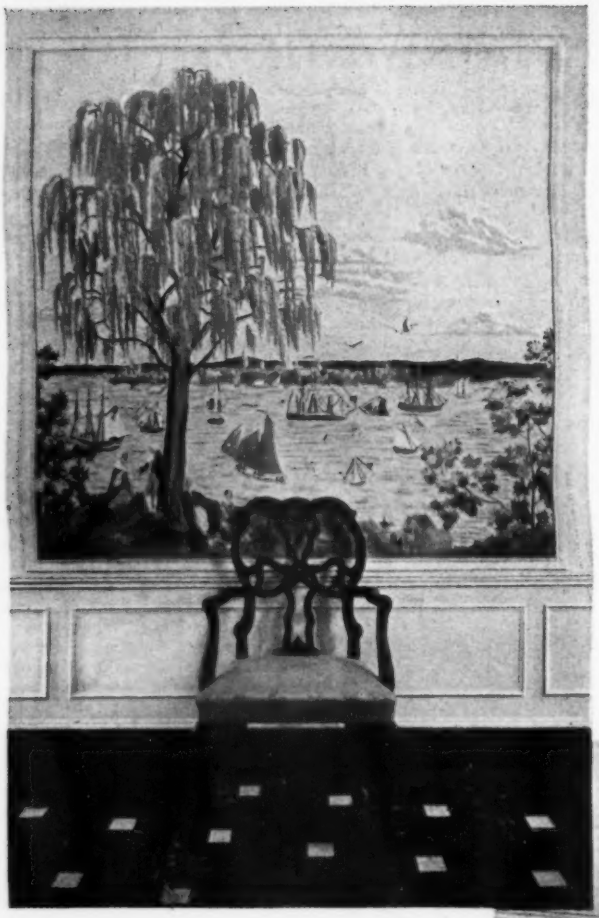
The color harmony between the delightful wallpaper and the woodwork is most important. As the background of the paper is a soft gray, all the woodwork is painted to match exactly. Variation of color is furnished by the panels themselves, where landscape colors, green trees, blue sky, and touches of red and yellow give values.

The floor also follows its Georgian prototype, but instead of black and white marble, a black and white marbleized rubber tile, inset with small white squares, is both serviceable and smart, and in the splendid qualities now procurable has the distinction such a hall demands.

Furniture plays a real part in a hall, and some sense of arrangement, comfort, and charm should be the aim. With this background the Georgian furniture designed by Chippendale during the first half of the eighteenth century is correct and harmonious. The mahogany in which his furniture is made, the gilt of the mirrors, the graceful proportions of the chairs and of the sofa table after Sheraton, a contemporary eighteenth-century designer, are all delightfully contrasted with the gray woodwork and the unusual and colorful wallpaper.

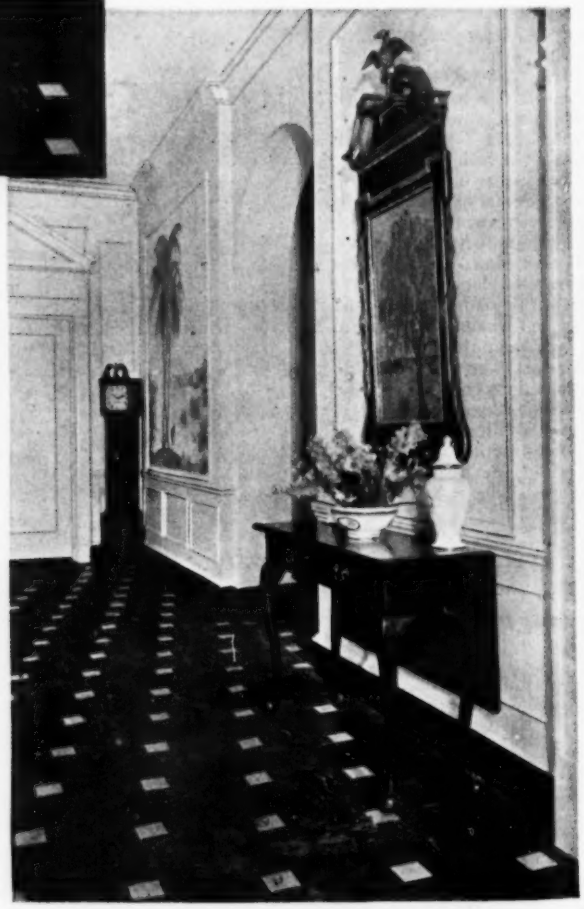
The architect's elevation of the hall





Furniture plays a real part in a hall, and a sense of arrangement, comfort, and charm is important. Mirrors are useful as well as decorative. A floor of black and white rubber tile looks well and is truly serviceable

The graceful proportions of the ribbon-back arm chair and claw-foot table of Chippendale design are in keeping with the Georgian architectural background, formal overdoor treatment, and scenic paper of this charming hall



Cooperating with the Studio

Wallpaper, M. H. Birge & Sons; Rubber Floor Tile, U. S. Rubber Co.; Lighting Fixtures, G. E. Walter; Settee, Tables, Chairs, Commode, Candlestand, Harry C. Meyers Co.; Cabinet, Chairs, Mirrors, W. & J. Sloane; Grandmother Clock, Hamilton-Sangamo Co.; Fabrics, R. Carrillo & Co.; Silver Candlestick, Freeman of London; Crystal, Glass and China Accessories, W. E. Lindemann & Co., Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Wm. Plummer & Co.; Silver Card Tray, A. S. Schmidt and Sons; Door Knobs, Sargent & Co.

The Studio Builds a Formal Hall of the Georgian Type, Using 18th-Century Furniture

A Colonial Bedroom Group For One Hundred Dollars

The Studio has built a background for a group of inexpensive, well-designed, nicely-finished furniture of the Colonial type. The four main pieces cost less than one hundred dollars. **See budget on page 344**

Accessories in a room can cost what you like. Here they amounted, with wallpaper, rug, and two easy chairs, to less than four hundred dollars. The total cost of the room is under five hundred dollars

THE Studio this month has built a room, complete to the last detail, for $500. Many young married people starting in housekeeping do not want to spend more than this on a bedroom, and it is not necessary that they should in order to have an attractive room. This furniture, though inexpensive, is nicely designed, and the care which has been taken to follow the lines of Colonial pieces gives it dignity and charm. Colorful modern paper and fabrics have added a touch of cheerfulness and style. At greater expense a more sumptuous effect could have been attained, as in the eighteenth-century bedroom shown last month, but not every one wants a luxurious room, and in a summer cottage, or for a young girl's bedroom, a simpler room of this type is often preferable. The distinction of this room is not in its economy, but in its successful combination of the essentials of good decoration—charm, comfort, and convenience.

The bedroom group, consisting of a bed, a dressing-table with mirror above, and two commodious chests of drawers, may be purchased for less than one hundred dollars. Let us consider the pieces in detail.

Good Housekeeping Studio
Cordially Invites You
To Visit The Rooms Created by
The Studio
Now on Exhibition at
Our Publication Building
57th Street at 8th Avenue
New York

John Wanamaker
Philadelphia

The John M. Smyth Store
Chicago

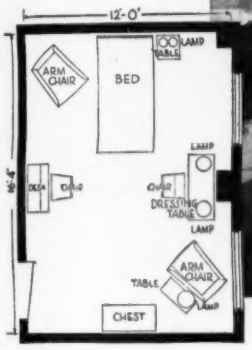
The New England Furniture
& Carpet Company
Minneapolis

The adaptation of a Colonial bed follows faithfully the lines of its model, and yet is small enough in scale to fit into any room. Particularly graceful are the head-board and turned posts. The dressing-table, large enough to be really useful, makes an attractive composition with the lamps and bottles and the mirror hanging above.

A chest of drawers of such good lines needs no further ornamentation than is provided by the simple brass escutcheons and the carved fan on the top drawer. One of the chief charms of these pieces is that, unlike most inexpensive furniture, they are not over-decorated. The mirror, which was originally fastened to the bureau, shows its graceful proportions to better advantage when hung on the wall.

Lack of space prevented our using two chests of drawers, and in the place of one we substituted a small desk. In a room of different dimensions both chests might well find a place. Our choice of wood was walnut, though the same pieces may be had, and are equally attractive, in maple.

To the bedroom group were added a



Against a green wallpaper, curtains and covers of bright yellow give necessary warmth to a room. An examination of the accompanying floor plan will show the thoughtful arrangement of the furniture in this room, which takes every advantage of the light from the windows

bedside table, another small table to stand beside the chair, two armchairs, and two straight chairs, one for the dressing-table and one for the desk. The dressing-table chair stands in the corner and may be moved over when needed.

For the background, wallpaper was chosen of soft blue-green, a good Colonial color. The modern pattern of small squares, in the center of each of which are tiny flowers of yellow, rose, and blue, adds a note of individuality. The colors are repeated occasionally in the room.

To relieve the somewhat cold effect of the green background, the curtains, slip-covers, and bedspread were chosen in a vivid, sunlight yellow. The lamps and lampshades, the scrap basket, the pottery window-boxes, and most of the accessories repeat this same yellow, or the green of the background. The two colors are charmingly combined in the quilt at the foot of the bed, and in the rag rug which gives a cheerful note to the plain, brown carpet. Where there is a good hardwood floor, the all-over brown carpet need not be used, and the floor may either be left bare with one or two rag rugs, or be painted brown. This will reduce the cost of the room. Gay, yellow linen scarfs are delightful against the walnut of the dressing-table and bureau.

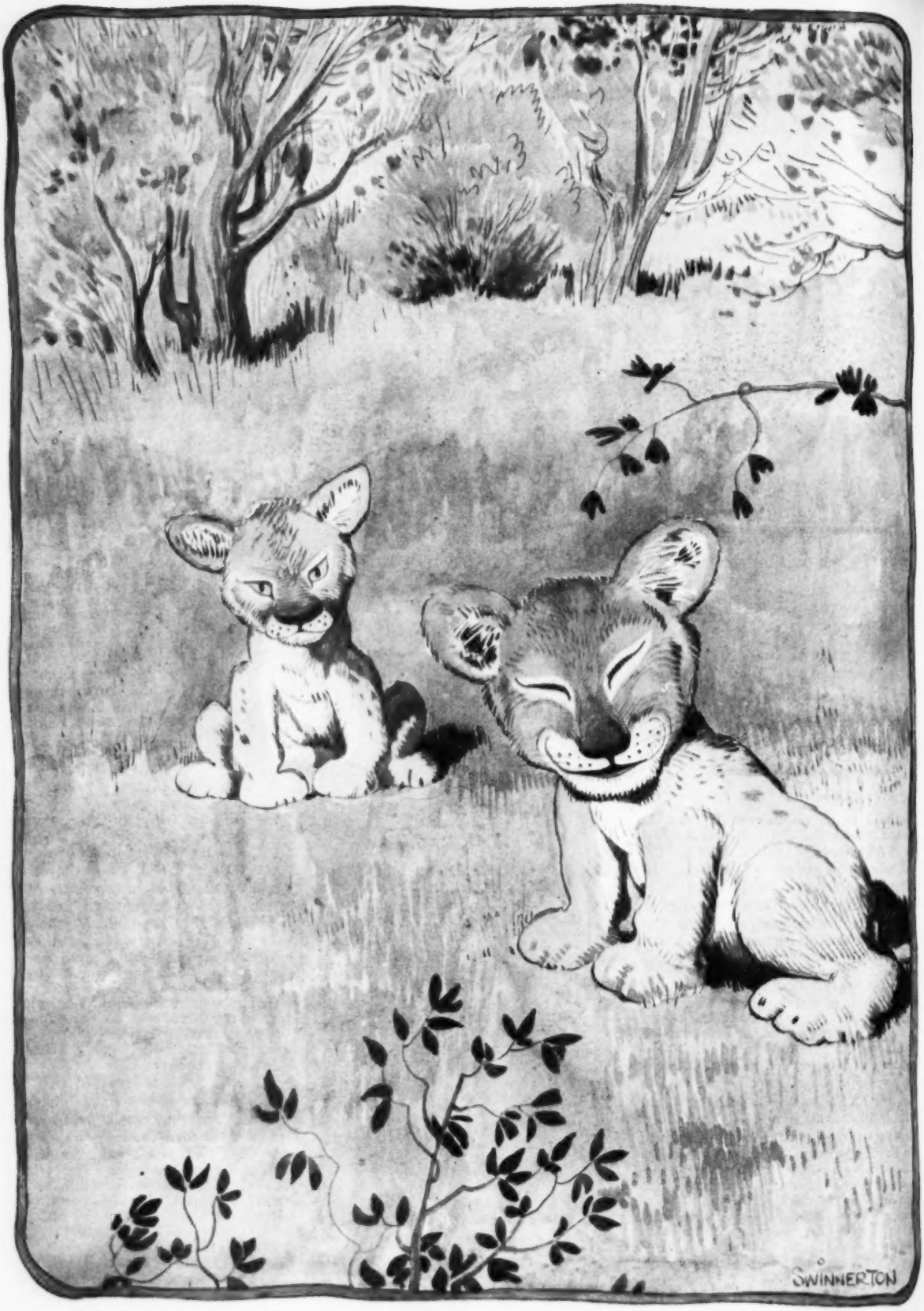
A study of the floor plan on this page will indicate the thoughtful placing of the furniture. The light falls on the face of any one at the dressing-table, but avoids a direct glare in the eyes of a person sitting in bed. Beside the window a pleasant corner for reading is provided by the easy chair and book table conveniently at hand. Light falls over the shoulders of the writer at the desk.

For night the lighting arrangements are equally well thought out. Lamps, tall enough to avoid shining in your eyes, are placed at either end of the dressing-table; the mirror over the bureau hangs between the wall fixtures. Other lamps are provided for the bedside table, the desk, and the easy chairs.

The windows are curtained with Zion Lace glass-curtains of simple design in keeping with the Colonial feeling of the room. For over-draperies inexpensive denim of vivid yellow was edged with a fringe of green and white. The curtains and shaped valances are well made and smartly draped, always important details, whatever the price of the material used. The curtains are simply tied back and hang almost to the floor.

Individuality is introduced into a room chiefly by the accessories. These were chosen with care to be in keeping with the simplicity of this bedroom and to carry out the general color scheme. For your convenience a list of everything in the room, and its price, is on page 344.

Colonial group: Bed, Bureau, Dressing-table, Tennessee Furn. Co.; Desk, Cross Kills Co.; Tables, Peter Enfel; Chairs, Wycombe Meyer; Side chairs, John A. Dunn Co.; Mattress, Simmons Deepsleep; Zion Lace Curtains; Fabrics, Marshall Field; Accessories, Fred Mertz, Robertson & Deschamps, Scranton Lace, Palmer Bros.



THE cubs were a gay pair of kittens, and it was so much fun for them to be out in the warm sunshine. Simba was a regular little rowdy, and up to all sorts of clownish tricks

Drawing by
James Swinnerton

LITTLE SIMBA

Mrs. Martin Johnson *Tells Of a Funny Little Lion Cub*

Who Grew Up to Be King of the Jungle

IN THE far-away land of Africa, life moves along its lazy cycle with little variation in the pattern for either man or beast. There are days of feast and days of famine; days of joy and days of sorrow. At times all is peace and contentment, and then come strife and suffering.

Thus it was with Simba, the lion I grew to know and admire during my long stay in the jungle. Never shall I forget the day that Martin and I came upon him when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb. We were making our way back to camp after a weary safari over the sun-baked plains in the land of Chobe.

As we drove our automobile over the bank of a dried-up river, my eyes fell upon two ragged, half-starved lions. One was a wee tyke of a cub, so weak and frail that he could hardly stand. Beside him was his mother, a gaunt, hungry-looking animal. I could see the ribs stretched like a frame under her tawny, worn coat. She seemed dispirited and helpless.

The lioness apparently was watching a small herd of zebra grazing not far away and was trying to teach the young one to help her kill one. She led the little fellow to a patch of grass and concealed herself, hoping, no doubt, that he would know enough to circle the herd and chase the zebras toward her, so that she could catch one. I don't think the cub knew what it was all about, he looked at his mother with such a dumb, pleading expression. Anyhow the lioness had no opportunity to follow her plan out further, for Martin and I approached nearer, and she saw us.

With her youngster she ran to a small ditch near by. Beside it, under a mimosa tree, lay her mate, a crippled lion. The lion dragged himself toward his mate, and it was apparent that one of his legs had been injured. And so we understood what had placed this little family in such a plight. The head of the household was disabled and could not hunt with his faithful mate.

He rubbed against the lioness and licked her face. Then all three of the beasts turned toward us with wide, pathetic eyes, wondering what new menace we were to add to the burden of their misfortunes. There was something familiar about these lions, and suddenly it dawned upon me that we had met before.

"Why, that's my own little Simba from the valley of the rocks," I exclaimed to Martin, and sure enough it was.

I suggested to Martin that we should get them something to eat. He agreed, and we stalked the zebra herd until we were near enough to pick out an old one and shoot it. We hitched the carcass to the rear of our machine and dragged it to a spot not more than thirty yards from the lions.

The lioness was first to approach the kill. Slowly she moved, her tail between her legs. Little Simba joined her, and finally the old lion limped forward. He gazed at Martin and me for several minutes, but finally sank beside the zebra and began to eat. Martin suggested that we might take some pictures of the lions, but I asked him not to disturb them. We returned to camp and left them to eat in peace.

The next day we returned to the scene, and there was nothing left of the zebra but a pile of bones. I was anxious to see the lions, and we traveled about in an ever-widening circle until at last we saw them walking across the plains. The lioness and her cub were in the lead, and the injured *père* followed slowly. All of them appeared to be stronger than the evening before, and even the old fellow walked with less difficulty. They passed out of sight, and both of us hoped sincerely that their cloud of misfortune soon would fade away.

Perhaps you think it is strange that I could recognize young Simba, his mother and his father? There was nothing difficult about it at all, because this family of lions had provided me with some of the most interesting hours during my long stay in the dark land.

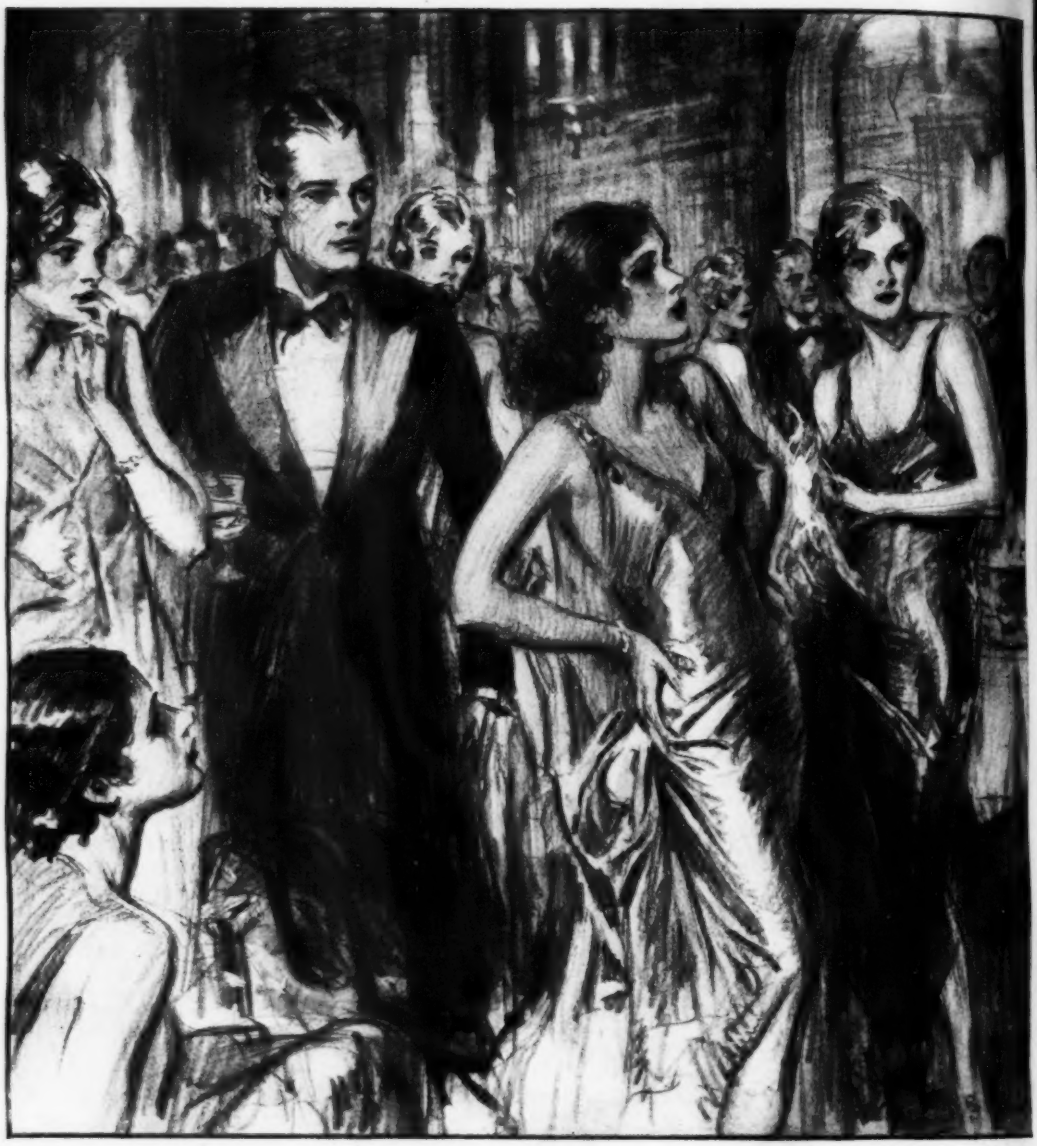
It was on a sunny afternoon, while I was seated on a pillow of grass in a thorn-covered blind, that I first saw the little one. Martin was in a similar blind about four miles away. Both of us were in ambush, waiting for animals to approach waterholes near our places of concealment, so that we could take pictures of them.

A short distance beyond the waterhole, in front of my blind, stood three trees beside a pile of rocks. I was reading a magazine when I heard a sudden patter of tiny hoofs beating a rapid tattoo upon the sun-baked plain. I looked up and, to my surprise, saw a herd of zebras galloping rapidly away from the waterhole. Something had frightened them. As I sat perfectly still, awaiting developments of this drama, some bushes moved slowly, and out of them came a lioness. She made her way to the foot of a rock in the clump of trees and lay down. I was not close enough to get a picture.

The lioness was a striking creature, young, powerful, beautiful. Her tawny coat, sleek and glossy, was splashed with sunlight that dripped through the leaves above. There was an air of peace and dignity about the beast, as she reclined on the ground with her powerful forepaws outstretched, head erect, eyes half closed as if she were lost in a pleasant dream. I was absorbed in admiration of the animal when I noticed a tiny bundle of yellow fur tumble out from under a rock. It was a little lion cub that I was afterward to know as my own little Simba. I caught only a glimpse of the baby before the lioness struck it with a big, heavy paw and knocked it back into the shelter of the ledge.

I had great news for Martin that night, after our porters came to the blind and took me back to camp. I had discovered the home of a mother lion and had an opportunity to study closely the family life of the king of beasts. Both of us were enthusiastic. Martin rigged up a camera with a telescopic lens, and I was in my blind early the next day.

It was along (*Continued on page 287*)



Illustrated By Charles D. Mitchell

IF I WERE

A Little Love-Story of

By Mary

JUDY ROWAN came up from a four-room shack in the Strip, and young Tom Gilchrist came down from a seventy-six-room house on the Hill to meet in the operating room of the Lebanon General Hospital.

White-capped, white-garbed, white-shod, the girl stood in the platoon of nurses back of Doctor Murdoch and Doctor Raeburn and Doctor Engel, waiting for the younger son of the Gilchrist dynasty, and looked at him, when he was rolled in, with eyes that were a little defiant for all their gray wistfulness. No one can live in Lebanon for twenty-two years without feeling the power and prestige, the might and the majesty, of the Gilchrist millions, and Judy Rowan had resented them with all the strength of her rebel heart even before the night when she had watched over her first case, the little boy dying from the careless blow of Oliver Gilchrist's roadster. Now, gazing at Oliver's brother, she flashed upon him a glance of disdainful scorn; but young Tom Gilchrist went under the skilled hands of Doctor Murdoch with a memory of her eyes that was to haunt him through the hours of his return to consciousness.

"I want that other nurse," he told Miss Pingree, who had been assigned to the night shift as a mark of special favor to him.

"I'll send her," she said stiffly, and reported to the superintendent that the patient wanted Miss MacLaren.

"No, not you, either," he protested fretfully to Miss MacLaren. "I want the girl with the eyes."

"That'll be Judy Rowan."

"Get her!"

"I'll ask, and tell you if—"

"I want results." He tried to make his tone imperative as his father's, but it rang weakly into youthful braggadocio. "Not reports."

"But if she's on another case—"

Tom's eyes hardened into rage. "Get your coat," he said. "I'm going to take you home." "Don't want to go home," Judith pouted. "Havin' a good time"

YOUR AGE

Defeat — and Victory

Synon

"Take her off."

Because his father's money talked more loudly than young Tom's voice, Judy Rowan came in ten minutes to his room.

"You sent for me?" she asked him levelly, staring at him with hostility she made no effort to conceal.

"You're the one."

"Miss Pingree's a better nurse."

"I want you."

"Why?"

"I like your looks."

"Do you think you're picking a chorus?"

"Wow! Right off the bat. You're going to stay, though, aren't you?" he pleaded with something of dread as she turned away.

"I've no choice."

"What do you mean?"

"It's my job."

"Can't you turn it down if you don't like it?"

"Not if I want to stay with this hospital."

"Oh!" He thought about that for a moment. "That's not quite fair, is it?"

"It's one of the chances of our profession."

She took up his chart, and assumed to study it with undiverted attention, but she saw the absurdly sensitive quiver of his mouth.

"I didn't think of that," he said slowly. "You won't have to stay if you want to go."

"Oh, it's all the same to me," she lied, "unless—unless, perhaps, you'd rather have Miss Gordon?"

"Miss Gordon?"

"Doctor Murdoch's special nurse. The one with the eyeglasses."

"Oh, good Lord, no!"

They both laughed at the fervency of his protest, and Judy Rowan went to work with barriers lowered by the common mirth

of their youth. Within an hour young Tom Gilchrist had told her that Oliver was playing around in Hollywood, that his mother was in Egypt, entertaining a ship's company of the British peerage, and that his father was in Russia, selling steel to the Soviet Republic.

"Gosh, how I wanted him here when I went on that table!" he sighed.

"Weren't any of your family in town?"

"No," he said morosely. "We're that kind of family."

Then, because he was a solemn young soul, and ill, and lonely, and yearning for the sympathy which might wait back of eyes like Judy Rowan's, he told her something of the Gilchrist ways of life; of Oliver, whirling from coast to coast in quest of new thrills; of his mother, shuttling back and forth between New World and Old in search of excitement; of his father, seeking new markets, new methods, new power.

"We're a pack of hounds on the hunt," he said a little bitterly.

"What have you wanted?"

"Happiness."

"Perhaps that's what they all want."

"Why don't they look for it?"

"We all get our happiness in different ways."

"What's your way?"

"Work."

"People don't get it just by work. My father takes his work as if—as if it were a drug to make him forget that he isn't happy."

"What's your prescription for yourself?"

"Love."

"Oh!" She busied herself with the clinical thermometer. Then, being Judy Rowan, she had to pick up the gage he had flung. "Do you expect to get it?"

"You bet I do."

"How?"

"What do you mean?"

Memory of Oliver Gilchrist pulling out a checkbook as atonement for a child's death braced her against the puzzled wonder in Tom's eyes. After all, he was a Gilchrist and Gilchrists and Carolans and Tressarts had dominated Lebanon so long that they all thought they ruled men and women as well as forges and furnaces and foundries. A hot flush burned in her cheeks as she faced him.

"By purchase?" she asked smoothly.

"That's rotten."

"I know it." Instantly she was sorry. "I shouldn't have said that."

"Why did you?"

"Because you're rich enough to think you can buy anything, I suppose."

"I know that I can't buy what I want—but I'm going to earn it. Will you let me?"

"I?" The thermometer fell to the floor.

"You."

"But—"

"I'm going to love you, and you're going to love me—if you'll give me the chance."

"You've a fever."

"Probably, but it'll be just the same when I haven't."

"It won't," she denied hotly, and forced him into silence by summoning Doctor Engel. But five days later, when Murdoch and Engel and Raeburn had pronounced him out of danger, Tom Gilchrist repeated his amazing assertion.

"I do love you," he told Judy solemnly.

"I suppose I'm the only girl you ever had?" she tried to say lightly, but the little-boy look in his eyes troubled her.

Already she was beginning to learn how pathetically lonely he was. A staff of doctors hovered over him. A firm of lawyers sent a clerk every day to learn his wants. Servants brought flowers and fruits from the Gilchrist hot-houses. Cables came from Russia and Egypt, and telegrams from Hollywood, but none of them stated that their senders were speeding back to Lebanon on young Tom's account. A crowd of young people rushed in one afternoon, stayed less than ten minutes, then hurried off in unmistakable relief. Even to an observer less interested than Judy Rowan it would have been evident that the boy was more curiously alone than any one brought up in the Strip could ever have been.

"Haven't you known any other girls?"

"Lots of 'em," he said seriously, "but you're the first girl I've ever wanted to marry."

"To marry—me?"

"What's funny about that?"

"Plenty."

"Why?"

"You're a Gilchrist, and I'm a nurse at the Lebanon General. What'd your family say?"

"My father'll say, 'Do you smoke?' and my mother'll say, 'Do you drink?' and Oliver'll say, 'Do you step?' That'll be all."

"They'll say more than that."

"What'll it matter if they do? What'll your people say?" (*Continued on page 152*)

"Will you love another man as you've loved my boy?" "There'll be no other man. It's because I love him that I must leave him"

HUNTING The Best BOOKS

Is a Year-Round Sport for

Emily Newell Blair

Brand Whitlock, in "La Fayette," recreates for us a person so real that we accept him, and all that happened to him, as actuality

A GREAT deal of curiosity has been manifested by my correspondents, and people who speak to me after lectures, as to how and why I select the books for these articles. Once I attempted to explain my process by telling what curiosities and tastes led me to determine which books I should read of the many which had accumulated during an absence from my source of supply. But perhaps it may be of interest to my readers to take them further into my confidence.

My objective is to find at least twelve books which I can recommend for one reason or another to twelve different kinds of persons with differing tastes and interests. Unfortunately my forebears have cursed me with a New England conscience. So I can never be satisfied until I am assured that I have found the best books available for this purpose. This means that my search is never ending, for the number of books that are sent to me is great.

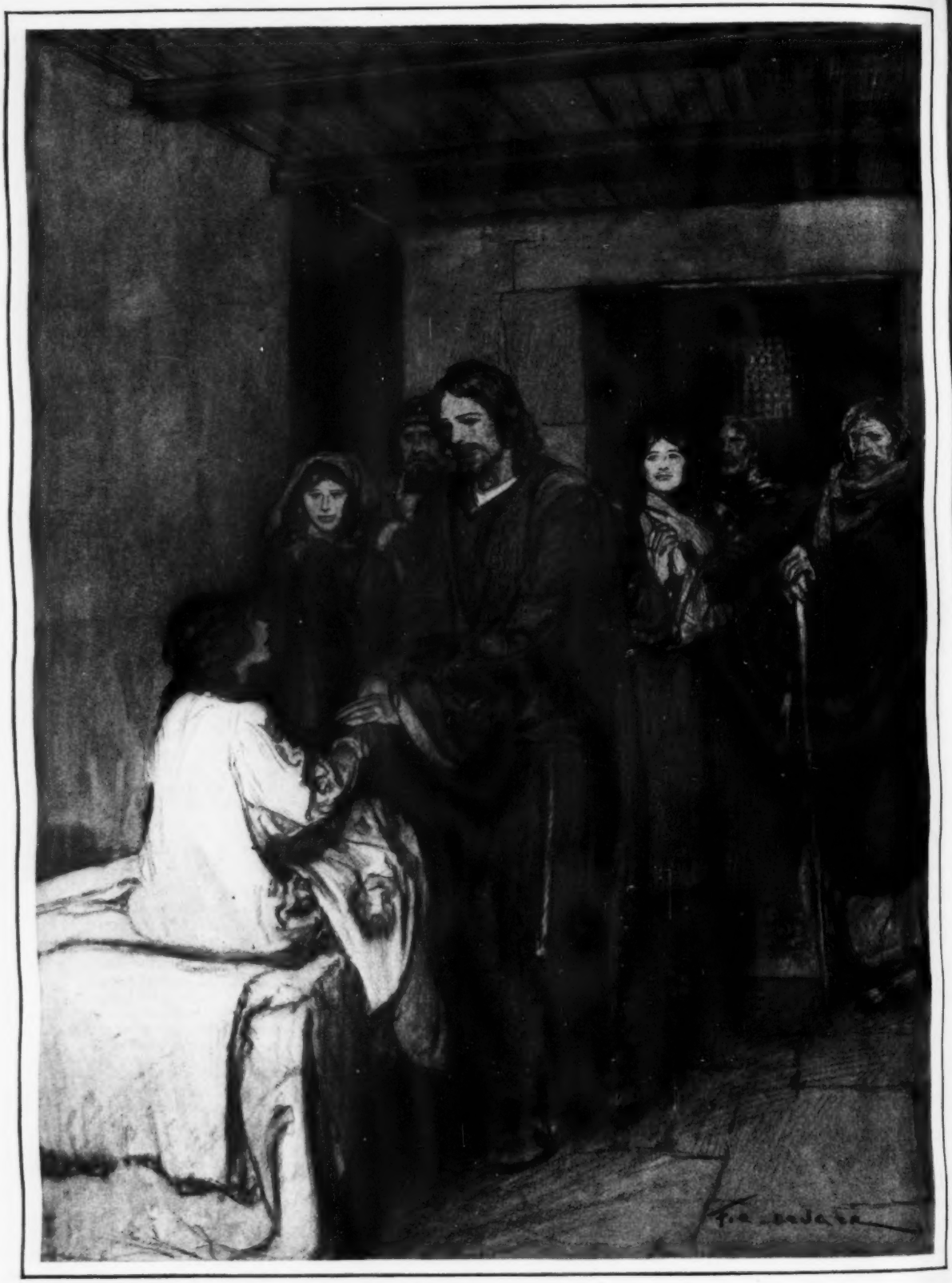
So I have nothing to guide me as to which may prove good or interesting except the "blurbs," as the encomiums on their jackets are called, and the notices sent by the publishers. And these, as every one knows, can not be accepted on faith. Sometimes the books reach me jacketless and even backless. Some months, therefore, I read a dozen books without finding one that seems to me worthy of a place in my articles. But time is inexorable. The article must be written by a certain date. And so I hurry on, trying another and another.

Some are discarded immediately on reading; under no circumstances will they do. Others are possible. They would do in lieu of a better, which I hope against hope I may find. Usually I do, but occasionally I am forced to make my list with the uncomfortable feeling that there, in that pile of the not-yet-read, may be the very book I seek. Often I am in luck. Book after book is just what I want. Then I wish to include them all, and the exigencies of space demand that I make a choice. Again there will be a splendid book for one kind of person and none for another. Or perhaps I have spent so much time hunting for a wholesome novel—for which there is a great demand—that I have little time left to find a good biography, always slower reading.

At the end of each of the publishing seasons—fall and spring—I am in clover, for always by that time a number of books demand my attention; that is, if my articles are to be as inclusive of what may be called the year's literature as my readers have a right to expect and I desire them to be. This is that happy period, so before I begin next month with the spring offerings of the publishers, I shall close book accounts, as it were, with those of 1929.

There is, for instance, Julian Green's "The Dark Journey" (Harpers, $2.50). We may wonder why a novel so French in structure, style, and material was awarded the $10,000 prize offered by its publishers for the best novel submitted by an American citizen, but what such judges as Carl Van Doren and Ellen Glasgow acclaim as literature of the first rank can not be ignored. Nor has it been. To the surprise of every one who is acquainted with the American taste for the happy ending and the-best-of-all-possible-worlds philosophy, this somber tragedy has been a best-seller. This is to be attributed partly, no doubt, to the fact that it was a prize novel. But even that could not have saved it from the fate of so many other novels dealing realistically with pathological cases, if readers had not found in it something that made them commend its reading to others. It is not easy to say what that something was. Perhaps the presentation, which grips the reader with the intensity of one of those dreams which suddenly startle a sleeper into consciousness. Perhaps its atmosphere, charged with poetic beauty. Perhaps the structure, with the simplicity and chastity of Greek architecture or eighteenth-century furniture. Perhaps the observation that reveals to us so many things in nature that our myopic eyes miss. Or the author's insight into the deep woods of man's nature. It is never the philosophy, so hopeless, so ironic. And surely not the story of a man who is so obsessed by sex repression that he tries to kill the girl who in his disordered brain stands for love and beauty. Nor the character of a woman so obsessed because of the boredom of her life that she kills the man who to her stands for experience and sensation. Nor that of the vicious, nonmoral landlady whose repressions drive her into living in the lives of others. All mad, completely mad.

Mr. Green essays tragedy. His thesis is the unequal fight of men against the destiny fixed on them by the repressions of their brute nature, forced on them by social conditions and taboos. This is a new note in tragedy traceable to our new psychology. The will is ignored. (*Continued on page 292*)



AT THE touch of the Man whose voice had called, the little girl spoke. "Is it a party?" she questioned in her shrill, childish tones. "Why are folk waiting? Why are they watching?" A small, shocked ripple spread through the group

Love Was Stronger than Death,
On the Day when Christ Came to

THE CROWDED ROOM

By Margaret E. Sangster

Illustrated by F.R. Gruger

THE little girl wondered why her toys had been laid so neatly in a pile in the corner. She wondered why the room was so still and empty—and why people were thronged together just outside the room. There, beyond the door sill, she caught a glimpse of her father—of her mother. She wondered why her father's lips smiled so whitely, why the drying tears lay upon her mother's pallid cheeks, and why other people were watching avidly from behind her parents—but, curiously, she did not wonder about the Man with the kind eyes! Somehow everything about him—the touch of his hand upon her brow, the stoop of his strong shoulders, the gladness that lay like a light across his face, seemed utterly natural. And why not? For it was the Man's voice, calling her, that had brought her back from the deep sleep in which she had lain. It was the Man's tone, tender and fraught with understanding, that had bade her return from a strange land of long, sweet, poignant dreams.

In the corridor beyond the room were rustles—of clothing moving stiffly; of bodies tensely held, relaxing; of voices that strove to speak coherently. The little girl raised herself upon a fragile, childish elbow and made a little rustling sound, also, among the fine linen sheets that draped her bed. And as she rose, the people in the doorway drew away, as if they were almost afraid. And the Man, whose voice had called, touched her lightly upon the brow. It was at his touch that the little girl spoke.

"Is it a party?" she questioned in her shrill, adolescent voice. "Why are folk waiting? Why are they watching? Is it a party?"

A small, shocked ripple moved through the group that stood outside the room. The group was, all at once, beginning to grow, and the Man seemed to notice its growth, for with a last tender smile at the little girl—who now sat upright upon her couch—he turned to go. Pausing only to tell a curiously agitated parent that the child should be given food. Pausing only to give a low-voiced charge of secrecy—about something that the little girl did not quite understand.

He turned to go, and the little girl spoke again.

"*Is it a party?*" she asked for the third time, as the people who had waited outside came crowding through the door. "Tell me!"

Another equally shocked ripple moved through the waiting group—it was as if the Man's going had released something in the crowd. And from pale lips sounded the voice of the little girl's father, making answer.

"Hush, my child," the father cautioned—and the little girl wondered why his voice should quiver. "Do not speak lightly in this sacred hour."

The Man who had wakened her was gone—he had moved quietly through the door and away. Afterward the little girl tried to remember whether he had spoken again, or whether he had moved out of her life with only a brief, kind gesture of farewell. For although she couldn't quite remember, she had the feeling that he had not objected to her question about the party, to her lightness of tone. She knew instinctively that he had no share in her father's solemn reproof. It was this feeling that urged her on to clamber down from her bed, until she stood—on her slim, bare feet—in the center of the crowd. And then her mother—new tears glimmering jewel-like in her tired eyes—stepped forward and laid fingers, almost timid in their pressure, against the little girl's hand.

"Where," asked the mother—and her accents had the hushed, monotonous quality that comes after too much grief—"where are you going, daughter?"

The little girl raised her arms high above her head in a sudden expression of childish joy. She laughed, and her laughter rang eerily in that crowded place. And as she laughed the people, in their somber, creaking clothes, moved back—fell hurriedly away from her.

"Why," laughed the little girl in answer, "I'm going out to play. To play—*in the sunshine . . .*"

AT FIRST the daughter of Jairus was contented just to play. Contented, and gladder than she had ever been before in all her happy young life. At first, it was enough to feel the warmth of the day upon her hair, upon her thin, cool arms and her lips. At first it was exquisite fun to race after a butterfly, to build a pretend house for herself and her dolls in the shadow of the garden wall. At first it was enough to run, as fast as her fragile legs would carry her, along the path that led away from her father's dwelling. She tired just a shade easily, perhaps, but any healthy child will grow drowsy from intensive romping—and the little girl reacted to romping as any normal child will react! That her mother eyed her strangely at these drowsy times—even that did not seem too odd.

For her mother was strange, of late, in many ways—given to bursts of crying, and odd, ardent embraces which the little girl found in turn both embarrassing and troublesome. Worst of all, her mother was given to silent moments—especially when the little girl sat with the family at table and broke her unleavened bread and drank her flagon of milk. In these moments her mother's face seemed to quiver with an emotion that she did not dare to express.

But for all of this the little girl was happy at first, in a fashion that she could not quite explain even to herself. It seemed as if she had never realized before how wonderful it was to live in the sunshine. She did not know why she possessed this sense of exhilaration that was almost like gratitude. It made her lift her face to the sky and shout aloud sometimes, and sometimes it made her do little dancing steps on the path—without an audience.

It was the lack of an audience that changed things finally. For, all at once, the little girl realized that she was playing *alone*. For days, after she had walked out of that crowded room, it hadn't mattered. Just to play, *to be able to play*, had been enough. But there came an hour when her dolls were extraordinarily voiceless, when her solitary games seemed inarticulate and unsatisfying, when she longed for the laughter of other children.

It was this desire for playmates that sent her, one morning, scampering down the path that led away from her father's

house—the path that drew her beyond the boundaries of the garden wall. It was the ache for companionship that made her wait at the place where the little path touched gently upon the edge of the public road—that made her linger wistfully until she glimpsed a group of children coming toward her. Dark-skinned, singing children they were, who romped through the dust. They were not aware of the little girl, these children—they did not see her, so absorbed were they in each other, until they had drawn close to the place where Jairus' path met the road. It was only when the little girl hailed them that their singing ceased—only then that their dark eyes found her pale, anxious face. And, seeing her, they drew back ever so slightly—as the people in the crowded room had drawn back. And the youngest of the group, a toddling, tiny boy, thrust an abashed finger into his mouth.

If the little girl wondered at their withdrawal—at the tiny boy's curious shyness—she did not show her wonderment. Maybe it was her eagerness for companionship that kept her from noticing it! Her voice was thrilling with excitement and happiness, as she greeted them.

"Oh, children," she called. "Oh, dear children! Come in and play with me in my garden. I have a doll, and I have fashioned a house of wee white stones. And my father, Jairus, will—I am sure—give us sweetmeats. Come and play, children!"

But the oldest child—a youngster who stood some inches taller than the little girl who had waited at the place where the path met the public road—made answer.

"We can not play with you," said the oldest child primly. "Our mother has told us—"

The little girl leaned forward, her mouth quivering. It was just another thing that she could not understand. "But," she faltered, "I am so lonely! Why," she was almost sobbing, "why can not you play with me? What has your mother told you?"

The oldest child, who was spokesman, drew in her breath fearfully. Her hand groped out and touched the tiny boy's shoulder, he who sucked at his finger for comfort. Perhaps it was the warmth of his chubby body that prompted her to speak, that brought her final courage.

"We can not play," said the eldest child, "with you. We are not allowed. Our mother says that we should be *afraid* of you—"

Again the little girl, drawing back into the pseudo-shelter of her father's path, asked a question. "Why," she queried, "should you be afraid?"

But already the dark, erstwhile singing children were running away down the public road.

Over her shoulder the largest child called back. "Because," she answered, "because we know you were once—*dead*."

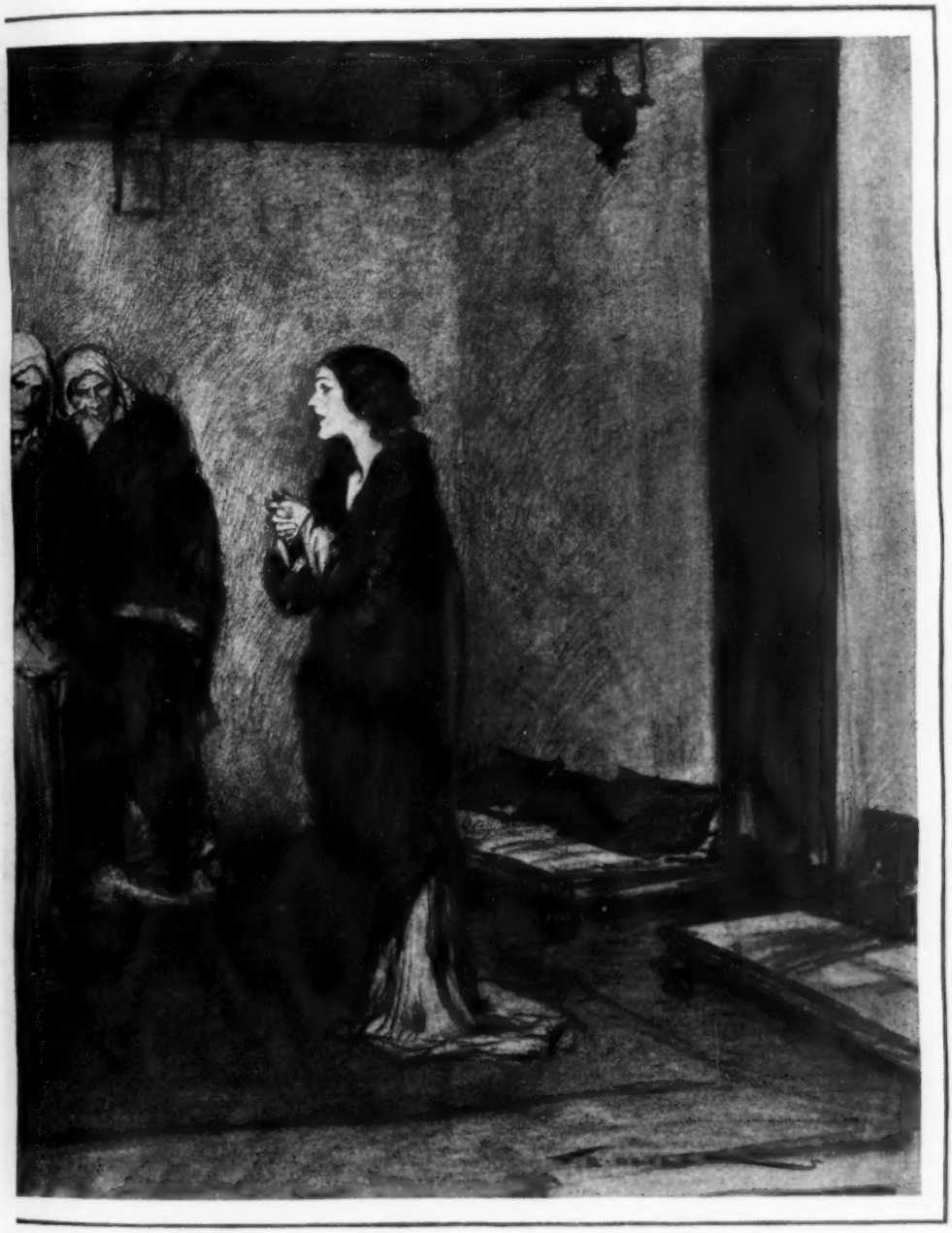
Across the stillness the little girl's she said, "— not if we believe that no stopping—not while green new

"DEAD?" The little girl—retracing her steps, going back from the roadside—couldn't help wondering what "dead" meant, exactly. She gathered that it wasn't a pleasant thing, dead; and yet she also gathered that it had to do with a pleasant memory, for she couldn't help feeling that this death—and her waking

at the sound of the Man's voice—were connected. Slowly, not even stooping to pick a round, white pebble from the path—not even pausing to break the stem of a shy flower—she went back to the house and walked into the room where her mother sat spinning.

So quietly did she enter that the woman did not pause in her work. It was only when the little girl laid a hand upon the sleeve of her mother's garment that the sound of the spinning wheel ceased. The little girl noticed that her mother's face was startled, that her lips trembled, as she turned and spoke.

"And what, my dear," she questioned, "is it that brings you in—from your playtime?" She laughed, albeit tremulously.



voice went on. "There is no death," His voice can waken us. There is leaves can come to the trees"

"You who always love your playtime."

The little girl's fingers were plaiting a fold of the white sleeve that fell back from her mother's pretty arm, and she hesitated before she spoke. It wasn't that she was shy about speaking—although her mind was groping in the mazes of a new idea. It was because she didn't quite know how to express the idea, that she hesitated.

"Mother," she said at last, "Mother? Was I—*dead?*"

The mother's face blanched. All at once it was years older, years more tired. The shuttle dropped from her fingers and clattered to the floor, while the whir of the spinning wheel became a lost echo. Only after she had moistened her pale lips, only after she had made a conscious effort, did she answer her small daughter's question.

"It was," she faltered, and her voice came slowly, "it was so—pronounced."

The little girl met her mother's eyes with frank curiosity.

"Dead is what?" she asked. "I do not understand the meaning of it. Why does it scare children? Why does it scare—*you?*"

The mother's voice was low, so low that the little girl had to nestle close before she could distinguish the words.

"Death scares children," the mother whispered at last, "and it scares me, because it is a frightful thing. Death means that life ceases. That sunlight ceases. That everything—ceases."

"Then," despite her mother's agitation, the little girl continued in her questioning, "then why have I not ceased? If I was once dead?"

Great tears stood in the mother's eyes, tears of nervousness. "You must not ask such questions of me," she choked, and her hand groped for the fallen shuttle. "I have not the wisdom to explain. Only *this:* it was because of the Man called Jesus that you were raised from the dead. It was—" all at once the little girl's mother was sobbing— "it was a—miracle."

Often, lately, had the little girl seen her mother cry—all too often! And yet, even in the face of tears she had to go on. There was so much, so very much, that needed explaining. When children ran away from her, when she needs play alone, there was a great deal that she must learn to understand.

"Please, mother," she begged, "what is this of which you speak—this miracle?"

The mother, with a prayer in her eyes, was turning back her spinning wheel. It began to move again, though weakly. Across the busy (*Continued on page 206*)

Fashions

LELONG CHANTAL

LELONG *and* CHANTAL. *From his spring collection, Lelong sends this suit, representative of the new mode in a straighter silhouette, fulness in plaits at the hem, peplum and bolero effects, fur trimming, and a feminine blouse; the suit in navy-blue wool and astrakhan. Chantal's charming jacket suit for warm days is finely dotted navy crêpe de Chine, with bows of the material*

MOLYNEUX

Paris Openings Confirm Silhouette of Higher, Normal Waist, and Longer Skirt

By Helen Koues, Director

Silhouette The important news about the spring silhouette is that the higher, normal waist and the longer skirt are definitely established. A change, nevertheless, has occurred. The line is tighter and straighter, with fulness placed low toward the hem—and hems for the daytime are even. This fulness at the hem may be interpreted by a discreet flounce, a flare, or, newer still, a group of plaits

Fashion Points Indicating the mode of femininity are many new fashion points sponsored at the spring openings: peplums and peplum flounces on suits, dresses, gowns, and evening wraps; jackets, with or without sleeves; capes, capelets, attached and detachable; cap sleeves, berthas, and yokes; every type of bolero from bolero effects in the form of tucks to bolero backs and fronts; girdles, belts, tiers

Skirt Lengths These are divided into three distinct groups, varying with the time and occasion when they are worn: for sports or street, 3 to 4 inches below the knee; for afternoon, 10 to 12 inches from the floor; for evening, ankle length or a little shorter for dancing. Hems are invariably even for sports and street, while for evening they may be even or uneven, although even hems look smarter

Details There are many details on the new clothes, in the form of lingerie touches of all kinds and fine handwork on collars and cuffs. This lingerie effect on the spring dresses is really one of the important factors in the mode of femininity and becomingness. Then there is stitching, shirring, tucking, button trimming, draped and tied necks, fichus, bows, knots, ruffles, and boutonnières

The Suit In a tailored or a softer version, the suit is spring's fashion this year, with jackets straight, fitted, or belted, according to your choice, some with peplums, all with feminine blouses

Colors Blue shades are important, also black, navy-blue, and white; pinks, greens, all the string and neutral shades, all the pastel shades, and gray will be worn. Navy or black with white, and black-and-pink combined will prove smart

Jacques Worth
Cables Good Housekeeping

MISS HELEN KOUES,
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE NEWYORK.
IF WE DESIGNERS WISH TO RETAIN THE GOODWILL OF THE MODERN WOMAN WE MUST NOT LOSE SIGHT OF PRACTICALITY IN FORMING A NEW MODE WHOSE KEYNOTE IS THE EXPRESSION OF GREATER FEMININITY STOP TOWN AND OUT OF TOWN CLOTHES MUST BE SIMPLE TO CONFORM TO ACTIVE LIVES OF BUSY WOMEN STOP IN THE EVENING WE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF GREATER SCOPE FOR CHANGE TO ELEGANCE AND MORE GRACEFUL LINES
REGARDS
WORTH.

Blouses All are extremely feminine, in a variety of types, made of tailored piqué, shantung, handkerchief linen, printed crêpes, chiffon, or georgette, with frills, fichus, ruffling, and bows

Fabrics Shantung and the jacquard prints are the two outstanding fabrics for spring, the jacquard group ranging from washable crêpes to woolens and heavier silks. Shantung or tussor, for sports and daytime, even

(*Continued on page 151*)

COLORS

Navy or Black with White, Beige, Blues, Pastel Shades, and Pinks

YOUTHFULNESS is the keynote of the sports fashions shown at all the important houses in Paris during the spring openings—both for the clothes that fall into the strictly sports group, for tennis and golf, and those for country club occasions, and warm weather wear as well. Here are two indicative costumes, at the left, sent by *Redfern* and *Lucile Paray* from their individual collections in Paris. *Redfern's* ensemble is the one with the three-quarter coat of pale beige kasha, lined with printed crêpe de Chine in black with white dots and striped edges in green and white. Dotted silks are exceedingly smart for spring for all times of the day. *Lucile Paray's* jacket costume is of light gray shantung, the jacket striped in black and gray and white. This striped shantung, as well as all shantung weaves, is important and smart for spring and summer. In both costumes you will see the low-placed fulness achieved by plaits. Note that the skirts are longer, four inches or more below the knee, and the waistlines are at the normal point, or even a little higher.

FABRICS

Jacquard Prints, Crêpes in Wool And Silk, Tweeds, and Shantung

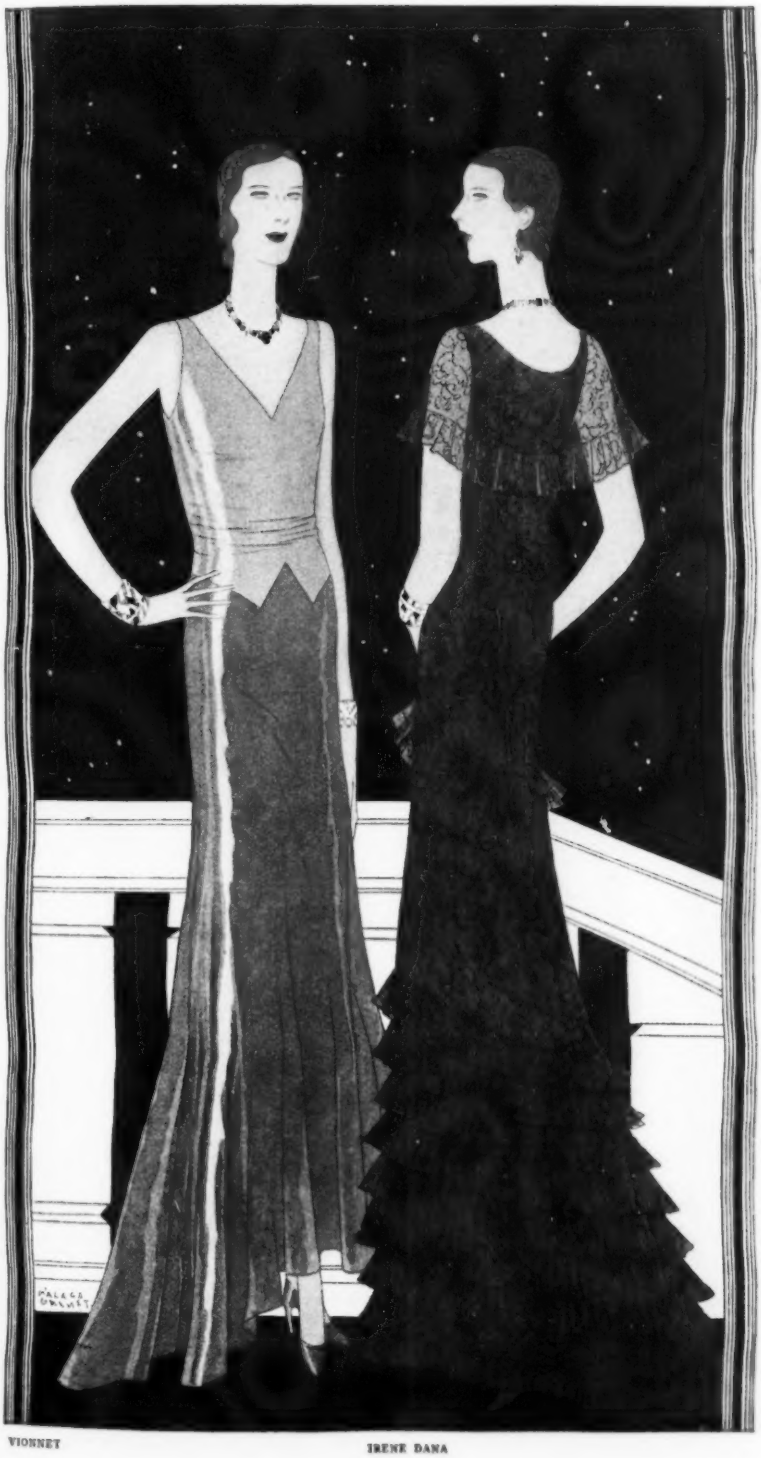
THE suit is preeminent for spring, for both town and country wear. For town, it is either tailored or soft, in wool or silk, while for the country it is more likely to be made of one of the new lacy or nubbed tweeds, as illustrated in the jacket suit at the right, designed by *Worth*, and sent from his spring collection in Paris. This suit is of grayish beige tweed, the blouse thin wool voile, in which the threads of tweed are embroidered, repeating the effect of the fringe on the jacket and skirt. Tweed is also used in the long coat ensemble at the right, 2nd figure, designed by *Irene Dana*, and sent from her spring collection, an ensemble representative of the smart costume for either town or country. It is a tan mixture trimmed with the natural edge of the material in dark brown points, and the coat is lined with dark brown jersey, the collar of soft, dark brown suède. The tweed dress has plaits instead of flares, as do many of the newest clothes, and from Paris comes the word that although flares are still smart, plaits are rapidly replacing them and coming into their own again.

Molyneux
The Grecian Line in Printed Georgette

Boulanger
Short Evening Wrap Matching the Gown

WHILE evening skirts have descended to the greatest of lengths, the wrap for evening has reversed the order and shortened into a jacket or cape effect, as illustrated in the evening ensemble at the right, designed by *Louiseboulanger* and sent from her spring collection in Paris. Both wrap and gown are made in a rose-putty color of lunasol satin, the frock exceedingly plain in cut, the wrap telling its story of smartness and newness in the cape effect hanging from a yoke, its wrapped neck, and its shortness. *Molyneux* sponsors the Grecian line in his spring collection, and the printed georgette evening gown, at the right, which was sent from Paris, is an indication of an entirely new note in the evening mode. Here the hem is even, ankle-length all around, and it has a tunic and girdle effect draped and tied at the side. The square décolletage is smart, as is the color combination of black and pink in the georgette. Black and pink will be seen in many fabrics for the spring and summer, especially in printed silks for the daytime, and in chiffons and georgette for evening. The evening gown and wrap of satin illustrate the monotone color effect that is new and smart.

LOUISEBOULANGER MOLYNEUX



VIONNET IRENE DANA

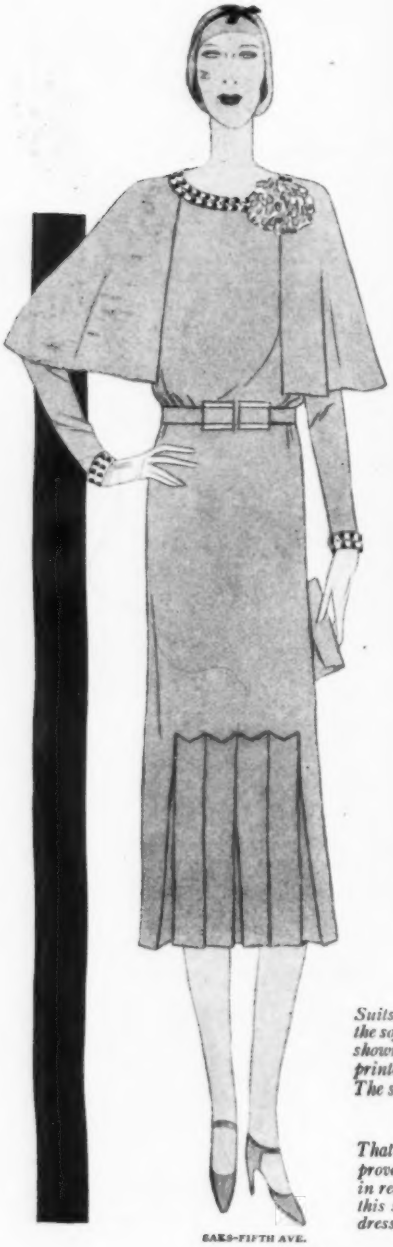
Vionnet
Slender Silhouette In Two Tones of Blue

Irene Dana
Laces in Black And Pastel Shades

IN PARIS, at the spring openings, it seemed that every one who viewed the clothes at the different showings exclaimed with delight at the evening gowns and wraps, they were so lovely. It is the evening fashions that portray the true beauty of the mode of 1930 and plainly tell the story of the great change that has come since the post-war period of the short chemise dress we wore all the day long. Two charming examples of this mode of femininity are illustrated here in a *Vionnet* gown and one of *Irene Dana's* sent from their spring collections in Paris. *Vionnet's* gown in a fine, shiny satin in two tones of blue, medium and a very light shade, relies on its exquisite cut, so typical of *Vionnet's* genius in sculptural effects. *Vionnet* is one of the designers to continue to show an irregular hem for evening, in a season of many even hems. *Irene Dana* has used lace, one of the outstanding fabrics for evening gowns, in all colors and shades, to charming effect in the ruffled, black lace frock at the left. The ruffle below the hips gives the new peplum effect, and the cape with a ruffle carries a feminine touch in keeping with the evening mode as expressed by the important designers.

A Suit, Dress, or Print Ensemble for the Spring

OSAE KIAM



SAKS-FIFTH AVE.

JAY-THORPE

Suits have never been smarter than this spring, especially the soft dressmaker type worked in a dark green woolen, as shown above, to which a feminine blouse in monochrome printed crêpe contributes charm while matching the lining. The scarf attached to the blouse ties in any flattering way

That capes are important, whether for day or evening, is proved by the dress of red wool crêpe, in center, trimmed in red and white printed crêpe. To be smart the ensemble this season has an odd-length coat, as shown at left. The dress and lining are printed crêpe; the coat, black woolen

Flares, Boléros, and Peplums for Afternoon

KURZMAN

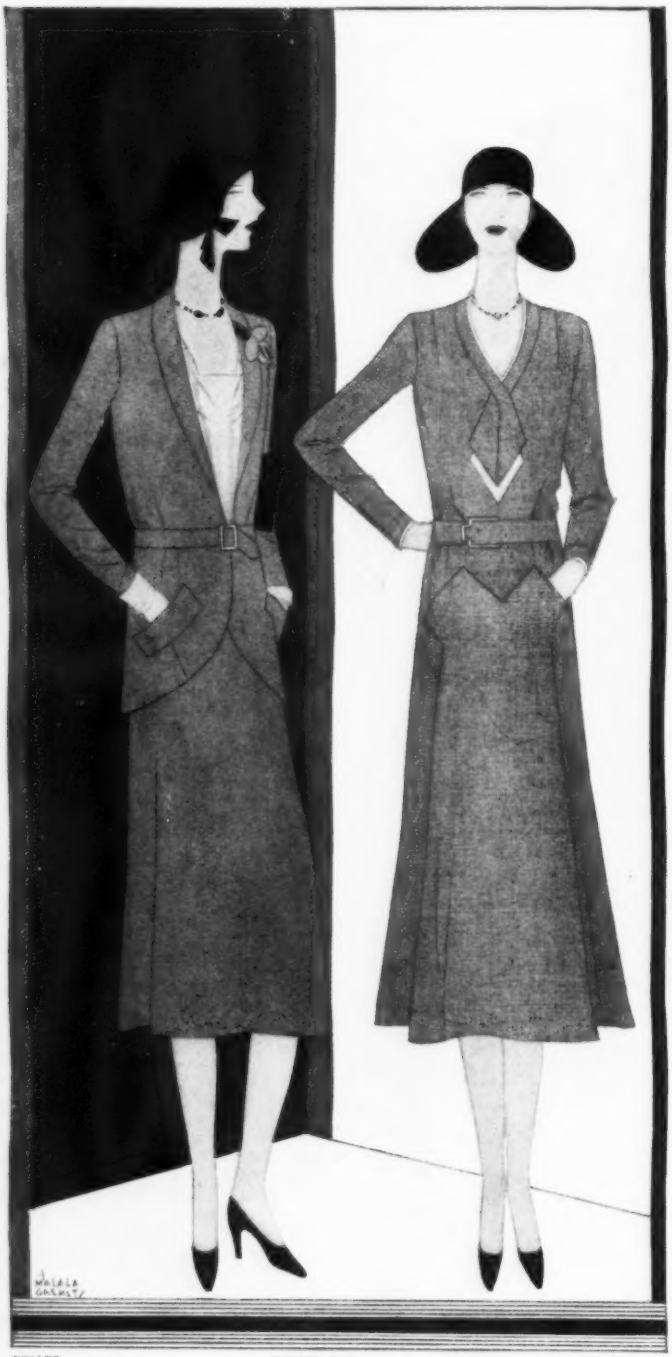
Though flares are good, plaits look new in the dress of rose crêpe, above; its box-plaited trim suggests a peplum and is repeated on the cuffs. The dress in center features printed silk alpaca, a novel flared sleeve, and a high waistline; the two flowers at the shoulder are softly becoming

Three fashion points are identified with the dress at right —the boléro, the peplum, and the fabric, Elizabeth crêpe, particularly smart for afternoon wear when scalloped in this manner. Semi-transparent materials are new and have the feminine softness required of the present mode

BONWIT-TELLER

OMAR KIAM

Street Clothes Include The Correct Accessories



BELLER HYLAND HATS DAVIDOW

A suit is required in every wardrobe this spring, and particularly new is this Beller model of navy Telga, with its belted waistline and rounded hem. The Davidow dress of imported, checked worsted has a slightly flared skirt and piqué trim; the skirt has a slot seam up back

NAT LEWIS LISNER

TO BE smartly dressed on the street this spring, a suit must be included in every wardrobe. It may be one of three: a tweed suit in a monotone, nubby, or lacy weave; a tailored suit of covert, mannish mixture, or wool crêpe; or a soft dressmaker suit, at its smartest when trimmed with fur. The jacket length is invariably preferred, and a feminine crêpe blouse, plain or printed, is the rule.

The Beller suit at left has many new features. Its high waistline is defined by a belt; the rounded hem of its jacket longer in the back than in front, is new; and its fabric, navy Telga wool crêpe, is characteristic of the spring. A Hyland turban of black belting ribbon molds the head and knots at side.

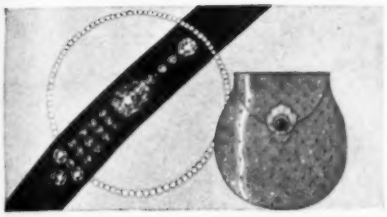
Of marked importance also is the one-piece cloth dress, as shown in the Davidow model of imported, checked worsted at left. The slightly flared skirt is distinctly new in cut, and white piqué forms the trimming. A short, detachable cape often complements this type of dress. Brims are in vogue once again, and the Hyland hat shown here is of Shinju, a lustrous straw, wider at the sides than in front. A sable neckpiece would be a charming addition to either costume.

When planning your spring wardrobe, accessories should be given careful consideration, and a few are here illustrated. Your bag could be a square envelope, and the Nat Lewis model of black calf with a prystal buckle, above, matches the Stetson perforated pump of the same leather, below. This pump has a medium leather heel particularly comfortable for walking. Should you prefer a one-strapped shoe or an oxford, these are correct providing they are tailored and have leather heels. Suède slip-on gloves are a little longer than formerly, of four- or six-button length, and are extremely smart in black with black clothes as shown in the Fownes illustration below, or in sun-tan with other colors. The Van Raalte stockings are of a darkish Sultan shade. Jewelry with street clothes should be sparsely used. The Lisner choker, above, consists of a black silk cord with rolled-gold combination beads; pearls in a choker length are equally appropriate.

VAN RAALTE FOWNES

STETSON

Sheer Fabrics and Chic Accessories for Evening



LISNER NAT LEWIS

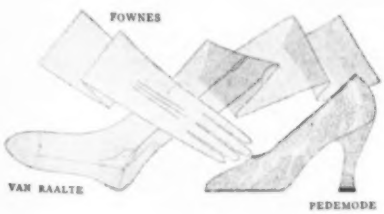
THE evening mode divides itself into two classes—the formal gown which is cut low, especially in the back; and the dinner or Sunday-night frock, which is much less formal in character and essential to the woman who attends rather informal parties. Both types are illustrated in the Déjà dresses at right.

The spring mode has added a softly feminine adjunct to fashion in the cape, which varies in length and character with the suitability of the occasion, for the cape is in favor from morn until night. An interesting capelet sleeve is shown in the adaptation of Augustabernard's dinner dress of chiffon, at right, which also features a novel peplum flounce. Besides capelet sleeves, suggestions of slight sleeves will often be worn informally in the evening. An ankle-length, even hemline is newer than one of uneven points.

The more formal gown of blue georgette, at extreme right, has youthful, slenderizing lines and achieves flare from the knees down by means of cascading strips of self-material. A narrow belt emphasizes the high waistline and is finished to one side with two large poppies of georgette, one lighter than the other. With this type of gown sixteen-button Fownes gloves of cream suède are worn.

For the spring, transparent fabrics are much to the fore—chiffon, plain or printed, Elizabeth crêpe, net and laces in white, black, blonde or pastel colors. Lace and chiffon or net and lace are often combined.

Chic accessories are required to complement the evening costume. Most attractive is the Pedemode pump of bisque moiré piped in gold and silver, below, although the sandal still holds its own. The Van Raalte stockings, in a lovely evening shade, are extremely sheer, with a French clock. Charming is the rose brocade pouch bag above, with an ornamentation of prystal and rhinestones, and the Lisner real crystal necklace and baguette and rhinestone earrings lend sparkle to any gown. Bracelets are much in vogue and should be wide to be smart, the baguette and square-cut stones being most in favor now. Not to be forgotten is the large, clear crystal and diamond pin usually worn at shoulder.



DÉJÀ

Charming is the Sunday-night frock, or informal dinner dress, of green chiffon, above, which features capelet sleeves and a peplum flounce. Youthful and slenderizing, the formal evening gown of blue georgette achieves flare by means of cascading strips of self-material

For further information concerning merchandise turn to page 344

The Bride's Portfolio

Let Us Buy Your Trousseau

DEAREST ANN,

I can't wait a day longer without writing to tell you what an exciting time we are having. Mother and I arrived in New York just three days ago, but in those three days we have bought nearly everything for my trousseau. You simply won't believe, Ann dear, how lovely some of the things are. My wedding gown is ivory satin, my veil is net with real Alençon lace, my slippers are ivory satin, and the lingeri I've found is too exquisite for words. Then I have a lovely lace frock with a little lace jacket to wear for formal teas and parties, and a pretty, printed-chiffon jacket frock. How I wish you were with us, just to see the lovely shops and discover how nice every one is in helping us buy my clothes. I am able to get everything I need, and all within the budget Dad allowed me, including a suit for going away, a becoming flat crêpe dress, and a printed silk one. Then I bought a sports dress with short sleeves, a piqué frock with a printed piqué jacket, a lightweight tweed dress, bags, gloves, stockings, and shoes. I know you'll adore everything, and I'll telegraph you when to expect us home. We plan to leave early next week.

With love,

MARJORIE

Demure and charming is this lovely, white satin wedding gown, with tiny puff sleeves and the skirt longer in back than in front. The sleeves may be removed after the wedding, the satin dyed in your favorite color, and the whole transformed into a smart and formal evening gown. It comes in small 14, also 14, 16, 18, 20, and is only $39.50. It takes approximately 3 yards of tulle for the veil, the tulle $3.25 a yard. We have just published a bride's folio for 25c

For the bride or her bridesmaids are these two lovely jacket frocks: the first of lace, in peach, beige, or black, over an attached matching foundation, the skirt with deep flounces and very long; sizes, 14, 16, 18, 20; $25. It is sleeveless, as is also the printed chiffon frock with capelet jacket and deep flounces. The flowered pattern is a large, multi-colored design on black, navy, or white ground; 14 to 20; $29.50. Just send your check to our Shopping Service

WEDDING GOWN AND VEIL FROM JAY-THORPE

The 1930 Bride

TOGETHER with the charming, old-fashioned idea that good fortune and happiness come to the bride who remembers to wear "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue," on her wedding day, goes the age-old custom that established satin for her wedding gown. And although there are other fabrics just as suitable and pretty, such as lace, chiffon, or georgette, there is something so classically simple and beautiful about satin that it is usually the favorite for formal weddings.

Creamy-beige is the shade of the heavy, beautiful satin in the wedding gown photographed above, and star-shaped is the train. The sleeves are long and tight, and in design the gown is fitted to the figure. The veil is pale beige net with appliqué of real Alençon lace, which forms a close-fitting cap revealing the forehead. This gown may be ordered (10 days to 2 weeks) through our Shopping Service.

For the Bride

Two indispensable frocks are the ones below: a soft, knitted-wool frock, one-piece, with V-shaped tucking, bow of the fabric, in soft blue, pansy, or cocoa; 14 to 42; $19.50. The knitted cardigan suit comes in beige or green with egg-shell sweater or navy with powder-blue, 14 to 42; $16.75

Semi-made is the short-sleeved frock (3rd below), of flat crêpe with all the difficult sewing finished so that you need only sew up the seams; for sports, the house, or to wear under a coat. The skirt is circular with plaits in front; in light blue, red, green, rose, beige, or white; 14 to 40; $6.95

Trousseau Budget

White satin wedding gown	$39.50
Tulle veil—3 yards @ $3.25 a yd	9.75
Going-away three-piece suit	16.95
Afternoon dress for formal parties	29.50
Street dress of silk or of wool	25.00
Coat in tweed or cloth	39.50
Sweater, cardigan, and skirt costume	16.75
Washable-silk sports frock	6.95
Sleeveless, piqué dress with jacket	10.75
Lace dinner dress with jacket	25.00
Evening wrap (to be made at home)	15.00
Two hats: 1 of felt, 1 of straw	18.00
Shoes: street, afternoon, evening slippers, and 1 pair of bedroom slippers or 1 pair of mules	33.50
Negligée in satin or silk	15.00
Lingerie, girdles, and stockings	65.00
Accessories: bag, 4 pairs of gloves, and 1 dozen handkerchiefs	20.00
Total	$386.15

See page 118 for frocks and new accessories

How to Order

All you have to do to buy the clothes illustrated on these pages as well as pages 78 and 118, is send check or money-order, together with size and color desired, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. If you are planning a wedding, send 25c for our folio

For spring is the one-piece, washable piqué, sleeveless frock and printed piqué jacket. The skirt is plaited in front, the belt has a pearl buckle, and it comes with a jacket printed in rose-red-and-gray on white or blue-capucine-and-copen on white; in 16, 18, 20, and 40; $10.75

Our Shopping Service Will Buy These Clothes for You

SPRING fashions favor the bride of 1930 with truly charming and feminine clothes, for not since the post-war days of the unflattering chemise dress has the mode contributed so gracefully to a bride's trousseau. In this Portfolio, which begins on page 78 and carries a supplementary section on page 118, you will find everything—from the wedding gown and veil, to the frocks you will wear when you first start housekeeping, any of which you may buy if you send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service. Only $9.95 is the price of the georgette dress (3rd above), over a self-colored silkaleen slip with flesh yoke, gardenias, and soft jabot ending at the hem in a flare; black, navy, beige, green, Jeanette-blue; 14 to 20; $9.95

The complete, smart trousseau will include a spring suit, since suits are so important this year, in silk or wool, tailored or not, to suit your taste. Above is one in wool crêpe with new, notched lapels on the cardigan, a belt in back, the skirt with flap buttoned over inserted circular godet, the sleeveless satin blouse to be worn in or out; black or light navy suit with white blouse, or green with an eggshell blouse; 14 to 20; $16.95. The one-piece, flat-crêpe frock (2nd above), slightly bloused, is beautifully made; black, green, or gold; 14 to 20; $25. Semi-made is the printed, silk-and-cotton dress with plaited handkerchief linen collar and cuffs, directions and all material included; navy on beige, or beige on navy or black; 14 to 40; $4.50

Sweaters and Blouses To Go Under the Suit

By Anne Orr

NOTHING is smarter under a sports suit than one of the new hand-knitted sweaters, and while they are quite expensive to buy they are so easy to make in one of the new designs that no one need be without one.

The one at the extreme right is knitted in a plaid design in yellow and dark gray on a pale, blue-gray background. Other color schemes of a similar nature may, of course, be worked out to match your suit. With it is shown a slightly flaring skirt with two inverted plaits which are stitched down in front half-way to the knee. Beside it, is a tan sweater with little brown crosses knitted in it. This may be worn tucked in or not, as you wish; the bottom is finished with ribbing to match the finish of the neck and sleeves. An interesting hip-yoke with diagonal seaming and two inverted plaits mark the smart skirt. A matching scarf with pointed ends is made of the same fabric as the skirt and lined with tan silk.

Sweaters and skirts of this type are the most important part of any well-planned country wardrobe. They are suitable for so many occasions: for golf and walking as well as for spectator sports wear. And they are perfect for wear on a boat, at this time of year, under a heavy topcoat.

When you come to the great decision, Shall I or shall I not tuck in my sweater? devote a few minutes to studying your figure in front of a full-length mirror. If your waist is very small, a tuck-in sweater will often make your hips appear too large; and, paradoxically, if your waist is large, a tuck-in blouse or sweater will make it appear more so. So be honest with yourself and wear your sweater in the way it is really most becoming to you, for it can not be said too often that true chic lies, not in slavishly following the styles, but in adapting them to yourself and wearing only the ones which you know are becoming. You will never look your best in a costume about which you have secret qualms; while nothing can increase feminine self-confidence more than the consciousness of being suitably and becomingly dressed.

The blouse, for wear with the formal suit, is just as indispensable as the sweater for the sports suit. The one at the top of the page is suitable for the runabout type of town suit, or for the dressy tweed suit, depending on the material used to make it. It is a tuck-in type with an exaggerated shoulder yoke which comes down nearly to the waist. The right side of this yoke fastens over the left in a point; the lower section has a tiny pin tuck running up the center. Buttoned bands finish the cuffs. The back of the waist is perfectly plain. Satin or flat crêpe would be appropriate fabrics to use in making this smart blouse.

A-28

A-27

A-26

The sweater with the cross-motif, design A-2001, is worn with a smartly cut skirt, design A-27, for sizes 26 to 34 waist. The scarf matches the skirt. The plaid sweater, design A-2001, is worn over the skirt, design A-26, for sizes 26 to 34 waist. The well-cut blouse, design A-28, is for sizes 34 to 42

For pattern information see page 344

A formal blouse, design A-25, for sizes 34 to 42, has a peplum. A long, white satin evening gown, design A-23, for sizes 34 to 42, is worn with a black lace coat, design A-22, for sizes 34 to 42. Beside it is a sleeveless printed frock with a matching jacket, design A-24, for sizes 34 to 42

Smart Spring Patterns For the Formal Hours

By Caroline Gray

ALL the features that have made the winter's fashions so interesting and becoming are found in the spring mode, which promises to be even more feminine and alluring than ever. For evening, dresses are being worn long all around. They no longer actually touch or trail on the floor, as this fashion is so inconvenient for dancing, but often they just clear the floor. The up-in-front, down-in-back line is no longer used; dresses are nearly as long in front as in back; but the other effect is often obtained by the cut of the dress.

Formal afternoon dresses are well below the knee, but are not to the ankle. For general wear, about four to six inches below the knee is good, while for sports, skirts should just cover the knee. Charming as the new fashions are, we are not going to abandon our hard-won freedom, and appropriateness still governs the cut of clothes intended for active sports wear.

As for the silhouette, we still have the two which have predominated all winter—the princess and the semi-Empire. The latter, with its belt at the normal waistline and a slight blouse above, is often more becoming than the princess. Both, however, are good—choose the one which suits you. With this new high-waisted mode the bolero is being used more than ever before, as it makes this style becoming to nearly every type of figure. Peplums are also being worn; they add a quaint note to our modern fashions.

At the top of the page is a blouse for wear under the formal spring suit. It is made of eggshell satin and is appropriate for formal occasions. The diagonal closing, the narrow belt, and the discreetly flaring peplum are all new and smart.

At the extreme left is a white satin evening gown worn under a fairly long, straight, black lace coat. It has a deep V décolletage and a narrow belt fastened with a jeweled clasp at the normal waistline. The skirt is straight and severe to a point midway between the hips and the knees in front, where a circular tier begins and dips toward the back. Three of these tiers form the bottom of the skirt, which comes to the ankles in front and is only slightly longer behind. The angle at which the top tier is applied, however, gives the sweeping silhouette which is so becoming. The black lace coat is unlined and has set-in sleeves.

Beside it is a fairly formal, printed crêpe ensemble consisting of a sleeveless dress with a short, unlined jacket of the same material. The neck is cut out slightly on the shoulders and is high in back. A belt at the normal waistline, a deep hip yoke, and a semi-circular skirt are easily made. The unlined jacket comes just below the hips and has flaring, set-in sleeves.

For pattern information see page 344

The Story Of a Girl Who Waited

Illustrated By Pruett Carter

ELVIRA LUNDY moved her rug frame nearer the window and selected a strip of white cloth from the basket on the floor beside her.

"If I don't finish hookin' in this sail afore dark," she told herself, "I'm li'ble to make the shadin' wrong. A body can do waves and sky 'most any time, but for sails you've just got to have light."

Her thin, gnarled hands moved swiftly across the burlap foundation, threading the coarse needle in and out with the sureness of long practise, her thoughts keeping pace with the swiftly-moving fingers.

This rug would have to be done, just *have* to be, before Everett got home. It would be awful if she had to say:

"I started makin' a rug for us, one with the *Sea Maid* on it, right after you'd gone. It ain't finished yet."

Think of it! All this time he'd been away, and still her setting-out was not ready. The other things were finished, it was true. Her wedding dress—wool delaine, with moss rosebuds on an ivory ground—was made up and folded away, over in the big chest. It had a long basque, and the skirt was flounced right up to the waist. Under the dress were her hand-woven blankets and patchwork quilts, and at the bottom of the chest was the good-luck rug, twelve horseshoes in color on a plain background, that every bride took along to her new home.

Everything was ready but this rug. Of course, a ship took time, more time than any other kind of rug. If you didn't happen to get the sails just right, if you made a little mistake in the shape of the hull, the whole thing would have to be done over.

Not that there was any danger of such a thing happening with her. All she need do was close her eyes, and there would be the *Sea Maid* before her, plain as the day she sailed . . .

That had been a beautiful day. Water in the harbor deeply blue. Across the sky white clouds drifting, clouds no whiter than the *Sea Maid's* sails.

She had said to Everett it was bound to be a good voyage, with a day like this for sailing.

Everett said, with the laugh that always made you want to join in: "Sure it'll be a good voyage! And when I get back from this one, I'll be more'n a third mate. I'll be ready for my captain's papers then, and you and me'll be married right off. We'll take the next voyage together, me in command and China-bound! Will you be ready and waitin'?"

"Yes," she promised, "I'll be ready and waitin'. And just as soon as it's time for you to be voyagin' home, I'll put a light in the window every night. It'll be the first thing you see when the vessel rounds the lightship."

"So do," he agreed. "That'll be real heartenin' to think of whilst I'm away in furrin parts. I'll be watchin' for the light Elviry, soon as we're anyways nigh home."

How long ago that was, how long since the *Sea Maid* sailed! . . .

The gnarled hands dropped from the rug frame, lay motionless. Slow tears gathered in the faded eyes that had been deeply blue when Everett Hirtle closed them with kisses of farewell. Time had stolen the color from the watching eyes,

By May Stanley

"And I'll put a lamp in the window for you every night. It'll be the first thing you see when the vessel rounds the light-ship"

A Sailor Comes Home

the rose-red from lips and cheeks, but it could not quench the hope that burned in her heart through the long days, the hope that set a lamp in the window each night as darkness fell.

Sometimes, when the waiting grew intolerable, she would go down to the docks to make inquiry. Folks were always nice and kind. The harbor-master was never too busy to leave his other tasks, search through his reports, and then say that the *Sea Maid* was delayed, but there'd likely be word of her any day now.

Occasionally she would overcome her shyness and talk for a few minutes with the group of white-haired men who were always about the docks—men forced by age to take up residence ashore but still following the sea in spirit. They would assure her that nothing could possibly happen to a vessel as stout as the *Sea Maid*. You had to remember, they said, that the weather was always bad at the Horn. No telling how long it might take her to beat around. But one of these days you'd see her. Coming into port under canvas—the way a vessel should. Meanwhile you just had to wait . . .

Elvira lifted a tremulous hand and wiped away the tears which blotted out the rug before her. It was true—Everett would be home most any day. And here she was, wasting time in crying! As if she had more to worry about than others! Why, every woman had to sit home and wait, if her man followed the sea.

Only—this trip had lasted such a long, long time. Bad weather, of course. Bad weather at the Horn. And there were other things to delay a vessel, things a woman didn't know about. Everett would be sure to have his captain's papers by this time. He'd been away—it was kind of hard to say how long. When you were busy, time went by real fast. That was a good thing, too, but she ought to find more free hours. She wanted the *Sea Maid* rug finished and waiting. Then she would spread it on the floor of their cabin as soon as she went aboard, and tell Everett how she had made it, every stitch, from memory . . .

ELVIRA had not been alone in the little cottage during the first years after Everett sailed. Her mother was living then, and it was she who persuaded the girl to begin making rugs for sale.

"You're a master hand at them," Mrs. Lundy declared, "and whilst you're waitin', you might just as well hook up a few extra ones. That man that's buyin' up old furniture told me city folks is pesterin' him for hooked rugs the hull time."

"But my settin'-out ain't finished off," Elvira objected.

"You'll have time for that," her mother said gravely. "When a woman's waitin' for a sea-goin' man, she has al'ays plenty of time."

Elvira acted on her mother's suggestion and soon found herself with more orders than she could fill. Mrs. Lundy helped when she could, but her strength was failing swiftly.

During her last year of life she spent most of her waking hours on a sofa by the western window. There she would lie without speaking, looking across the busy harbor to the open sea beyond, while Elvira—watching from her place by the rug frame—would wonder vaguely what it was that held her mother's gaze.

Mrs. Lundy said quietly one day: "I guess I'll be soon leavin' you, Elviry, but you'll be all right. There's this house and what's put by in the bank—and you've got work to keep you busy till Everett comes."

"Oh, maw, don't go!" Elvira gasped. She rose and crossed swiftly to the sofa. "I—I can't ever make out with you gone!"

"Yes, you can," her mother repeated steadily. "You'll keep a good heart, like you'd ought, till Everett gets home."

"You do think he's comin' back, don't you?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Because here lately—the way you've been lookin' out to sea—it's as if you could see things—things that's more'n just what's here afore us. Tell me, maw, you *do* think he's comin' back?"

Mrs. Lundy put out a thin hand, found her daughter's, and held it close.

"Yes, Elviry, he's comin' back. That's why I'm ready now and wishful to go and join your pa, for I know things'll be all right with you. I've seen Everett, seen him aboard the *Sea Maid* and her headin' for home!" The tired voice dropped to a mere thread of sound. "Don't worry. Just wait and be patient. He's makin' for port."

After her mother's funeral, Elvira's life settled into a quiet routine of work-filled days. Care for the cottage. Light the lamp and put it in the window as evening came. Hook rugs and plan new ones. Talk with people who came to ask for special patterns or colors—so the days went by.

Now and again, mostly at the end of day and before dusk fell, she would snatch a few precious moments to work on the *Sea Maid* rug. The hull and mainsail were finished and a bit of distant sky, but there was still a great deal to do. She must put some gulls in the foreground. There had been gulls flying low above the water the day he sailed. And over on this side some white clouds above the vessel's white sails . . .

The sunlight faded slowly. The room was a cup filling with purple shadows. Elvira rose at length, put the rug frame out of sight in the small pantry, and took down a lamp from the shelf above the sink. The chimney was spotlessly clean, but she polished it once more, tested the wick, saw that the bowl was full of oil. On winter nights it had to be refilled along about midnight, but now, with the days lengthening for summer, it held enough to burn until daybreak.

After the lamp was in its place, Elvira filled a small kettle from the tap, set it over the fire, then put a plate, cup, and saucer on the bare, white table. Moving about, preparing her simple meal, she planned the evening's work. Finish off the rose-and-scroll rug for Mrs. Holloway and if there was time, sort over the strips needed for the new Faithful Friend she was going to do next. It would be nice to get that one started. An animal rug was company for a body, sort of.

On her last trip to the cupboard she brought a box of faded, red lacquer and set it beside her plate. It was Everett's gift. He had brought it to her all the way from Japan, and she had said then it was just the right size to hold his letters.

As she drank a cup of tea, Elvira took out the dim, yellow sheets and looked at one after another, without unfolding them. They were so worn and faded that the writing could no longer be deciphered, but that was not necessary. She knew the contents of each one by heart, repeated it silently as she lifted the frail pages. Next best to having him here was the reading over of Everett's letters—the brief letters that told of his voyaging, of storms and fair weather, of his eagerness to see her again . . .

A knock at the door made Elvira start up and put the letters swiftly back into the box. As she opened the door, a woman said:

"Is this Miss Lundy? I am Mrs. Stevens, a friend of Mrs. Holloway. She told me about your work."

"Yes, ma'am. D'you want to see some rugs?" Elvira dusted a low rocking chair with her apron, pushed it forward. "Won't you set and rest a spell first off?"

"Thanks." Mrs. Stevens deposited her dignified bulk in the low chair and glanced appreciatively about the pine-sheathed room with its huge, old corner cupboard and massive sea chest. Her eyes fell on the frame which held the rose-and-scroll. "What a lovely pattern, Miss Lundy! Is it for sale?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sorry. That's Mis' Holloway's rug that I'm just finishin' off."

"Then will you show me some others, please? I need—"

The visitor launched into a lengthy description of her wants, while Elvira listened thoughtfully.

"I guess I've got a'most everything you need," she said at length, turning to a heap of rugs which lay in one corner. "Folks hereabouts send me the old rugs they don't hanker to keep, and I clean and mend 'em. Real interestin', the old ones, seems to me."

The visitor leaned forward to watch rug after rug spread out for her inspection.

"This one was made by some of my folks more'n a hundred years ago, they say. You tell the old ones by the colorin'—home-made dyes bein' different from boughten—and sometimes by the stuff they're made on."

"I thought they were all done on burlap," Mrs. Stevens interposed.

Elvira shook her head. "No, ma'am. They hadn't no cotton cloth or such like when folks first come here. The real old rugs was made on hand-wove linen, or wool. And the patterns was mostly posies—pinies and laylocks and roses—them bein' what they had on hand to copy. I've got one here that the antique man down in Portland said was likely copied off a sampler. Would you choose to see it?"

"Indeed I should!"

"Here 'tis."

Elvira spread before her a small rug done by some long-dead worker whose beauty-haunted soul had found easement in drawing together delicate tones of rose and blue and gray.

"It's broke in a couple of places, but I can mend it so they won't show . . . Yes'm, I make my own dyes for this kind of work."

"I certainly want that one!" her visitor exclaimed. "I have never seen such lovely colors. And the background—it's perfectly beautiful!"

"She must 'a' got that color from onion skins," Elvira examined the rug thoughtfully. "Or mebbe butternut bark—you can't al'ays tell between them two. This here one," she spread out another from the pile, "was done over to Cranberry Island. The wimmen there do sea-shell borders, or wavy ones like tidemarks on sand. Down Massachusetts way they run to horseshoe patterns and anchors, and up in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia they're partial to maple leaves—like New Hampshire wimmen used to be about the horn o' plenty. Yes'm, I'll fix these up for you, and if you want I'll make you a Sleepin' Dog. You'll need one of them for a front door mat, if you're aimin' to make your place look like houses used to."

Mrs. Stevens made her selections in a way that won Elvira's approval.

"And I do want a ship rug," she added, moving toward the door. "Have you one? Or if not, perhaps you would make—"

"No, ma'am. I don't make ship rugs—for sale."

"Then these will do for the present. Let me know when they're ready, and I'll send for them. Goodby, Miss Lundy."

When her visitor had finally gone,

NO LOVELINESS IS EVER LOST

By Nancy Byrd Turner

NO loveliness is ever lost,
No dream is ever dreamed in vain;
Whatever comes of grief or pain,
However life's long trails are crossed—
The ancient ecstacies return,
The old winds walk again,
The old stars burn.

THE rainbow lifts an endless arc,
One April blossom shakes its gold
Down many an autumn hour's cold;
Far fireshine blesses many a dark;
And when the heart is sad and mute,
Still echoes as of old
One robin's flute.

Now and again, before dusk fell, Elvira would snatch a few precious moments to work on the *Sea Maid* rug. She must put gulls in the foreground. And some white clouds above the sails

Elvira lighted another lamp, set it on the table, and pulled the rose-and-scroll frame near it. But before sitting down to work, she went to the pantry and brought out the unfinished *Sea Maid*. Standing it against the opposite wall, she took off the cloth which had covered the frame, so that as she worked her eyes might lift now and again to watch a tall ship heading out to seaward . . .

THE summer months passed quickly. Portland harbor was alive with craft of every kind—fishing boats, yachts, important little steamers in from coastwise trips, stately sailing vessels coming to fold their wings in a brief, well-earned rest before setting forth on the next venture.

All of them, sailing in or out of harbor, passed the small white cottage set high above the water, and strangers would wonder idly at the light which shone out from its seaward window as darkness fell. The others—men of (*Continued on page 200*)

Good Housekeeping Institute

Katharine A. Fisher
Director

Photographs by H. I. Williams

Let Sunday dinner be simple and leisurely

Sunday Housekeeping On Saturday

By Katharine A. Fisher, Director, and Dorothy B. Marsh
Of the Institute Staff

EVEN those who insist on the same breakfast menu six days a week are ready for a change on Sunday. With that utterly luxurious feeling of not having to make a train, and with the Sunday paper invitingly at hand, the prospect of waffles and sausages is hailed with more than enthusiasm. Indeed the breakfast hour may be moved on so far into the morning that the hurried week-day meal may become a leisurely "brunch," that popular combination of breakfast and lunch that is said to have originated in Greenwich Village.

Sunday is our day of rest. And a change, an agreeable one, is a rest for most of us, housekeepers not excepted. There was a time, and in many households it still exists, when Sunday dinner was not Sunday dinner unless there was a roast with all its accompaniments, even though it meant that some one—often the mistress of the house, herself—was kept in the kitchen the better part of the morning. Sunday brought her just as many kitchen hours as other days, with the added necessity of getting the dinner started earlier so as not to be late for church. And at the last minute an extra leaf was usually put in the table for friends who dropped in after church.

Of course, there were households where, because of religious convictions, cooking of any kind on Sunday was taboo. Sunday was truly a day of rest, even though it was sometimes rather solemnly observed, and the family learned to dine contentedly on cold meat.

But Sunday in many households today is the one day in the week when the family can all be together. If the weather invites, the main meal of the day is often eaten out-of-doors either on a hike or a motor trip, and an early start is sometimes planned the day before. But of that later. Let us consider the Sunday meals served indoors, and since the family so often go visiting in the afternoon or have a few guests for an informal tea, we shall confine our attention to the main meal, dinner.

A change in the dinner menu is welcomed with as much fervor as it is at breakfast.

So do not let the meals become stereotyped. If you have found an interesting new dish that looks promising, try it out on Sunday. Next Sunday, try one of the menus we give here, for we have planned them so that little is left to be done on Sunday, provided that you have a good refrigerator of generous capacity.

In the first Sunday dinner menu given, the Baked String-Beans with Bacon, Potato Cakes, and Stuffed Green Pepper Salad can all be prepared on Saturday. In making the *Baked String-Beans with Bacon*, cook until tender 2 lbs. of string-beans, cut into inch lengths. Meanwhile cut 8 slices of bacon into dice and cook until crisp. Add the bacon to the beans and arrange in a buttered casserole. Store in the refrigerator until ¾ hour before Sunday dinner. Then cover the beans with 1½ cupfuls of well seasoned thin white sauce; add ¼ teaspoonful of paprika, ⅛ teaspoonful of pepper, and 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Cover with ½ cupful fine bread crumbs mixed with 1 tablespoonful melted fat and bake in a hot oven of 425°F. for 20 minutes, or until golden brown. Serves six. Canned string-beans may be substituted for the fresh-cooked beans.

For the *Potato Cakes*, on Saturday cook 6 medium-sized potatoes until tender. Drain and while hot mash them well or put through the ricer. Add butter, salt, and pepper to taste, 1 beaten egg, and enough hot evaporated milk to make the potatoes easy to handle. Beat until creamy, then form into flat, round cakes. Store in the refrigerator until 15 minutes before Sunday dinner. Then sauté the Potato Cakes in a small quantity of melted fat in a frying pan until golden brown on all sides. Serves six.

For the *Stuffed Green Pepper and Egg Salad*, wash 3 medium-sized green peppers, cut off the tops, and remove the seeds. Meanwhile beat ½ lb. of cream cheese with a fork until smooth. Add 3 shelled, hard-cooked eggs, ¼ lb. pecan or walnut meats, and 1 medium sour pickle, all put through the fine knife of a food-chopper. Beat well and add enough cooked salad dressing (about ⅓ cupful) to make a thick paste. Blend well and pack the peppers with this mixture. Chill until just before Sunday dinner, when the peppers should be thinly sliced crosswise and arranged, 2 or 3 slices overlapping, on each serving of lettuce. Serves 6 to 8.

For the *Ice Cream in Ginger Ale*, buy 1½ pints of vanilla ice cream and arrange in 6 tall glasses. Then fill the glasses with ginger ale and serve. Serves 6.

In the second Sunday dinner menu much of the preparation of the whole meal can be completed on Saturday. For the *Chicken and Asparagus on Toast*, order a 5-pound chicken cleaned and cut up as for fricasséeing. Cover it with boiling water. Add 1 large onion sliced, ½ cupful diced celery, 1 bay leaf, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, and ⅛ teaspoonful pepper. Simmer gently until the chicken is tender. Allow to cool in the same liquor and then store in the refrigerator. Remove all the scales from 1 bunch of asparagus and chill. Three-quarters of an hour before Sunday dinner is to be served, remove the chicken from the liquor, dip each piece in seasoned flour, and sauté in a small quantity of hot fat in a frying pan until golden brown on all sides.

Meanwhile cut the asparagus into inch pieces and cook until tender. Drain. Arrange the sautéed chicken on slices of toast on a platter, surround with the hot asparagus, and pour over all two cupfuls of medium white sauce to which 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley have been added. Serves 6 to 8. Heated canned asparagus may be substituted for the fresh if desired.

For the tomato course wash the tomatoes on Saturday, also make the French dressing. Chill both until ½ hour before Sunday dinner, when the tomatoes may be sliced, arranged in a vegetable dish, covered with French dressing, and allowed to marinate until served, when the French dressing can be drained off.

The *Rhubarb Tapioca* should be made on Saturday and chilled. Prepare 3 cupfuls of diced, fresh rhubarb. Add ½ cupful of quick-cooking tapioca and 1½ cupfuls hot water and cook in the top of a double-boiler until the rhubarb is tender and the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Then (*Continued on page 196*)

Sunday Dinners At Home

1.
Baked String-Beans with Bacon
Potato Cakes
Stuffed Green Pepper and Egg Salad
Ice Cream in Ginger Ale

2.
Chicken and Asparagus on Toast
Sliced Tomatoes — French Dressing
Rhubarb Tapioca — Cream

3.
Kidney Stew
Sautéed Sweet Potatoes — Buttered Peas
Orange Salad with Roquefort and Cream Cheese Balls
Mayonnaise Dressing
Crackers — Coffee

4.
Eggs Los Angeles
Whole Wheat Muffins
Jellied Beet and Cabbage Salad
Fresh Fruits — Nuts

5.
Chicken and Vegetable Ring—
Mushroom Sauce
Buttered Spinach
Apple Sauce on Sponge Cake — Whipped Cream

6.
Broiled Lamb Chops — Broiled Bananas
Broiled Tomatoes in French Dressing
Celery
Strawberries with Cream — Cake

Housekeeping on Saturday for Sunday brings to Mother whatever type of leisure she desires

Careful Cleansing Of SPRING FABRICS

By Eva Wilson
Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. I. Williams

SOME time ago a friend whom I met in a dress shop remarked: "I don't want to be rich, but I should like to have money enough to buy one of these lovely dresses now and then without wondering if it will wash, or dry-clean, or how I may remove the spots I so often collect at the tea table, or in a sudden shower, or on the golf liriks. Thriftiness has often induced me to wash a dress, but usually the colors ran so that the garment was unwearable. Then I would send the next one to a cleaner —to have it come back a size smaller."

Whether my friend is now selecting her costumes for wear at home, on the beach, or for following her favorite sport in the country, the 1930 fabrics offer her free choice in material, beauty of color, loveliness in texture, and new fascinations in design, for the fabrics of today are more and more being woven and dyed to fit the purposes of the garments fashioned from them.

When selecting your own materials for street dresses or pajama costumes, you can test samples of the goods for washability, but ready-made garments can not be so tested. A number of department stores in the United States and Canada have for their customers' protection laboratories where the washable qualities of materials and dresses are tested before the buyers make their selection. Some soap manufacturers also have laboratories where such washability tests are made. In these laboratories correct methods for washing fabrics are determined, and often labels describing these methods are attached to garments to guide the purchaser in cleaning them. If you are in doubt as to the effect of washing one of your dresses, test a hidden portion with warm, soapy water or rub an inconspicuous place with a white cloth moistened in warm, soapy water.

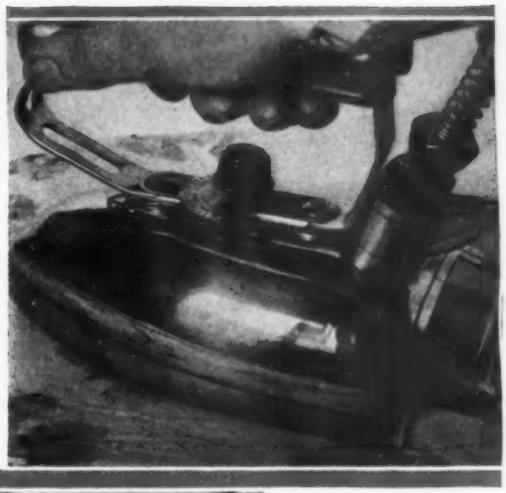
If you change to lounging costumes or other suitable indoor dress when you come home after a day of business or recreation, it will be easier to keep your clothes fresh and attractive. Remember also that prompt removal of the occasional spot, frequent pressing, and careful folding or hanging of the garments will keep them attractive and avoid the need for frequent cleaning. On the other hand, it is important to clean these materials before they become so soiled that it is necessary to use harsh methods not suited to the fabric.

The modern dry-cleaning establishment is rendering a public service that is not always recognized or appreciated. True, if you have sent a garment to a dry cleaner and had it returned shrunk to a smaller size or in tatters, you are not eager to repeat the experience. If, however, you attempt dry cleaning at home with the same results, you blame the material, not your method of cleaning. Should you not be equally fair, then, toward the professional cleaner? A first-class cleaner recognizes that certain fabrics have been stretched in the finishing process, so that in the presence of moisture, or even of the dry-cleaning fluid, they may shrink in length or width, or possibly in both directions. He therefore does his best after cleaning the garment to stretch it to its original size and shape. He knows, also, when a silk is so heavily weighted that it may not stand dry-cleaning, and undertakes that responsibility only at the owner's risk.

Satisfaction with a garment that has been dry-cleaned depends in great measure upon the finishing of that garment. You may be able to dry-clean a garment successfully, but have not the equipment in your home for its proper finishing or pressing. Frequently a dress of washable material is made with plaits and frills that washing would ruin. If you have washed such a garment and feel that you can not press the plaits properly, take it to a tailor or cleaner who has skilled pressers. In removing some stains, the methods used may cause loss of color. The reliable dry-cleaning establishment employs experts who have spent years in studying dyes and fabrics, and the best methods of removing stains, and therefore they are often able to prevent loss of color or to restore a color that has faded.

Careful pressing of the wayward frill or plait not only will maintain the fresh appearance of your garments but also will prevent the necessity of frequent cleaning

Wash your lovely fabrics carefully in lively lukewarm suds of mild soap. Rinse thoroughly



The heat-regulated iron illustrated above has the indicator set for the ironing of silks

When quick drying is necessary to keep a color from running, a garment may be shaken in the air until it is ready to be ironed

Have you ever had a dress that would wash well except for the trimmings or buttons? Such a dress was shown to us recently. It was a blue and white figured silk trimmed with plain blue silk. It had been sold as washable. The figured material was of excellent quality and entirely washable, but the manufacturer of the dress had used for the trimming a plain blue silk inferior in quality and dye. All in good faith the owner washed the dress according to the prescribed method for silk, but the color from the trimming so stained the dress that it could not be worn. As an experiment the trimming was ripped off and the dress soaked in warm soapsuds for several hours. This removed the stains sufficiently to make the dress at least presentable. Another person we know must rip off fifteen red buttons from a white shantung dress every time it is washed, unless she wishes a pink halo around each button!

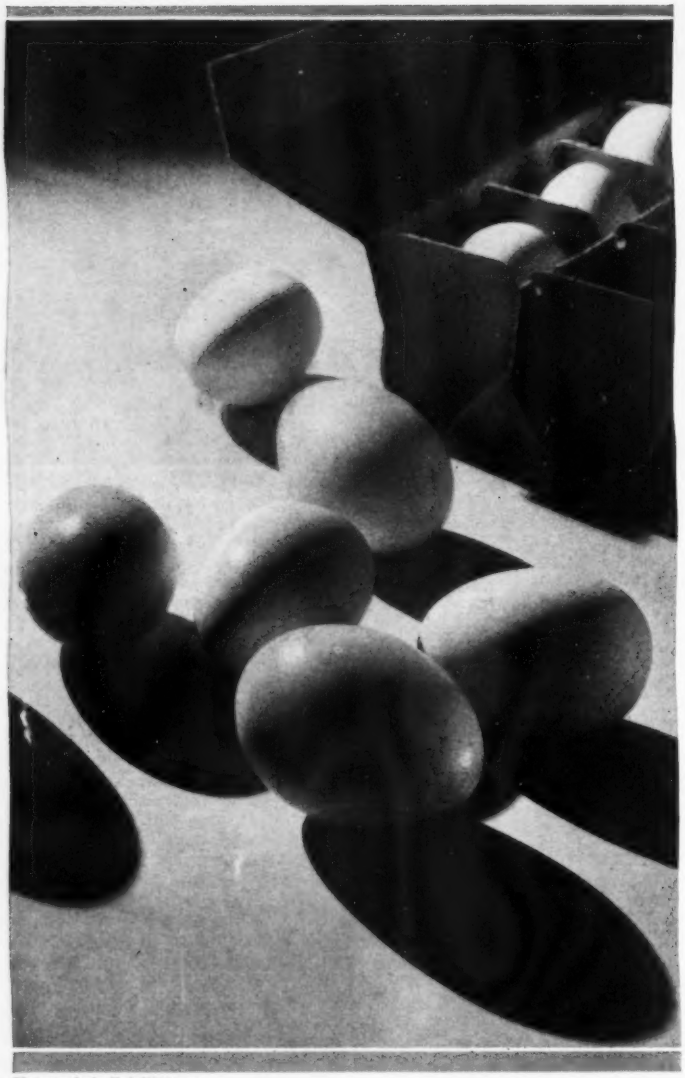
To wash successfully even a washable silk, you must follow a definite procedure and work carefully. Mild soap should be used. It may be dissolved in hot water, then cold water added to make the temperature 105° F.—or less if the color seems inclined to run. The silk should be squeezed in the suds, not rubbed. It should be rinsed in water of about the same temperature as the suds—a little cooler may be used. Several rinses are needed to flush out all the soap. A little bluing may be put in the final rinse water for white silks. A commercial product prepared especially for the purpose of keeping white silks white is used in the same way as bluing. The silk should be squeezed out of each water, not twisted or wrung. When thoroughly rinsed, it may be spread out flat on a towel or absorbent cloth then rolled and squeezed so that the cloth will absorb the moisture as quickly as possible. Should the color show a slight tendency to run, shake the garment in the air till nearly dry. Silk should be ironed on the wrong side or under a thin cloth. The iron should be only moderately hot. A heat-controlled iron is a convenience, for the regulator may be set for "silk" or at "low," as the iron may be marked, and thus reduce the danger of scorching the fabric.

Many interesting sports costumes and pajama ensembles are made of materials woven from the synthetic fibers. Bemberg, made by one process, and Celanese made by another are well adapted for these purposes, as they possess special qualities which make them desirable for such wear. The colors are usually fast, so that a pajama costume made of black-and-red Bemberg may be washed with no fear that the colors will run or fade. You may treat this material practically the same as silk. A Celanese suit of dark blue and white moiré, is a daring combination if you expect to wash it. It is color-fast and may be washed and ironed successfully if you use water no hotter than for silk, and an iron slightly cooler than when ironing silk. As Celanese dries so quickly, a few minutes' patting in a towel or shaking in the air will make it just right for ironing. The moiré is especially liked for beach costumes and bathing suits because it dries so quickly and retains its wavey lines after many wettings. Both these materials are resistant to stains, so spots usually wash out readily. The synthetic fibers are not greatly affected by perspiration, and white garments made of these fabrics do not become yellow.

The spots most commonly found on your garments are probably food spots. Grease is quickly recognized by the way it spreads out into the material. Even though you intend to wash the garment afterward, it is well first to take out most of the grease with a solvent such as carbon tetrachloride; then the warm, soapy water will remove any remaining traces of the spot. To remove a grease spot, place a clean blotter or cloth under the stain and sponge with a cloth moistened with carbon tetrachloride, using long, even strokes. A ring may form for one of two reasons, either because the solvent carries the soil out into the surrounding material, or because the part sponged is cleaner than the fabric around it. If you do not wish to wash the whole garment, keep (*Continued on page 252*)

The Versatility of EGGS

By
Demetria M. Taylor
Of the Institute Staff



Photographs by H. I. Williams

Eggs add much nourishment to our meals because they are rich in the minerals and vitamins essential to health

CONTRARY to the general idea, the outward appearance of an egg has nothing to do with its nutritive value. The color of the shell varies with the breed of hen and is of no consequence, even though Bostonians will pay several cents more for brown eggs and New Yorkers will do the same for white! The color of the yolk and the thickness of the shell are affected by the hen's food, and have no bearing on the nutritive value either.

There is an interesting reason for the high food value of eggs. According to Nature's plan, each egg is intended to develop into a living chick, and thus is rich in all the elements which build muscle, bone, and blood. When we eat an egg, therefore, our bones, blood, and muscles will benefit accordingly!

In the yolk of the egg we find a liberal supply of minerals which are essential to our health—calcium, phosphorus, and iron—as well as three important vitamins, A, B, and D. Only recently we have learned that egg yolk ranks next to cod-liver oil in the list of natural foods which help to prevent rickets, that dreaded disease of childhood. This is because egg yolk is so rich in Vitamin D, the "sunshine vitamin."

In the white of the egg we find only two substances, protein and water, but the protein is of the best quality to provide for growth and repair of body cells. It is possible to substitute eggs for meat in a menu for this reason; and you can see that when they are substituted many valuable elements other than the protein are secured at the same time.

Egg yolk is among the first foods to be added to the milk diet of the very young child. Indeed eggs are more nearly interchangeable with milk than any other food, and if unfortunate circumstances arise in which no form of milk can be given, eggs are the most satisfactory substitute. However, in normal circumstances eggs can not be regarded as a substitute for milk, but only as a supplement to it, as eggs add iron and Vitamin D, in which milk is lacking.

When a child reaches his third or fourth year, a whole egg should be included in his meals every day. Experiments show that this invariably results in better physical condition. Even when eggs are expensive, they should be given to young children at least three times a week, though the adults go without! Any one who needs building up, no matter what his age, would do well to include eggs in his meals.

The Institute will take up the actual cookery of eggs later—how to scramble them, poach them, or make them into fluffy omelets. This time we wish most of all to introduce you to the versatility of eggs, and show you how they may appear not only for breakfast, but for luncheon or dinner as well in any guise from canapé to dessert.

The recipes that follow accompany the menus in the box. We are sure that you will want to clip both menus and recipes for your file—taking for granted, of course, you keep one!

Scalloped Eggs and Shrimp

4 hard-cooked eggs
1 cupful cooked or canned shrimp
½ cupful buttered crumbs
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley
2 cupfuls well-seasoned, medium white sauce

Slice the hard-cooked eggs and add with the shrimp and parsley to the white sauce. Pour into a well-greased casserole dish, top with the buttered crumbs, and bake in a hot oven of 450° F. for fifteen minutes, or until the crumbs are brown. Serves six.

Easter Salad

6 hard-cooked eggs, finely chopped
2 tablespoonfuls chopped sweet gherkins
½ green pepper, finely chopped
1 tablespoonful finely chopped parsley
¾ cupful cooked dressing
½ lemon, juice
5 drops tabasco sauce
½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful granulated gelatin
¼ cupful cold water
¼ cupful boiling water

Soften the gelatin in the cold water, add the boiling water, and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into cold, wet, individual molds and place in the refrigerator until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with additional cooked dressing. Serves eight.

Egg and Anchovy Canapé

3 hard-cooked eggs
3 tablespoonfuls cooked dressing
½ teaspoonful lemon juice
2 teaspoonfuls catsup
½ teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce
6 drops tabasco sauce
¼ teaspoonful paprika
¼ teaspoonful salt
1/10 teaspoonful pepper
6 rounds toast or canapé wafers
6 anchovies

Chop the hard-cooked eggs fine, and mix with the other seasonings. Spread on toast or wafers. Curl up the anchovies and place one on each canapé. Serves six.

Spanish Cream

1 tablespoonful granulated gelatin
3 cupfuls milk
½ cupful sugar
2 egg yolks
3 egg whites
⅛ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Scald milk with gelatin in the top of a double-boiler. When the gelatin is dissolved, add the sugar and pour slowly over the beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Return to the double-boiler; cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat, add the salt and vanilla, and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into cold, wet molds and chill. Serve with a Custard Sauce. Serves six.

Custard Sauce

1 cupful milk
1 egg yolk
1 egg
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
¼ teaspoonful salt

Scald the milk in a double-boiler. Pour over the beaten egg and yolk mixed with the sugar and salt. Return to the double-boiler and cook, while stirring constantly, until the mixture coats the spoon. *Remove at once.* Do not let the water boil in the bottom of the double-boiler.

Custard sauce may be made without the extra egg yolk, but in this case the egg yolk left from the Spanish cream is utilized.

Menus Which Call For Eggs

Luncheon
Scalloped Eggs and Shrimp
Graham Nut Muffins — Green Peas
Orange Salad—French Dressing
Coffee

Easter Bridge Party
Easter Salad
Hot Rolls — Olives
Vanilla Ice Cream—Pineapple Pistachio Sauce
Cup Cakes with Yellow Icing
Coffee or Tea

Dinner
Egg and Anchovy Canapé
Crown Roast of Lamb
String-Beans — Browned Potatoes
Tomato Salad
Spanish Cream—Custard Sauce
Coffee

Evening Bridge Refreshments
Eggs à la King
Ripe Olives — Watermelon Circles
Parker House Rolls
Lemon Milk Sherbet — Chocolate Cake
Coffee

Dinner
Salmon Timbale—Egg Sauce
Sliced Cucumbers — Baked Potatoes
Endive Salad—French Dressing
Rhubarb Tarts — Coffee

Luncheon
Eggs Creole — Buttered Spinach
Twin Mountain Muffins
Baked Custard — Tea

Luncheon
Canned Mock Turtle Soup
Egg and Vegetable Casserole
Bran Muffins — Stewed Tomatoes
Frosted Nut Cake — Coffee or Tea

Egg and Vegetable Casserole is an unusually delicious main dish which may be served either at luncheon or at dinner with equal success

Eggs à la King

6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
¼ cupful salad oil
3 tablespoonfuls chopped pimentoes
6 tablespoonfuls chopped green peppers
1 tablespoonful capers
1 No. 2 can mushrooms, drained
½ teaspoonful salt
2½ cupfuls rich cream
½ cupful mushroom liquor
2½ tablespoonfuls flour
1 tablespoonful fat
Paprika

Sauté the mushrooms five minutes in the salad oil, then add the mixture to the sliced eggs, capers, peppers, and pimentoes, and add a dash of paprika and the salt. Prepare a white sauce of the fat, flour, cream, and mushroom liquor. Add the egg mixture, heat thoroughly, and serve on diamond-shaped slices of buttered toast. Serves four to six.

Egg Sauce

Add four sliced, hard-cooked eggs to two cupfuls of well-seasoned medium white sauce. This will serve six.

Eggs Creole

1 cupful canned tomato sauce
1 tablespoonful chopped green olives
1 teaspoonful minced onion
1 teaspoonful butter
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
Salt, if necessary
8 eggs
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley

Mix all ingredients except the eggs and parsley and simmer gently for ten minutes. Meanwhile butter four custard cups or ramekins and drop two eggs in each, being careful not to break the yolks. Sprinkle them with parsley and set in a saucepan about one-fourth full of boiling water. Cover and steam about ten minutes or until the eggs are set. Turn the eggs out on individual plates and surround with the sauce. Serve at once. Serves four.

Egg and Vegetable Casserole

5 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
2 cupfuls diced, cooked potatoes
1 cupful diced, cooked celery or other vegetable
1 tablespoonful chopped chives
1 tablespoonful chopped pimiento
2 cupfuls well-seasoned, medium white sauce
½ cupful grated cheese

(*Continued on page 225*)

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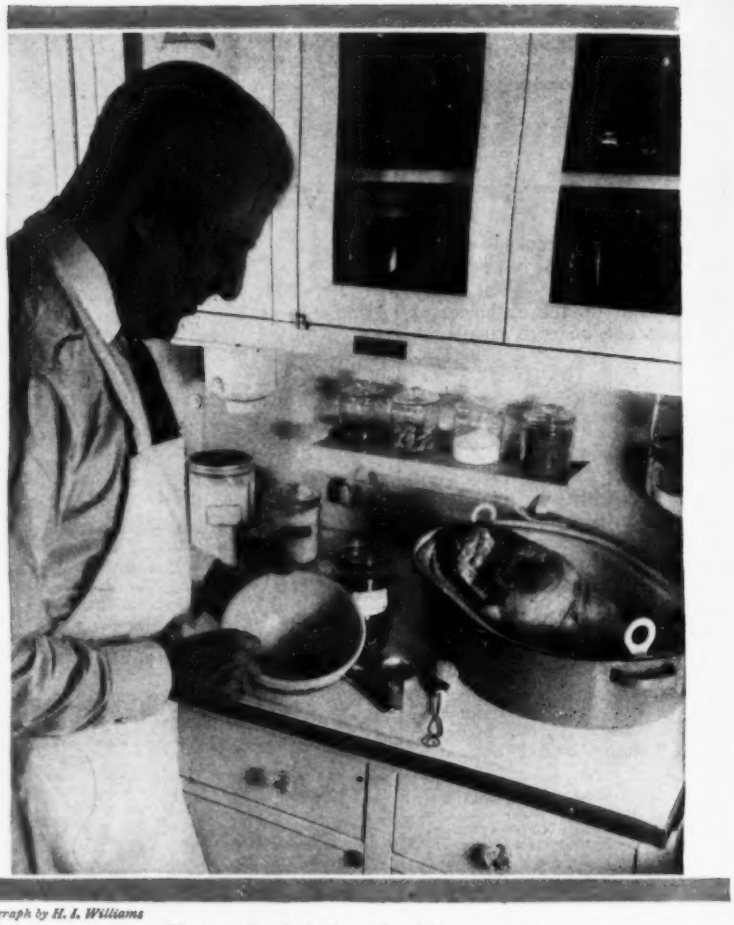
A Man Cooks With French Dressing

By Byron MacJadyen



Photograph by H. A. Williams

If roast lamb is basted with a savory French dressing during cooking, it will acquire a piquant and elusive flavor that you can not duplicate by any other means

WHEN that Oriental of ancient times produced the first model of the umbrella, his motive was to protect himself from the burning rays of the sun. How proud he must have been, as he strutted along surrounded by his new-made shade! But can't you imagine his surprise and delight when he discovered one rainy day that his invention could also protect him from the wet offerings of Jupiter Pluvius?

Now, you may wonder what on earth has an umbrella to do with the subject I want to discuss. Well, there is no relation except in this respect. For years I was an enthusiastic user of French dressing in many kinds of salads and cold dishes. But one day, accidentally, I hit on the idea of using French dressing in cooking, and I was just as surprised and pleased with my discovery as the umbrella inventor must have been with his.

No doubt plenty of people were acquainted with this additional use of French dressing. But they never told me about it, and I'm glad they didn't. To me the big attraction in cooking is the opportunity to explore and discover for myself—even though I find that another fellow has stuck in his flag ahead of me.

Of course, I am aware that French dressing is composed of several familiar flavoring ingredients, all of which are sometimes used in the preparation of a dish. But in combining these ingredients in a specific way and using the blended result on any of a wide variety of foods, you will create a flavor that is more intriguing and elusive than that produced by a dash-of-this-and-that method.

The first thing to consider in French dressing cookery is the food you want to season. As a matter of fact, I argue that French dressing for salads should vary in sharpness, saltiness, or sweetness, depending upon the vegetables, fruit, fish, or meat that you plan to use. Such variations ideally heighten or modify the flavor of the main element in the salad. For example, I use the following foundation recipe for lettuce: three-fourths teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful paprika, one tablespoonful vinegar or lemon juice, and four tablespoonfuls oil. Combine all the ingredients and beat thoroughly.

For sliced tomatoes, however, I add one level teaspoonful of sugar to the above mixture, because that vegetable often needs sweetness. If sardines or tuna fish predominate in the salad, I reduce the sugar to one-half teaspoonful and use three tablespoonfuls of oil instead of four, thus emphasizing the vinegar. Fish requires the piquant edge that vinegar gives.

In using French dressing in cooking I find that the same principle holds true. Therefore, with this preamble, I'll lay down a few specific suggestions:

First, it pays to have a bottle of garlic vinegar on hand. Garlic in its native state has a grand but strong flavor, but when presented in vinegar it is under control. It is easy to make garlic vinegar—just remove the husks from a cluster of garlic buds and cut each in half. Then heat a pint of vinegar to the boiling point. Drop in your garlic, cover the dish, and set aside to cool. Finally, pour the vinegar with the garlic into a bottle and that's all there is to it.

The other necessary ingredients for French dressing cookery are familiar ones—salt, pepper, dry mustard, paprika, sugar, Worcestershire sauce, and catsup. Notice that I include sugar. It is important, for in addition to the part its own flavor plays, it blends the sharp flavors of the other ingredients into a harmonious unit.

With this set-up, let's start with meat. Here's a leg of lamb. Put it in a pan and then brush it well with some of the following mixture: one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful sugar, one level teaspoonful mustard, one and one-half tablespoonfuls garlic vinegar, and six tablespoonfuls of oil. See to it that the dressing penetrates into all the cracks and crevices of the meat. Put the roast in a very hot oven of 500° F. for fifteen minutes, then reduce the heat to 350° F. for the remaining time, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. In no time you'll be assailed by an aroma that will raise your appetite on its tiptoes. Baste every fifteen minutes, with some of the French dressing. Save a teaspoonful of the dressing to add to your gravy. It certainly is worth while. In basting the meat, a tablespoonful of dressing at a time is sufficient, because you have the accumulated liquid in your pan.

The result of all this is that the lamb as well as the gravy will have a piquant and elusive flavor that you can not duplicate by any other means. What's more, the characteristic tallowy taste sometimes noticeable in lamb is eliminated. Give the vinegar with its garlic credit for this.

The same (*Continued on page 226*)

A Toast To The Toaster

Photograph by H. I. Williams

Toast from the table toaster—golden-brown, crisp, and just to your liking—brings cheer to the breakfast and makes you look forward to the eight o'clock train

TOASTING the staff of life calls forth more definite opinions as to its thickness, crispness, and shade than any other of our daily foods. White toast, graham toast, dry toast, buttered toast, and French toast are all in demand. Then we have the reducing daughter of the house who orders Melba toast, that variety made by slicing bread very thin and slowly toasting it until it is dry.

Breakfast toast, either dry or buttered, has been known from earliest times. The only thing that has changed is the method of making it. Our ancestors whittled a forked stick and toasted their bread over the coals of an open fire or fireplace. With the introduction of wood and coal ranges, conical toasters were devised to fit over the open hole. This type of toaster was used also over the top burners of a gas range, except when the broiler pan was used for making many slices at one time.

The only difficulty with these methods of making toast was the fact that it was made and buttered in the kitchen if buttered toast was in demand, and by the time the family had assembled and it had reached the table, it had become cold and limp. Every one agrees that the appeal of hot, crunchy toast is lost in the cooling.

Modern electric appliances number among their pioneers the toaster, which made it possible to have the toast made at the table. These toasters made two slices of bread at one time—one on either side of the heating element—but, of course, the bread had to be turned. Ingenious manufacturers soon developed a rack which flipped the toast over, thus presenting the untoasted side to the element and saving burned fingers.

But toast made at the table still had opportunity to burn when the "toaster" became engaged in conversation, so we welcomed the so-called "automatic" toaster which shuts off the current when the bread is toasted. Because of the slight difference in toasting time when bread is fresh or somewhat dry, these toasters have a timing device and deliver toast pale or dark, according to personal taste. Some manufacturers have gone even a step further, and their toasters now keep the toast hot over a reasonable period of time. Today's most modern toaster brings toast to every member of the family hot, crisp, and just to his liking.

Just one little hint about these toasters with the timing device—or any toaster, for that matter. To insure thorough toasting of the first slice, it is better to let the toaster heat for about a minute before putting in the toast and setting the timer. This heats the elements and the toaster itself, and makes each slice thereafter uniformly browned.

The new chromium finish which we can have on so many electrical devices today is not only beautiful in appearance, but stainless as well, and a toaster thus finished will never need scouring, polishing, or anything other than a rub with a clean, soft cloth to remove finger marks and smudges.

Do not make the mistake of relegating all unused bread to the bread box and saving it for toasting, for when bread becomes actually stale, the toast made from it will be tough, not crisp and crunchy. Breakfast is such an informal meal that the member of the family designated to be the toaster soon learns each and every preference and judges her time so that no one waits—least of all, the business members of the family. Not more than three minutes' time usually delivers two completely toasted slices of bread, whether the toaster accommodates one or two slices of bread at one time.

The charm and individual attention thus brought to the family breakfast table makes for a cheery beginning of a busy day, and might even make one look forward to the eight o'clock train.

But toast is not reserved for the breakfast table alone. There is scarcely a hostess who does not serve toast in some form or another at the luncheon or tea table. For such functions one may prefer to serve the toast in unusual shapes—triangles, stars, or toast strips. For Toast Triangles cut the bread in one-eighth-inch slices and remove the crusts. Then cut the bread in halves on the diagonal, making triangles. Toast until crisp and delicately browned.

If toast is brought to the table ready to serve, it should not be piled up. In so doing the toast becomes soft from the moisture that collects and is unpalatable. A bread or sandwich tray, which allows the toast to be placed so that the slices scarcely touch each other, is the best way to serve it.

There are those who prefer dry toast served as water toast. To accomplish this, dip the slices of dry toast quickly in boiling, salted water, allowing one-half teaspoonful of salt to one cupful of boiling water. Spread the slices with butter and serve at once.

In any form, toast is greatly improved by care in the making.

A mixed grill on a broiler designed to minimize smoke and odor provides a whole meal

Your First Electric Range

Photographs by H. I. Williams

By Helen Whitson Kendall
Of the Institute Staff

Use cooking utensils that fit the element and avoid loss of heat. Above, we show a well for slow cooking

WHEN you are confronted for the first time with the problem of cooking the family dinner on a brand-new electric range, you will probably realize that this new and imposing piece of equipment represents some new ideas in cookery. The development of these new electric ranges in manufacturers' engineering laboratories has made it possible for housekeepers to have much freedom from the range—it has made it possible to cook in a cool kitchen, and the automatic attachments bring the electric current on and off at will.

But before you can be successful with your new range, you must learn to use it properly. In fact, you can almost think of it as a new personality, with which you must become acquainted in order to work with it in peace and harmony.

The first thing to do, after purchasing an electric range, is to study the directions for use which will be supplied by your dealer or the person who demonstrated the range to you. The oven is of major importance, for the ovens of all electric ranges are heavily insulated, and by using the oven extensively the cost of operating the range can be kept down. The way in which the heat of the oven is controlled depends upon the particular type of range which you have purchased. Electric range ovens usually have two elements, one at the top and one at the bottom. The top element is designed primarily for broiling, and the bottom element supplies the heat necessary for baking or roasting in the oven. In many electric ranges there is an oven regulator similar to that on a gas range. When this is the case, there is a dial located usually on the side of the oven on which there are cooking temperatures ranging from 200° F. to 550° F. If you are about to bake or roast in such an oven, the first thing to do is to set the regulator at the temperature you want. To illustrate, let us say you are about to bake a cake at 400° F. After setting the dial, switch the bottom element in the oven to "on" and wait until the oven has reached your temperature. This will probably be 15 or 20 minutes, but let your direction book be your guide. The regulator will do the rest; that is, it will keep the temperature of your oven at approximately the setting on the dial, and you will not need to think of it again until it is time for the cake to come out of the oven. To go back to heating the oven: In some ranges you can turn both top and bottom elements to "on" until the proper heat is reached, and then *turn off the top element* after the food goes in the oven. Again refer to your directions as to the best method to follow.

There is another type of electric range which operates on quite a different principle. In this type there is an indicator on the oven door with temperatures ranging from 200° F. to 600° F. Your instruction book will tell you where to set the dial for different types of food, and it will tell you, too, whether to put the food in a cold oven or one which has been previously heated. After setting the indicator, turn on the bottom switch only and proceed according to directions. Two things to remember in this type of range are: first, *that the electric current shuts off* when the heat-indicating hand on the dial reaches the adjustable hand; and, second, that *no more heat will come on* unless the dial is reset. This means that there must be no peeping into the oven, for when the oven door is open, the heat naturally flows out, and there is no more to replace it.

We have gone into considerable detail on the proper use of the oven, because it is important that you make the most of it. Your instruction book will give you a host of useful suggestions as to so-called "oven meals." There is more to an oven meal than merely popping a few casseroles or baking dishes into the oven, shutting the door, and finding an appetizing meal ready at dinner time. Every dish that goes to make up an oven meal must be one that can be cooked at the same temperature, or nearly so, and for the same length of time as every other. This calls for careful planning, as having to consider the baking temperature limits your menu somewhat. And what is more, casseroles and large pans take up space, so look to your supply of oven glassware and earthenware utensils. In the oven meal which we have pictured, a baked, stuffed fish was chosen as the meat course. Small white onions and baked potatoes supplied the

vegetables, and with the addition of a tomato salad and a cold dessert the meal was complete. The meal was cooked for one hour at a temperature of 475° F. When it came from the oven, it was ready to be garnished and sent straight to the table.

The broiler on your range offers another means of providing a whole meal. A mixed grill is sure to be popular and offers much variety—fish, bacon, chops, hamburg cakes all being meat course possibilities. The broiler shown is of excellent design, for the separate plate beneath the grids carries all dripping fat down into the bottom pan, where it is away from the direct heat, thereby minimizing smoke and odor. This is an important feature in an electric range, for the oven is entirely closed except for a small vent at the back, and broiling is apt to be somewhat disagreeable.

The top stove elements on an electric range vary in size and variety; that is, they vary in diameter and also in wattage, so as to accommodate different sizes of utensils. To avoid loss of heat, use cooking utensils that fit the entire heating unit, and choose those that have straight sides and flat bottoms. The day may come when proper utensils—those that will prove most economical in use—will be sold with the range, but until that time it is wiser to discard ill-shaped and buckled utensils for those that will fit your range, than to continue at the cost of current. Avoid heating more water than is needed for your cooking operations, and cook your vegetables in a small amount of water. The vegetables will be better flavored, and it will take less time and therefore less current to bring them to a boil. These top elements have "high," "medium," and "low" settings, and you should be as careful in using them as you would be in turning down a gas or oil flame. Other than to brush them out and burn off spilled food, there is little that need be done to clean these top elements.

One of the first questions asked by the would-be user of an electric range is, "How much will it cost me to operate such a range?"

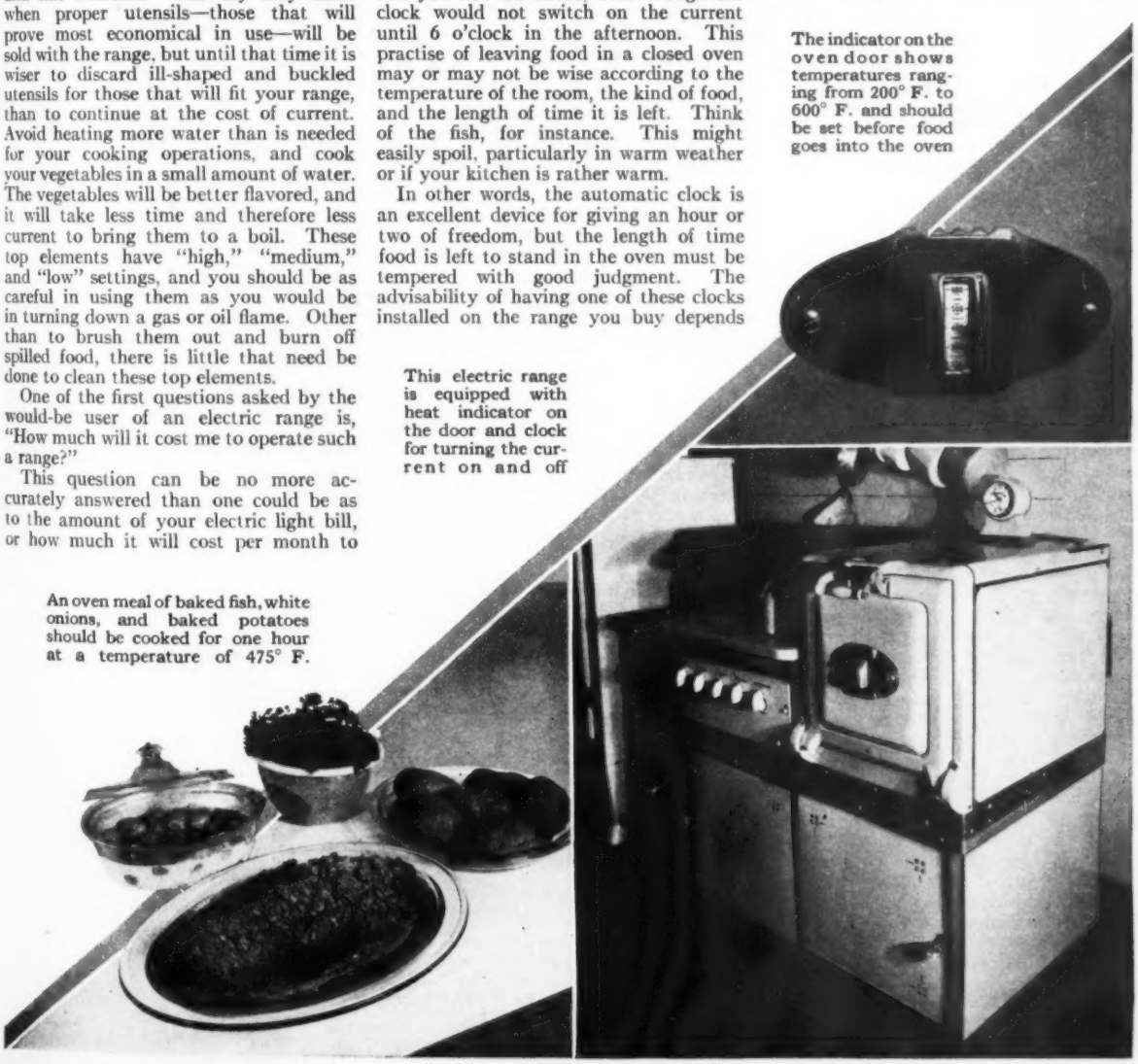
This question can be no more accurately answered than one could be as to the amount of your electric light bill, or how much it will cost per month to run your automobile. In an attempt to arrive at an average, it has been found that the average family of four might be expected to consume somewhere between 125 and 200 kilowatt hours per month. On the basis of these figures we can approximate monthly costs. If your rate is 5c per kilowatt hour, for example, your bill may be from $7.50 to $10.00 per month. If you are fortunate enough to have a rate as low as three cents per kilowatt hour, the bill would probably be between $3.75 and $6.00. Your needs and your budget must answer the question as to the desirability of using such a range.

There is another point about electric ranges that should be given some thought. They can be purchased with or without the installation of an automatic clock, or time control. These clocks are for the purpose of turning current on and off when the user is not there to do it. Suppose, for example, that you were planning to serve for a 7 o'clock dinner, the oven meal which we have illustrated; but you wished to go shopping from 10 o'clock in the morning until almost time for dinner. Obviously the food would have to go into the oven before you left the house, even though the clock would not switch on the current until 6 o'clock in the afternoon. This practise of leaving food in a closed oven may or may not be wise according to the temperature of the room, the kind of food, and the length of time it is left. Think of the fish, for instance. This might easily spoil, particularly in warm weather or if your kitchen is rather warm.

In other words, the automatic clock is an excellent device for giving an hour or two of freedom, but the length of time food is left to stand in the oven must be tempered with good judgment. The advisability of having one of these clocks installed on the range you buy depends upon one thing alone—how great a convenience such a device would be to you.

If you have not yet purchased an electric range but are about to do so, there are some important points to be considered. You must find out, first, whether the power company is in a position to furnish current for range operation. At the same time you can determine the power rate in your community and thus arrive at some approximate figure of what you can expect your monthly bill to be. A range circuit necessitating heavier wiring than the ordinary home circuit is necessary, and in many cases a meter must be installed in order to take advantage of a reduced power rate.

Your lighting company should be of assistance to you in considering these points, or they may be able to refer you to a licensed electrician who will give you estimates and other information. The actual installation of a range, because it is classed as a stationary or permanent device, must be done according to rules and regulations for house wiring as laid down by the National Board of Fire Underwriters and your municipal authorities.



The indicator on the oven door shows temperatures ranging from 200° F. to 600° F. and should be set before food goes into the oven

This electric range is equipped with heat indicator on the door and clock for turning the current on and off

An oven meal of baked fish, white onions, and baked potatoes should be cooked for one hour at a temperature of 475° F.

Our Own FOUR WALLS

Where Good Housekeeping's Readers, Writers, and Editors Can Talk To One Another as Members Of The Family

Two celebrities in writing clothes—Kathleen and Charles G. Norris on their Saratoga estate, California

THE OCTOPUS MOTHER

KATHLEEN NORRIS—and motherhood. You can hardly think of the one and not the other. If all the gift manufacturers, florists, and candy makers in the land were to pool their great resources and fix a salary of half a million a year for a supreme press agent of Mothers' Day (May 11th, for your memo pad), they could have only one choice.

Mrs. Norris would graciously decline the job, of course. Unofficially she has been filling it for years.

Yet this foremost exponent of the glory of motherhood is about to challenge a certain kind of mother. Challenge her in the strong, honest terms of common sense. Some women are sure to raise a terrible uproar over what Mrs. Norris will say in these pages next month. They will probably write to us. Others will applaud her courage in speaking out as she does. We hope they, too, will write. But even those who have to admit privately that the uncomfortable cap fits themselves, will be likely to realize that once again Mrs. Norris is offering them greater chance for happiness in their family relations if they will listen to her.

Early in life her own family problems were mountainous. Both her mother and father had died when she was eighteen. There were five brothers and sisters. Kathleen Thompson was the eldest—the head of a family of six at an age when most girls are deep in education. Could they hope to hold together? Kathleen was determined that they should. And they did. The three oldest squared their young Irish chins to the world—and found jobs.

Kathleen was a "little mother" long before her own three children came. All San Francisco, with its typical big-city indifference, couldn't beat the Thompson clan. Somehow between working hours they mothered the three youngest, and squeezed in the cooking and dishwashing, the cleaning and bedmaking.

Years and years later in a luxurious hotel suite in New York, a celebrated novelist could say to one of her friends: "Honestly, I have always liked housework. I like cook stoves and shiny pans and clean kitchen floors, with babies rolling about to be stumbled over. I think I shall go down to posterity as the one woman who really enjoyed dishwashing."

In those far-off, anxious days, as if Kathleen hadn't enough cares of her own, she took her delicate 'teens into the adult troubles of others—her first job being settlement work.

How her career as a writer ultimately grew out of her environment seems simple enough—if you keep in mind her great instinctive and expressive human sympathy. She wrote some little sketches of the settlements. The San Francisco *Call* sent for her. And that's how it all began.

So when, next month, she criticizes the woman whom she calls the "octopus mother," Kathleen Norris does not speak as an aloof onlooker. Her words are born of the wise, tender courage that her own life taught her in a none-too-gentle school.

THE STALKER STALKED

"THE grim bull alligator was sprawled on his favorite log. I waded to the edge of the pond silently . . . When near enough for a shot at the old brigand, I stood with the wine-colored water up to my waist. Just as I prepared to put the rifle to my shoulder, some flash of instinct caused me to look back . . . Not twenty feet behind me, directly on my watery track, was a second alligator . . . The stalker stalked!"

We don't envy Archibald Rutledge this particular experience; nor will you when you read about it fully in his personal narrative entitled "Surprises of the Greenwood," in our May number. But you will find also that so sympathetic a student of nature as Mr. Rutledge gets many more pleasant than unpleasant surprises in his peaceful adventurings.

Archibald Rutledge with one of his "beloved retainers" at "Hampton," the old Rutledge plantation near Charleston, S. C.

"SPRIG HAS COB!"

SAY this aloud: "Spring has come." Now hold your nose and say it. Sounds as if you had a bad spring cold. The point is this: We Americans are constantly accused of having an unpleasant nasal twang. "You talk through your noses," we are told. Yet the truth is exactly the opposite. If we were to talk through our noses we could have no twang!

This seems a mysterious contradiction until you read the explanation in an article by Miss Helen Hathaway in next month's issue. Miss Hathaway makes you want to consider, as perhaps you never have before, whether you are taking advantage of that "passport to society," as she calls it—the cultivated voice.

Did you ever think how many people judge you on your voice? And don't you find yourself, every now and then, objecting in your own mind

These five little Africans would never have behaved like this if Mrs. Martin Johnson had turned upon them her glowing smile instead of her terrifying camera

to somebody's flat tones and slovenly enunciation.

Miss Hathaway not only offers a most illuminating study of the human voice but, more to the point, she tells us how to make our own voices attractive . . . We have been going around for days saying "AHM . . . AHM . . . AHM." In constant fear of being overheard. After all we're not looking for a night's lodging.

MEN READERS, TO ARMS!

WHAT does, what can, Mr. Hugh Walpole, the noted English novelist, know about the reading habits of American men? He seems rather positive in his opinion that our men rarely have a quiet evening with a book. He charges our wives with dragging their husbands out to fill endless engagements.

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

Hugh Walpole, one of our contributors next month

On one of his lecture trips to this country (he has been here recently, you recall), he said, "Send all the women to Iceland for two months, and American men will begin to read books."

We resent this. We even bristle at it. Our resentment does not affect our admiration for Mr. Walpole's work. But we question the right of a visitor, however welcome, who spends eight months of the year on a Cumberland mountain top in England, to qualify as a judge of our reading habits. Will the men readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING express themselves on this matter? Do they like to read? Do their wives limit their reading time?

We noticed, incidentally, that in his delightful story, "The Lilac," which we print next month, Mr. Walpole's hero does not seek solace in a book when his love affair is unsuccessful. Should matrimony be expected to convert a bachelor into an ardent reader?

HIS LORDSHIP, THE J. P.

HAVE you ever slit open a letter that changed the whole course of your life? It does happen. It happened to Justice of the Peace Marlebone in George Weston's new novel, "The American Marquis," beginning in this magazine next month. That letter reshaped the destiny of ten persons. It meant breathless romance for the Judge's two daughters—just such girls as may be reading these lines. For you it means six months of the real joy of living, as you follow this jolly story.

Let's be honest enough to admit that most of us are impressed by royalty and its titles. It was while traveling abroad that Mr. Weston got his material for this unusual story. How and to what extent "their lordships" impressed our author, who was born in New York City, will appear most engagingly as you read "The American Marquis."

We'll tell you only this much: Imagine yourself and your family suddenly transported, with all your democratic American customs, into an ancestral castle in England. How would you feel about it?

"CONVICT" BABY

HIS name was Convict. His mother didn't brand him with such a name. He was christened by Mrs. Martin Johnson, the explorer, who has an eye for stripes. He was a baby zebra, you see, and Mrs. Johnson tried to befriend him when he strayed from his mother's herd. She knew what an easy prey he might be for lions. The explorer who shoots with a movie camera tells what happened to him in our May issue, as one of the little biographies in her very human series on baby animals of the jungle.

Mrs. Johnson and her husband are now penetrating the wilds of British East Africa. They have circled the world six times. Borneo, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Africa—these glamourous, fabled places are just so many suburbs for the Johnsons.

RECIPE FOR A MAGAZINE

IF YOU were an editor, what three words of all available adjectives would you select to describe the ideal family magazine? We believe that Mrs. Bertha Lee, of Newcomerstown, Ohio, has picked precisely the correct words. Mrs. Lee writes: "GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is truly a 'family magazine.' It has been in my home since 1920 when I married. Thank you for keeping it *clean*, *instructive*, and *entertaining*."

Thank you, Mrs. Lee, for your cordial compliment and your concise appraisal. We appreciate comment. Every magazine does. And we want this department, "Our Own Four Walls," to serve as a meeting place for our readers. We want to tell them what we are planning for them. We ask them to tell us what they like, what they dislike, so that we can plan accordingly. A letter to an editor receives far more attention than most people think. Write to us, and let us have the value of your advice.

Zoë Weston, sitting pretty with her father, George Weston, the novelist

FEED Your TEETH

The Food You Eat is Just as Important as the Dentifrice You Use Says

Dr. Walter H. Eddy

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau
Of Foods, Sanitation and Health

FROM the day our first teeth appear, trouble begins for most of us. The rest of life is a fight, with the aid of dentists and oral hygiene, to keep these tools of digestion from deterioration, and ourselves from pain and expense. Therefore the true causes of tooth decay and methods of prevention are vitally interesting to us all.

During the past twenty-five years the improvement of health through proper diet has been increasingly demonstrated. In fact, some complain that the food vendor today is so obsessed with diet that he tends to convert our meals into a sort of medicinal regimen. In spite, however, of this increasing knowledge about foods as prophylactic against disease, relatively little attention has been devoted to the effect of diet on the teeth and the resistance to decay that it can build up. Dentists and tooth-paste makers have stressed mouth hygiene as our protective measure *par excellence*. They have neglected the matter of food selection. Or if they have mentioned it at all in this connection, their emphasis has been on its effect in the mouth rather than as nourishment and defense for the teeth. "Eat whole cereals to exercise the teeth and gums in mastication;" "avoid sweet things because they ferment in the mouth"—these are examples of this type of food advice.

Why has the health of the mouth been stressed so much? The principal reason is that some forty years ago Dr. W. D. Miller advanced a theory about tooth decay that came to be generally accepted. According to Miller, tooth decay occurs in two stages. First, acids produced by the bacterial fermentation of starches and sugars attack and dissolve out the lime salts of the teeth. This explains crevices or holes in the enamel—the enamel being nearly 98 percent lime salt (chiefly calcium phosphate). Second, either these same bacteria or others present in the mouth produce enzymes which attack the non-mineral, organic matrix of the teeth, the matter that cements and holds together the mineral components.

Most of our dentifrices today—and certainly their claims to merit—rest strongly on the assumption that Miller's theory is the true picture of tooth decay. "Remove food from the crevices, for its fermentation will produce the acids which attack the tooth. Use an alkaline tooth paste to neutralize the acids formed. Make use of antiseptics to destroy the bacteria that cause fermentation. Scrub away the mucus plaques that imprison the food and bacteria on the surface of the tooth, thus permitting acid to act as soon as it forms. Avoid candy and starches because these substances are fermentable. Use coarse cereals and chewable substances because these help to keep teeth clean. Impress the idea of oral hygiene by toothbrush drills, and slogans such as 'A clean tooth never decays'." You recognize these claims and readily see how they have developed from the widely accepted theories of Miller.

Some people have realized that there are excellent reasons for eating certain foods other than merely as the means to tooth cleanliness or gum exercise. Obviously, since teeth are made from lime salts, it is reasonable to urge that the foods which will build lime—such as milk and green vegetables—should be part of the child's daily ration. In the case of adults, however, teeth have been more or less considered completed structures; consequently building materials seemed less significant and oral hygiene relatively more important.

This forty-year-old theory apparently is not to be allowed to stand longer without challenge. A prominent investigator in this field has recently had the temerity to say, "I am not convinced that acid is the most important factor in decay."

I went to see Dr. Milton Hanke, who made this statement before the International Physiological Congress in Boston, in August, 1929. He enlarged on this viewpoint somewhat as follows:

First, saliva itself is nearly neutral in reaction. It has an excellent power of neutralizing or counteracting acids. A steady flow of saliva would make it impossible to have any great accumulation of acid in the mouth at any time; and the calcium phosphate, of which teeth are chiefly made, is not readily attacked by dilute acids. Again, the enamel is nearly 98 percent lime salt, while the dentine layer behind it is only about 70 percent lime salt, and yet the hole caused by decay in the enamel is usually small compared with the cavity formed below it in the dentine. If it is acids that break down teeth by dissolving lime salts, why isn't the enamel cavity much greater than the dentine cavity? Most dentists find that patients afflicted with pyorrhea have a high number of bacteria in the mouth, and yet tooth decay is not common in such cases. The bacteria of pyorrhea are acid-formers. If acidity is the main cause of decay, such patients ought to have higher incidence of decay.

In brief, Dr. Hanke supplied me with many practical examples of defects in the Miller theory as to why teeth do or do not decay. Beyond that, he has definite evidence that resistance to decay is determined largely by *what the blood brings to our teeth*. He regards the tooth not as an inert plug, subject wholly to the action of local substances, but as a fortress with a living garrison; and that garrison repels invaders according to the nature of the supplies brought to it. Of what sort are these supplies?

I noted above that lime is a factor in tooth building. Hence both the raw material and factors which control its absorption into the blood become significant in selecting diets for healthy teeth. In a comprehensive and readable book published by the University of Chicago Press, Drs. Katharine Blunt and Ruth Cowan have recently summarized what we know today about vitamin D, and its relation to lime utilization. In their review of the rôle of this vitamin in tooth developments, one finds interesting observations. They recall a Massachusetts survey and the support it gave to the idea that milk is highly important in tooth formation and health. The findings showed that in two towns surveyed there was a direct correlation between the amount of milk in the children's diet and their resistance to caries (tooth decay). In towns where 64 percent of the children drank a quart of milk a day, 33 percent of them gave no evidence of caries in their four molars; only 18 percent had all four molars carious or extracted. In town C, where only 16 percent of the children showed records of this quart of milk a day, only 13 percent had the four molars free of caries, whereas 40 percent had all four carious or extracted. These results certainly suggest that milk is an important factor in the prevention of caries. On the other hand, the 18 percent carious in town S, referred to above, indicate that milk is not the sole health factor.

Blunt and Cowan comment on these results as follows: "It is impossible to say which of the elements in the milk has been the determining *(Continued on page 271)*

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

A Frank Talk About Face Powders

By Ruth Murrin

Dressing table from Rose Cumming — *Negligee from Bergdorf Goodman*

THERE is only one reason for using the decorative cosmetics—powder, rouge, mascara, and eye shadow—and that is to give glamour to a woman's face. Used intelligently, make-up reveals the surprise qualities inherent in even an average collection of features; it accents individuality and brings out unsuspected charm. But used crudely, it gives women a kind of sameness—as if they were all cut from the same piece of cloth; it may even destroy every hint of the illusion it is intended to create.

Most of us look upon the choice of a face powder as a simple matter. Really it is quite complicated, and you can not afford to be casual about it. The correct face powder for you must be made of good materials, its texture must be adapted to your type of skin, and the shade must be subtly flattering. About quality and safety you need have no qualms, for every powder I recommend to you has been analyzed and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health. But when it comes to choosing a powder of the right texture and the right shade, I can give you only a general guide. You yourself must be the final judge.

IF YOU would like to know more about face powders, write to Ruth Murrin and ask for the April "Powder-Puff." It will help you choose the right powder and powder-base for your skin and the right shade for your complexion. Send a stamped, addressed envelope—a long one, please.

Don't forget that there is a complete booklet on how to be beautiful. It's called "The Primer of Personal Loveliness," price 25 cents. Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.

The only way to find out whether a particular powder is becoming to you is to try it on your skin. Be sure you apply it properly. Don't just fluff it on, or your face will be floury in one place and shiny in another. Fill a soft puff with it—I prefer a velours puff, and I like a new one often. Beginning low on your neck, smooth the powder over your skin, rubbing off the surplus, until the whole surface has an even mat finish, as if the powder had melted into the skin. Study the result in different lights—in bright day, under glaring artificial light, and under softly shaded lamps. You may find that you need several powders in order to look your best under varying conditions.

You will find that some powders are designed for oily skins and some for dry skins; some are heavy, and some are light; some are fine, and some are superfine; some are airy and fluffy; some are made on a cold-cream base. The heavier powders are generally best for oily skins, and they are useful to camouflage coarse pores. The lighter powders are best for fine, dry skins. Fluffy powders are liked by women who dread a made-up look, but the average woman wants a powder that stays on longer and gives her more protection against dust and weather. Cold-cream powders are helpful if you live in a harsh, dry climate. Extra-fine powders are most flattering to lined faces; a coarse or heavy powder is apt to accentuate wrinkles.

The choice of a shade would be simpler if manufacturers would decide just what shade is rachel, flesh, ocre, or suntan. But they can't agree, and we have a tremendous variety of shades offered under these well-known names. It is not wise, therefore, to buy a new powder sight-unseen. You may expect to get a pale cream color and open the box to find a dark ecru. Of late the old shades have had to compete with new and interesting ones under such intriguing names as "illusion," "aureate," "pearl," "peach," and "banana." The tendency of the past few years toward darker and more vivid powders reached a climax last summer with the dark suntan shades. This summer, I am told, tan will not be much in favor, and we shall try to keep white shoulders and fair faces.

If you use no powder-base, you must be especially careful to get a powder which matches your natural complexion. Otherwise the too-light or too-dark powder will give your skin a mottled appearance. If you use an effective foundation which holds powder well, you can lighten your natural color if you wish.

Next month I shall tell you about other make-up—rouge, lipstick, and cosmetics for the eyes.

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Diversify Your Investments

By Ruth Boyle

ONE of the fundamental principles of safe investment is diversification—distribution of risk. Every nation has a proverb which expresses in one way or another the familiar "Don't put all your eggs in one basket," and "Let not all your ventures be in one bottom trusted." In theory every one agrees that investment in any one direction should be limited, but few people seem to understand how to work it out in practise so as to obtain every advantage.

The other day my mail brought a letter from a woman who said: "As you will see from my list, I believe in diversification. All my bonds are different issues."

I discovered that each of her ten bonds was indeed different from the others, but all of them were real estate bonds. She had overlooked the fact that it is wise to invest in more than one type of security.

A man wrote that he believed in safety first, so he put his money only into state and municipal and high-grade public utility bonds. An examination of his list showed that he had invested $25,000 in fifteen bonds of this type, which would have been a very conservative investment except for the fact that all the bonds represented obligations of the same state. This man did not understand the advantages of geographical diversification.

Both of these investors, however, grasped the fact that the first thing to do when you want to distribute risk is to limit the amount you put into any one security. If you have $5000, obviously you will be better safeguarded against the loss of your entire capital if you put it into five different securities than if you risk it all in one. The law of averages is on your side.

The next step in proper diversification is to select the securities of corporations engaged in different types of business. Even the strongest and safest securities of today may meet with depressing circumstances in the future. Government bonds may be depressed by wars or by business conditions seriously affecting the national revenue. Public utilities, ordinarily regarded as among the most stable concerns, suffer in times of increasing wages and higher prices for materials, because under the supervision of state commissions with power to limit rates, they find it hard to raise their rates to a profitable figure. This situation made public utility securities unpopular in this country just after the war. Any one who has followed the fortunes of companies engaged in producing copper, sugar, steel, or motor cars knows how difficult it is to forecast their history over a period of years. It may happen, too, that a product which seems to be a necessity now will go out of use. The making of carriages, once a thriving industry, has practically been abandoned. Any woman will understand the influence of fashion on such things as textiles, cosmetics, and hair nets. The prohibition amendment affected some industries adversely and stimulated others. Because of these inevitable changes due to new inventions, new laws, or fashions, it is better to have a stake in several industries than to confine your interest to one, even though the one you select may promise a brilliant future.

A reader employed by a large corporation that encourages employee ownership of its stock, wrote that he was putting all his savings into the company's stock, and asked if there was any sound reason why he should not do so. In this case the concentration of savings in one channel resulted in a double risk, for his employment as well as his investment depended on the prosperity of the company. A wiser plan would be to put part of his surplus regularly in the savings bank until he could invest in another industry.

Another kind of diversification is geographical. In this sense, the widest distribution of risk would be international. British investors for many years have been international investors, largely because their country is small, opportunities for capital are limited at home, and their colonial interests have accustomed them to far-away ventures. Americans have been less inclined to buy foreign issues because until recent years we have needed all our own capital for our rapidly growing industries. Besides, our country is large and varied and provides considerable diversity within its own borders. Local pride and close-up knowledge of your own section may incline you to invest in local industries, but these investments should always be balanced by others of national scope.

Greater safety is not the only advantage of properly diversified investments. It is possible by this means to achieve a larger income. For example, take the case of a widow left with $10,000 insurance money. The safety of her principal would be of first importance to her, of course, but probably also she would be vitally interested in increasing her income. She might make one safe investment and put all her money in government bonds giving her an annual income of $425. Or she might split her capital into ten parts, invest each one in a carefully chosen bond, and without sacrificing safety increase the annual income to $600.

A combination of stocks and bonds may be worked out so that both steady income and appreciation in value may be expected. Unlisted securities, purchased for higher income, may be combined with readily marketable securities with a low yield, but capable of being sold promptly if the need arises.

It must not be thought that diversification will make a list of low-grade bonds a safe investment, or that a random list of speculative stocks is safeguarded simply because it consists of a number of items instead of just one. Each security in the list should be purchased on its merits.

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

It seemed like Tragedy

—but it gave me extra help for life

I KNEW something had happened, the minute the telephone rang. No one knew I was back in town except Bob. That bell had a guilty ring—guiltier than Bob's voice when he said, "Hello, dear."

He went on to tell me that Mr. Winslow (the owner of the *plant*, mind you!), with Mrs. Winslow, was coming to dinner that evening, to talk over some special plans he wanted Bob to work out for him.

"But Bob!" I wailed. "How could you —when I've been away ten days? The house is simply impossible! And I haven't a clean stitch to my name—"

I stopped. If opportunity was ringing the Mannings' doorbell, I'd be the last to pretend I didn't hear it.

"All right, dear," I said, as sweetly as I could. "We'll be ready for them."

—but I could see her studying my face, my hands, my dress

One look at the clock, which pointed relentlessly to ten-thirty, and I was racing up the stairs. The house could wait while I saw to my wardrobe. Thank goodness for that green crepe dress—the only *possible* thing I possessed!

Then, just as I took it from its hanger, I suddenly remembered. A big grease spot on the sleeve, another on the skirt.

No time to send it to a cleaner. Nothing else to wear. Dared I wash it? And those awful grease spots! No ordinary soap would touch them.

"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha—it makes spots and greasy dirt simply vanish, yet it's gentle as can be." Who had said that to me, just lately? Why, Bob's mother, of course! When I had praised her sweet, snowy wash, she had given me a regular lecture on Fels-Naptha Soap. One of the last things she had done before I left was to tuck a carton of Fels-Naptha Soap into my trunk, with the advice, "Just try it!"

I would. I did. Prayerfully, I dipped that dress into the lukewarm and rich Fels-Naptha suds. The clean naptha odor reassured me. Naptha, I remembered, was what dry cleaners used on dainty things—and there seemed to be plenty of it in Fels-Naptha.

I didn't dare rub. But I didn't have to! The spots vanished, and the color didn't change a bit. "Hallelujah!" I sang as I rolled my precious dress in a towel; then turned to a little pile of linens. In no time those clothes looked gorgeous.

Then I started in on the house—a task that would have seemed almost hopeless without Fels-Naptha's extra help. I used it on linoleum, woodwork—everything that had to have a hurried soap and water bath. More and more, as I worked, I blessed Bob's mother—and Fels-Naptha!

The evening was a big success. The house shone; I shone; my cooking (if I do say so myself) always shines . . . Bob and Mr. Winslow just ate, and talked about the plant. Mrs. Winslow talked to me graciously—but I could see her studying my face, my dress, my hands. How glad I was that they could all pass inspection! I'm sure if anyone had told her that I had been washing, cleaning, cooking, all day long, she would just have laughed.

Bob says that evening was the turning-point of his career. I'm sure it was the turning-point of mine. For if it had not been for the near-tragedy of that dress—I might never have known just how much Fels-Naptha's *extra* help would mean to me!

* * *

Fels-Naptha's *extra* help is due to the fact that this golden bar gives you two cleaners instead of one—good golden soap and plenty of naptha. Working together, they loosen the most stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid upon request. Mail the coupon, or a postcard.

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G. M.—4-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement

Name_____

Address_____

City _____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In using advertisements see page 6

HELP THEM NOW— and they'll help you then....

WHATEVER is going to happen to you twenty years from now all depends upon what is going to happen to your children.

Did you ever think of that?

If they grow up and don't amount to anything, you are going to have to struggle all the time with their misfortunes, you are going to have to keep apologizing to your friends, and you are not going to be very happy. If they grow up and amount to something, you are not going to have many worries of your own, because they won't let you worry; you're going to be proud amongst your friends; and you're going to be happy with yourselves.

You see, it's really just upside down from the way we have always thought of it.

But whatever is going to be done for your children must be done now. Every day, every minute from the earliest age is vital. The end is always measured at the start. Even the very end at the very start.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia for Children is one of the great ways in which modern parents are doing things for their children now.

For Compton's is a complete encyclopedia written and pictured entirely for children and with the inspiration of children always in mind. So, for the first time, children who have Compton's not only have their own personal source of information, but they also acquire that inspiration to learn and that ambition toward bigger things and more human understandings.

And that is why children who have Compton's not only, as a rule, get better marks in school and stay in school longer, but also tend to become leaders amongst their playmates and to form the habit of success which means so much to them in later life.

Compton's is already in 450,000 homes and 50,000 schools. That's how much people of America who are really interested in children have come to think of it.

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This coupon below will bring you a big, sample Pictured Section of this wonderful encyclopedia absolutely free, and will tell you how you can have it in your home on a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

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FACTS about FEVER

By Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M.D.

Director of

HEALTH and HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers of Young Babies

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

Have you noticed how casually most mothers regard fever? One will say, "Mary had a fever yesterday!" and then you see Mary playing with a group of children with yesterday's warning signal forgotten. Because fever is such a common symptom, we are accustomed to accepting it and do not worry much about it unless the body temperature goes above 103° Fahrenheit. It is a mistake to regard it so casually! Fever may usher in almost any disease. The other symptoms may vary with the condition, but fever remains as an obvious, easily recognizable accompaniment, a condition of being, not an entity of disease.

Some individuals run a high fever from slight causes; others, even though acutely ill, manifest little increase of temperature. Certain types of fever are characteristic of certain diseases, or of the different stages of the disease: the high, irregular, up-and-down curve of influenza or ear infections or pyelitis; the afternoon rise of temperature in tuberculosis; the continuous high fever of certain pneumonias before the crisis; the low fever of minor infections from nose and throat, etc.

A fever from whatever cause produces a state of body to which the individual must respond. The type of response can not always be predicted, yet most children fall into one of two classes: those made restless, irritable, and wakeful from fever; and those who become quiet, drowsy, and sleep too much. The skin becomes hot to the touch, yet the feet and hands may be cold. The eyes bright and feverish, or dull and listless. Usually there is no evident perspiration. After some time the lips become cracked or crusted, the mouth dry and the tongue coated.

The restless child is usually inordinately thirsty. The body processes are influenced by fever, digestion is slowed, food remaining for hours unchanged in the stomach. Food may even act as an irritant or foreign body instead of being digested and absorbed. The urine is often concentrated, becoming dark in color and with a strong odor, the so-called "fever urine."

Mothers should learn to take temperatures but should also learn not to become unduly alarmed by fever. Children may run a very high fever (104° to 105°) from a relatively slight cause. Their reaction is usually toward a higher fever than an adult's from the same stimulus. *Know* how high the fever goes instead of worrying about it! When you buy a thermometer, learn to read it. The druggist from whom you buy it, or your doctor or nurse will teach you. A normal mouth temperature is 98.6° and by rectum one degree higher, 99.6°. Learn to speak of fever as 101° Fahrenheit, not as "two degrees over normal." Temperatures taken by rectum are more accurate than by mouth, for both adults or children. Children should become accustomed to having the thermometer inserted into the rectum as part of a routine health supervision and not mind it more than having some one look down their throat, etc.

Fever should be reported to the doctor, who will then examine the eyes, ears, nose, and throat, and the skin, will listen to heart and lungs and feel the abdomen, will investigate the condition of the nervous system, save the urine for analysis, look at the stool, and make a blood test if indicated.

The mother should keep a careful record of the fever. She should encourage the child to remain quiet, and put cold cloths on the head if the temperature is above 103°. She should use light bed coverings on the baby, or a sweater and leggings if he is restless and apt to kick off the bedclothes. She should give water frequently if the child is thirsty, unless there is vomiting as well. She should offer a light liquid diet, broths, gruel, and fruit juices, with *no milk unless it is especially ordered.*

For example, a child of sixteen months ran a temperature of 105°. The mother, in trying to reduce the food, gave milk alone for supper. A few hours afterward the child had a convulsion. After a warm, relaxing bath the convulsive seizures ceased and the child vomited the entire contents of her stomach—large, hard milk curds which may have been irritant enough to cause the nervous explosion because of the slowing down of digestion during such a high fever. After the vomiting she became much more comfortable and fell asleep. You can be sure that her diet for the next few days of her illness was such that even a resting stomach and intestines could utilize it.

A baby with fever is potentially sick, even though he does not seem actually so at the time. He may burn out his strength unless he is kept quiet. Because fever may be a signal for the onset of any one of the communicable diseases, he should be isolated until the cause can be found. We believe that every child who has a fever, from whatever cause, should stay in bed for two full days following it.

This may seem a hardship to you and the child. You may even feel it quite unnecessary. But it pays! It gives an opportunity for the healing of whatever part of the body has been below par. It gives nature a chance to rebuild resistance. If you follow this rule you will find that your child will tend to have fewer complications of this special disease and be stronger to resist new infections.

Josephine H. Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

and her debutante daughter Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel

Beautiful Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, New York and Biarritz, is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her daughter, Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, has been a brilliant favorite among this season's débutantes, since her recent début at the Ritz.

LOVELY DAUGHTER of the brilliant alliance of two famous American families! Miss Edith Drexel's recent début recalls the magnificent coming-out party at the Plaza given for her mother when she was Marjorie Gould.

This season's fortunate young favorite inherits her mother's charm as well as her dark, vivacious beauty, her lovely wide-set eyes and clear, pale olive skin.

Mother and daughter, as débutantes and always, have used Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully. Now we both delight in the soft new Cleansing Tissues and perfumed Skin Freshener. My daughter says 'Pond's is wonderful.' . . . And I agree with her!"

Follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting a little to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Pond's Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener

Second—wipe away with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues, soft and so absorbent.

Third—briskly dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. ★

At bedtime—cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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In using advertisements see page 6

"STEERO" SECRETS

Works wonders with EGGS!

EVERY MORNING of the week, on millions of breakfast tables—eggs! Scrambled, fried, omelets. Omelets, fried, scrambled. No wonder some husbands protest—unless "STEERO" bouillon cubes have come to the rescue. One of these magical "STEERO" flavorers in an omelet or a dish of scrambled eggs and lo! you'll hear the family asking for more.

Not only will these wonder cubes transform egg dishes, but they'll tempt you to discover new ways of serving fish, meats, vegetables, salads, sauces, appetizers—even sandwich spreads. Already 101 new recipes, 101 new ways of preparing everyday dishes, have been revealed for you by Bertha M. Becker, noted food specialist. The coupon below brings you this bookful of "STEERO" secrets—"101 New Dishes"—and samples of the wonder cubes free.

"101 New Dishes" and samples of "STEERO" bouillon cubes FREE

Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.

G. H.-4

American Kitchen Products Co., 281 Water Street, New York, N. Y. *Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.*

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STREET_____

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This offer not good in Canada

THE APRIL FORUM

Discusses

Spring Housekeeping

THE orgy of spring cleaning is becoming a thing of the past. Spring housekeeping is taking its place; that is, a seasonal checking up before spring passes into summer. The paint pot comes out in all its glorious colors, and the can of lacquer as well, to refurbish worn porch furniture and various pieces about the house. Furs and other winter clothing are stored away, safe from moth attack, awnings and screens and slip-covers are looked over early for repairs or replacement, the furnace is put in order, ready for autumn, and if there is a garden, the garden tools are put into working condition. Each season brings its special chores, and it is well to take time some morning to go about the house and grounds and make a list of the things needing attention, so that you may plan to have them looked after early in the season.

Longer Sheets

For the sake of comfort a bed sheet should be long enough to tuck in snugly, so that it may be held smoothly in position. The upper sheet should also be long enough to turn down over the blanket far enough to supply the needed protection. For these purposes a sheet at least 108 inches long is necessary. Many housekeepers now use a third sheet to cover the blanket, as added protection.

It's Moth Time Again

The sight of a moth flying out of a clothes closet is enough to give any housekeeper a panicky feeling. But many confuse the white-winged moth with the real culprit, the little, yellow, glistening insect that lays its eggs in our furs and woolens. Nor is the damage done until the egg hatches out and the tiny worms or moth larvæ start feasting.

There are many problems in keeping the entire household free from moth damage. What of the summer sweaters and the golf hose and the blankets that will be used during the summer and can not be packed away? What is the safest method to follow with the woolens that can be stored away for the entire summer season? And last but by no means least, what must be done to furniture and rugs? Little wonder that we become confused in our efforts.

If you have woolens that will not be needed for the summer period and which can be stored out of sight, your first thought must be to free them of any possible moth eggs. Take them into the sunlight, and brush and air them well. To be doubly sure, wash those that are washable, and have the others dry cleaned. Then put them away where moths can not invade them. You can wrap them in heavy paper and seal all the edges with gummed paper. You can hang dresses and coats in garment bags that leave not the slightest opening for the moth to enter. And there is no more convenient and safe place for blankets, sweaters, etc. than a well-made cedar chest.

With the woolens that must be kept in partial service, we have a different story. Even constant watching may not be enough, especially in hot, humid climates. There is no better treatment for these than to treat them with a mothproofing liquid. When thoroughly and properly done, this renders the woolens inedible to the moth worm—at least, until they are washed or dry-cleaned, after which the mothproofing treatment must be repeated. Follow the directions which are provided by the manufacturers of these products.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that safety is assured by merely introducing the fumes of camphor, napthalene, and paradichlorobenzene into your closets. These fumigants have their place, to be sure, but in order to be effective in killing moth larvae, the fumes must be *very much concentrated*. In other words, the fumigants must be used in air-tight chests or compartments where fumes can not escape. Recent experiments conducted by the Food, Drug, and Insecticide Administration of the Department of Agriculture have exploded the old theory that anti-moth fumigants are effective in rooms or closets against moths, flies, roaches, or ants, and have established that they will not purify the air, disinfect, or destroy odors. These experiments proved that these fumigants must be used in sufficient amounts in small, tight containers, such as boxes, trunks, chests, small air-tight wardrobes, or closets. The mere presence of these materials or their odors would not repel moths or prevent moth injury.

Overstuffed furniture is always a problem, for when moths lay their eggs in the interior or the filling of furniture (as they are apt to do), it is almost impossible to get fumes or liquids to penetrate; and if moth infestation has started, there is little that the housekeeper can do to prevent further damage. Such cases require the help of expert exterminators.

Small vacuum cleaners and vacuum cleaner attachments are a great help in keeping furniture coverings free from moth eggs.

Save the Magazine Stories

My husband does not like to read serials in magazines as they come month by month, so we used to save them until the serial was complete and then he could read them at one sitting. However, the accumulation of magazines was a problem, our home being a small city apartment where space is at a premium. One day in despair I hit upon the idea of cutting out and clipping together each serial after the rest of the magazine had been read and was ready to be discarded. I put these in large envelopes, with the name and author written on the outside, and the name of the magazine. When the story was finished, I marked it "Complete," and put it between the small book-ends I used for the purpose. I started this about a year ago, and today I have quite a collection of these envelopes and have expanded to the extent of saving series of articles on subjects in which I am interested, a collection of short stories, etc. I find new uses for these serial stories every day. My husband and I take one with us on a train trip in preference to a book or magazine, because we can discard it when we have finished. Or we tuck it in a corner of our bag if we wish to keep it. Often I take one or two to a friend in the hospital, or an envelope of short stories—they are more easily read in bed than a heavy book or a large magazine and can be thrown away when finished, or easily mailed back. We also find this a good way to keep the stories that come out in magazines but are never published in book form. We used to let them be thrown away, and then were often sorry we couldn't go back and reread them. Often people tell us they started a story and lost a couple of issues and were unable to finish the story. Then we are quite proud to produce the complete story and present it to them to read.

J. M. S., Detroit, Michigan

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York

Not Likely to Produce Cankers

I have canker in my mouth constantly. I eat a well-balanced diet, but some days I eat candy or peanuts between meals, most often in the evening. Do you think these might cause the canker?

Mrs. J. A. L., Vt.

Canker in the mouth is likely to be caused by some disturbance of the functions of the stomach. If, for instance, there is hyperacidity in the stomach, or an ulcer, the condition is likely to be reflected by canker in the mouth. Those who are subject to this disturbance should apply to the family physician for a careful examination of the condition of the stomach with a view to finding the cause of the trouble, which, of course, would lead to its removal by proper measures. Neither candy nor peanuts, unless eaten in excess, would have any tendency to cause canker.

The Best Way is to Forget it

Will you please tell me what causes a red nose when I go out and how I can prevent it.

Mrs. J. S.

A red nose is due to extreme tenderness of the skin, which permits the arterioles to show through. I do not know any remedy for a red nose of this kind. The best thing to do is to be philosophical about it and forget it. Do not rub the nose nor try in any way to diminish by any kind of application the intensity of the color. You may only make matters worse by trying to remove the trouble.

It Depends Upon The Development Of the Child

Is it advisable to give corn on the cob to a child under five years of age? What would be the advantages or disadvantages in giving it?

Mrs. M. D. D., New Hampshire

Whether or not corn on the cob should be given to a child under five years of age depends solely on the development of his masticatory apparatus. As a general thing it is inadvisable. Even if the teeth are properly developed, a child of those tender years is not in a position to exercise his masticatory functions properly. A lot of the grains would be swallowed unchewed. Children differ in the development of the teeth at that age. Some might be able to chew the food properly, and others would not be able to do so, therefore it must be decided on the evidence at hand in each case. It is the same as any other problem connected with the child's teeth. The state of development of the child must be taken into consideration.

A Very Annoying Condition

Ever since I can remember, I have been troubled by an annoying affliction—excessive perspiration, especially of the hands. Heat has nothing to do with the condition, which attacks me whenever I am nervous or am placed in a new situation of any kind. Sometimes the flesh is cold and clammy; at other times it is warm and appears slightly distended or puffy. There is no odor, and its objectionable feature is its terrible embarrassment. For years I haven't been able to shake hands with people, which places me in unbelievably awkward situations.

Miss B. A., Maine

Cases like yours are not so rare as you think. I have known a number of them in my own experience. Usually the only treatment of the trouble is to use a solution of tannin or of alum on the hands. This tends to restrict the size of the pores and to a certain extent diminishes the quantity of the perspiration. It must not be forgotten, however, that treatment of this kind produces, or tends to produce, an unnatural condition which may in the end be irritating or injurious to the skin. If used at all, it should be under the direction and care of a competent physician who can stop the treatment the moment any irritating effect appears.

No Delay Should Be Permitted in Immunizing Against Whooping-Cough

Should a child be inoculated for whooping-cough as soon as he has been exposed to it, or not until he has it? Will he have this disease in lighter form if he is inoculated?

Mrs. J. A. Long, Vt.

When a child has been exposed to whooping-cough, it is highly advisable to call in the family physician and ask him if the child should be immunized against this disease. While immunization against whooping-cough is not so certain as that against smallpox and typhoid fever, it is reasonably reliable. It may not entirely avoid the disease, but it tends to make the attack much less violent and continuous. For this reason no delay, as a rule, should be permitted. If the family physician thinks there are reasons for delay, of course his advice should be followed, but I think few physicians will advise anything except prompt action.

The Balance of the Diet Should Be Slightly Alkaline

Will you please send me a list of food for a diet which maintains a balance between acid-forming and alkali-forming and neutral foods.

Mrs. D. L. C., N. Y.

The principal fluids of the body are slightly alkaline in character, with the exception of the urine, which generally is slightly acid at the time it is voided. The urine, however, on standing, soon becomes alkaline by the development of ammonia from urea. The blood, which is the principal fluid of the body, is always slightly alkaline. The stomach is usually and normally slightly acid. The solid tissues of the body as a rule are slightly alkaline. For this reason the diet should be so selected as to be slightly alkaline in character. To this end the quantity of fruits and vegetables should be predominant.

Meats, eggs, and cereals are slightly acid upon digestion. You must know, in this connection, that I am speaking of these foods *after* digestion and not before. For instance, fruits before digestion are nearly always acid, but the residues which are left after digestion are uniformly alkaline.

I Have No Booklet on High Blood Pressure

Have you a booklet on high blood pressure? I would like to get one if you have.

Mr. J. J. P., California

I have no booklet on high blood pressure. I have had excellent results in advising persons with high blood pressure to adopt a low-protein diet. It may not work in every case, but it does good in most cases. Meats of all kinds, including fish and fowl, are eliminated. At the same time vegetables and nuts with a high content of protein are taboo. Fruits and low-protein vegetables form the bulk of the diet. Usually those who confine themselves to a diet of this kind experience a marked fall in the blood pressure, and if this diet is continued long enough, permanent benefit will result.

It is not known exactly what causes high blood pressure. One would judge from the effects of a low-protein diet that the habits of our people in eating a high-protein diet may have something to do with the cause of the disease. At least, it is not harmful in any case to adopt a low-protein diet.

Chicken a la King
. . . . . at home . . . . .
just as delicious as that prepared by any famed chef!

You know how delicious, how wonderfully good Chicken a la King always is when you have it at your favorite downtown hotel!

Well, here's a little secret . . . With a tin of R. & R. Boned Chicken (*) and a few other things which you already have in your kitchen—you can prepare Chicken a la King that will rival any you ever had when eating out.

The sweet, tender meat from the carefully selected fowls cooked in shiny nickel kettles as only Richardson & Robbins know how to do it—makes it possible for you to prepare the most delectable Chicken a la King in a few minutes. Try this recipe and have a big treat for dinner some night soon.

CHICKEN A LA KING

1 tablespoonful Butter — 1 Pint Milk
1 tablespoonful Flour — 1 blade of Mace
1 small tin R. & R. Boned Chicken
¾ cup shredded Pimiento
(a sweet red pepper, canned)
Salt and Paprika to taste

Cook the butter and flour in a saucepan for two minutes. Add the milk and mace, and stir until you have a smooth, creamy sauce. Stir into this the chicken, cut in small pieces, and heat thoroughly. Remove the mace and add the seasoning. Place the shredded pimiento over the top and serve in a covered dish.

Grocers everywhere carry R. & R. Boned Chicken. It's the easy economical way of preparing one hundred and one delightful chicken dishes. Be sure to keep it on hand.

(*) *Every chicken is inspected and certified by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.*

R&R

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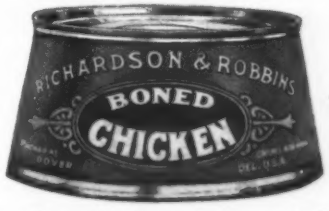
Established Since 1855 in Dover, Del.



In using advertisements see page 6

Fabrics that touch Your Skin need Borax

YOU'LL find that most up-to-date housewives today put BORAX in their washing water. That's because Borax-softened water permits your soap to do its work 3 to 5 times better—and exerts a *purifying* and *deodorizing* effect as well. Everything is thoroughly clean and sweet and comfortable to touch when you let 20 Mule Team Borax help you wash!

A Refreshing Footbath

For tired feet—or feet that perspire excessively (and perhaps unpleasantly) a nightly Borax footbath gives comfort and genuine relief. Many people have told us that this simple Borax treatment has cured troublesome conditions where all others failed.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 420
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name.....

Address.....

April Fools' Party

By Elaine

APRIL first has been celebrated as All Fools' Day from times so remote that its origin is unknown. However the custom originated, it has long been usual to perpetrate some kind of hoax on the unwary on this day, and since this is all done in a spirit of fun, it is a good day to celebrate.

INVITATION:

To be a fool apart
Is not much fun, I trow,
But being fools together
Is lots of fun, I know
(*Time*)

So come around on April First
In spring's sweet, balmy weather,
And we will play some silly games
And be foolish altogether
(*Place*)

Write this invitation on a sheet of paper shaped like a dunce's cap, and when the guests arrive, provide each with a fool's cap with a bell fastened to its peak.

DECORATIONS: Use balloons, clowns, geese, and jumping jacks; hang clown faces over the lights. Jazz trees are made with a clothes-hanger foundation to which limbs draped with crêpe paper moss are fastened, and to which balloons are tied for a sort of upside-down fruit. They can be placed in corners of the room, or on each side of the staircase. Draw fools' faces on the balloons.

GAMES: The Foolish Garden: Provide a long, narrow box filled with sawdust. In this plant sticks about a foot long, some with silver bells, cockle shells, and others with tiny dolls fastened to the end. On the end which is planted, fasten tiny favors. The girls then pick the "silver bells and cockle shells" and the boys pick the "pretty maids all in a row."

Simple Simon Fishing Pond: This may be arranged either as a fishing game for prizes or as a device to obtain partners. Paste the boys' names on the fish; the girls do the fishing.

SILLY GAMES:

Running For Office: Everybody runs around in a circle until the whistle blows. The one who happens to stop on the lucky "spot" which only the hostess knows gets a prize.

If Card Games Are Played: Start every table to playing a different game; one table may be playing bridge, another whist, another euchre, or slap jack, seven-up, fantan, poker, casino, or old maid. Whenever the bell rings everybody puts down his hand and progresses to the next table, where the game is continued. Any couple finishing a game, and winning the hand, scores 10 on their cards. At the end of the game the couple winning the most points gets the prize. At this party the highest score wins the booby prize and the lowest score, of course, wins the first prize.

Sells: These may be articles tacked to the floor which almost every one will try to pick up. Crêpe paper caramels and crêpe paper doughnuts which are realistic in appearance can be mixed with the candy and cakes.

Other Games Which Are Good Fun To Play:

Puss in the Corner
Forfeits (Spinning the plate)
Up Jenkins

MENU SUGGESTIONS:

A bright red apple may be scooped out, saving the top for a lid, and filled with chicken salad. An orange, similarly arranged, may contain fruit salad.

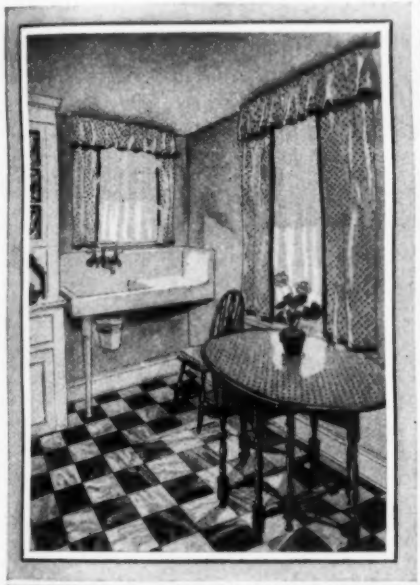
Clowns: Round cup cakes with clown faces traced in chocolate icing on white.

Fools Cap: Ice-cream covered with a crêpe-paper cone, with a bright red cherry on top.

For information concerning School Banquet and College Dance see page 151

Give your floors the stamp of style

Advises
WATTERSON LOWE
New York Decorator



"Any room," says Watterson Lowe, New York decorator, "can be given the stamp of style with a fashionable floor of Armstrong's Linoleum." To illustrate, Mr. Lowe offers these two examples of his work. Floor in kitchen is a Marble Inlaid; in sun room, Embossed No. 6061. See these and others now at local stores.

"HOW can I modernize my home?" If you consulted Watterson Lowe, of the New York School of Interior Decoration, he would quickly tell you, "Start with your floors."

Two examples of Mr. Lowe's work that carry out this axiom of modern home decoration are shown here. Both rooms—though one is that workshop of the home, a kitchen—have been given the stamp of style by fashionable floor effects in Armstrong's Linoleum.

These floors mirror the mode of modern decoration, both in smart color and style-setting design. They mirror the mode, too, of easier housekeeping, for they are such inherently clean floors. Their Accolac-Processed surface banishes spotting and staining. Light waxing and polishing keep them new-looking. Or merely renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer in rooms where floors need frequent washing. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Why not enjoy in one room at least the eye-appealing beauty, cushioning foot-comfort, and freedom from floor-cleaning care of a modern Armstrong Floor? Your local linoleum, furniture, or department store merchant will tell you exactly how little it will cost. He will tell you, too, how quickly and permanently one of these fashionable Armstrong effects can be cemented in place right over your old floor.

Armstrong's (A) Product

Free Home Decoration Service—Hazel Dell Brown, in charge of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, will gladly help you plan your room. Her free service is explained in her latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." The book alone will bring you many new and unusual suggestions that you can easily carry out. Please let us send it to you. Just enclose the cost of mailing with your request, 10¢. (Canada, 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 928 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

Beautiful Alice White, charming film star, knows the beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat Rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, marvelous *underglow* that makes brilliancy natural.
Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of accustomed flat, shallow, "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat *amazes*—gives beauty so thrilling that it actually bewilders.

The Life Principle of All Color is GLOW. The mysterious fire of rubies, the fascinating hues of pearls, the soft, velvety tints of flowers—all depend upon *glow*. So does the subtle tone of the complexion, if it is to be truly beautiful.
Now then! Where ordinary rouge *blots out* glow, Princess Pat *imparts it*. Wonderful, luminous color seems actually to come from within the skin. It modulates, glows—so that only beauty is seen—"painty" effects never.

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color. No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones*, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. A mystical *undertone* gives lovely *glow*—an overtone gives vibrant, glorious color. And, too, Princess Pat magically changes on the skin, adjusting intensity to your individual need.

Every Shade of Princess Pat Rouge Matches Any Skin. Whether you are blonde or brunette, any shade of Princess Pat will match your *skin and type*. The duo-tone secret does this. And what an advantage! You can, at will, use shades for brilliancy; for rich, glowing healthful color; for wondrous delicacy; for exotic, radiant beauty under artificial light.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before. Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty for *your* complexion is too precious to defer. Today, then, secure Princess Pat rouge and discover how gloriously lovely you *can be*.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

CANADIAN ADDRESS,
93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept A-1394
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.
☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ *Summer*TAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

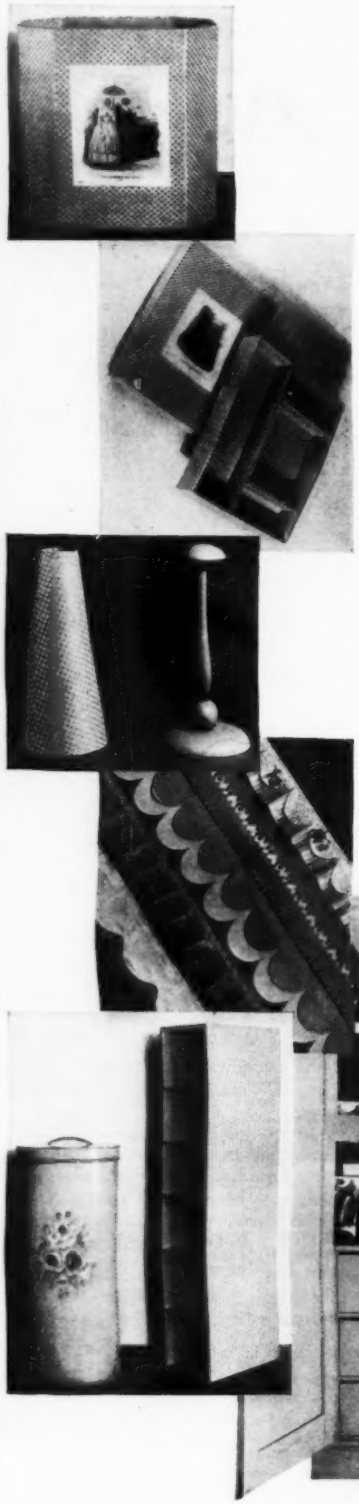
Name (Print).....

Address.....

City.....State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

The Studio Will Buy These Closet Fittings



NOW that spring is here with all the new, gay clothes that it brings, your closet should be made ready to receive them. Gone are the days when a closet was just a small, dark space in which clothes were hung more or less at random. Now, no matter how little space we have at our disposal, we try to make it as attractive and colorful as possible.

At the upper left is a wastebasket covered in rose, blue, orchid, green, or black paper sprinkled with tiny silver stars, a Godey print on one side. It is 10½" high, $1.50. Next below it is a matching box for your closet drawer, containing four other little boxes, 9¼" by 12½", $1.50. Below is a cone-shaped hat stand to match, 4 for $1.60. Beside it is a wooden hat stand in blue, orchid, rose, green, or pink, 4 for $2.60. Shelf-edging comes next, reading from upper right to lower left: glazed chintz in rose, blue, green, orchid, or peach with flowered chintz, 50c a yard; then permatex and flowered chintz in yellow, orchid, green, blue, or rose, 40c a yard; 2 shades of permatex, green and orchid, peach and green, or peach and turquoise, 50c a yard; glazed chintz with rick-rack braid, in orchid, green, yellow, peach, blue, or rose, 45c a yard; white linen with blue, green, or orange edge, 50c a yard. A laundry hamper of painted tin in peach, green, or orchid, with flower design, 24" high, 11" wide, is $10.00. A shoe cabinet of star paper in rose, blue, orchid, green, or black, 37" high, 6½" wide, 12" deep, is $4.95. In the closet is a hat box in the star pattern, in the colors listed above, 14½" square, $2.50. Matching suit boxes, 23" long, $2.50. A stocking box in the same star design, and in the same colors, with 12 spaces, is 85c. Velvet hangers in rose, blue, green, orchid, peach, or pink are 50c each.

How to Order

To order any of the closet accessories shown on this page send the correct amount in stamps, check, or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Your hands can have this white loveliness

★ Jergens Lotion leaves no stickiness

Keep your hands smooth, soft, dazzlingly white with this wonderful preparation. Jergens Lotion gives your skin instant relief from the harshness of cold, windy weather, keeping it supple, smooth, exquisite for all occasions

IT is a joyful experience!—the first time you use Jergens Lotion on your hands.

Instantly—your skin feels soothed, refreshed. Dryness and irritation disappear almost at once. After a few applications your skin begins to show a lovely suppleness and softness.

You can keep your hands smooth and white, no matter how much you use them, by giving them daily care with this wonderful preparation.

Jergens Lotion owes its unusual healing action to two famous skin restoratives, used in medicine for generations because of their wonderful power to soothe and soften the skin, and stimulate skin repair.

It leaves not a trace of stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

Because of its wonderful help in keeping hands smooth and white—thousands of women have also begun to use Jergens Lotion as a regular accessory of the bath, to give their arms, back, neck, shoulders the same lovely smoothness and whiteness.

It should be used right after the bath, while your skin is still moist and glowing from vigorous toweling. Apply it freely, rubbing it well into the skin.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what relief, what daily comfort it will give your skin. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

FREE · *A new trial bottle*

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3207 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "*Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection.*"

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3207 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

In using advertisements see page 6

Out of the Big North Woods . . .

came a recipe to reward Van Camp's food experts after years of research to make better beans. Carefully chosen beans and pork, sugar and molasses are blended with watchful care to make Bean Hole Beans. Millions of appetites back up this verdict for the best beans you can buy or serve—"Van Camp's, of course."

If You Want Quality

You can always get the choicest, freshest Indiana tomatoes made into the creamy, rich soup that satisfies the most particular appetites—you can be sure every step of its making is certified by food experts—if you just remember to insist—"Van Camp's—of course."

Ask Your Grocer for

Soups
Spaghetti
Bean Hole Beans
Milk
Catsup
Chile Con Carne

VAN CAMP'S
~of course~

Our Shopping Service Will Buy for You

Capelet frocks are spring's smartest note, and the two above are charming for the house or afternoon. The first dress is of printed flat crêpe, is semi-made, and has all the difficult work done; black, blue, beige, or green ground; 14 to 40; $8.95. Only $2.95 is the second dress of printed dimity; blue, green, orange, or black on white; 14 to 40; $2.95

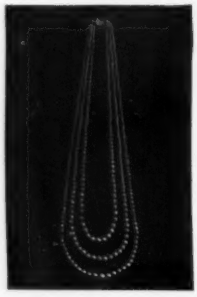
Flat crêpe makes the third dress; it is semi-made with only seams to sew; white, maize, blue, coral, navy; 14 to 44; $7.95. Fagoting trims the neck of the printed lawn frock, 4th fig.; rose, orchid, or green on white; 16 to 46; $3.45. The lovely, printed-lawn dress is appropriate for many occasions; orchid, green, blue, or black on white; 36 to 46; $5.95

Bride's Book

To help you plan your wedding, order our new Bride's Book which we have just published. Send 25c to the Bulletin Service Good Housekeeping N.Y.

How to Order

Just send your check or money-order for any of these frocks and accessories to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C.

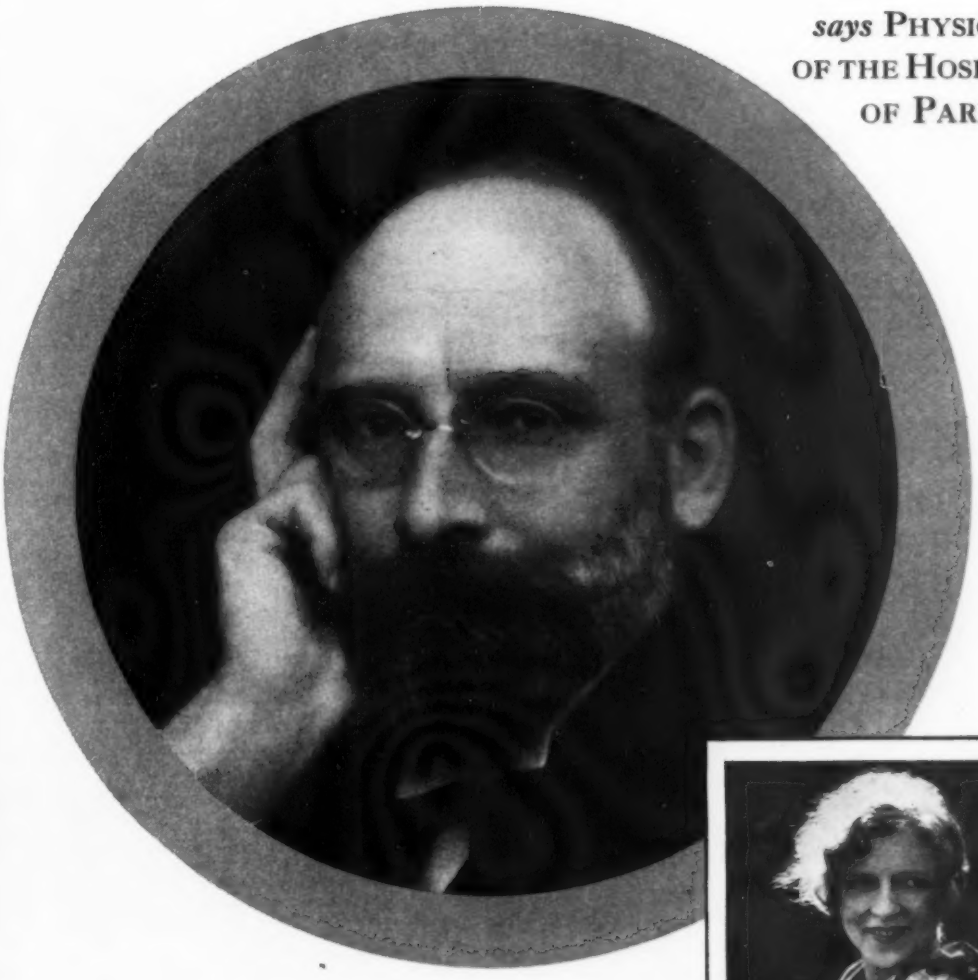


Accessories for the bride: the lovely, triple strand of pearls has a crystal clasp; $2.95; a plaited handle trims the leather purse, above; fitted; 8¼" x 6¼"; red, black, tan, navy, green; $4.95; white or beige washable doeskin gloves; all sizes; $2.25; crystal clasp; $1.75; order your own initial appliquéed on fine linen handkerchiefs; blue, green, beige, peach; 12" square; only 75c ea.

New lingerie for your trousseau, at left, all of crêpe de Chine and all trimmed with beautiful, deep beige lace: the slip is cut on princess lines and comes in peach, flesh, or white; 34 to 40; $2.95; only $5.95 are the pajamas; tea-rose, nile, blue, or flesh; 15, 16, 17; $5.95; ribbon flowers and a ribbon belt trim the gown; comes in nile-green, tea-rose, flesh, blue; sizes 15, 16, 17; $4.95

People who are under par need this *living food* . . .

says PHYSICIAN OF THE HOSPITALS OF PARIS



DOCTOR GEORGES FAROY . . . specialist in diseases of the digestive tract . . . Physician of the Paris Hospitals . . . author of the famous "Digestive Therapeutics" . . . This great physician says:—

"Fresh yeast is a food—a living food. It increases gastric and intestinal secretions. It aids digestion. It overcomes constipation. By checking intestinal poisons it is useful in treating furunculosis (boils), pimples, etc.

"Yeast is very rich in vitamin B, which nourishes the body cells. Irradiated, it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, so important in building strong bones and teeth.

"Yeast is a valuable food for people who are under par."

Make this remarkable stimulating food *your* spring tonic! Benefit from the *two* precious vitamins (B and D) in which every cake abounds. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on the label.

OTHER WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORITIES SAY:

PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, internationally known authority on nutrition, states, "Yeast is a food endowed by Nature far beyond most others with power to guard the health of man."

DR. JULIUS CITRON, Berlin metabolism expert, says, "Run-down people often become completely changed after yeast has been added to their diet."

DR. PITTALUGA, physician to the aristocracy of Spain, declares, "Yeast stimulates the glands and has a general tonic effect. Its use will banish constipation, renew appetite, aid digestion."

"My doctor advised yeast when I was run-down"

"I was very weak," writes MISS ALICE ELSON of Chicago. "My digestion was miserable. My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast, which improved my appetite, digestion and energy." ★

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

In using advertisements see page 6

Two Million Women...

Show You the Way to Lasting Loveliness

North ... South ... East ... West ... into the homes of debutante and housewife, society leader and business woman, we sent 500 of Krank's Beauticians to experiment ... to find the perfect cleansing cream for the modern woman.

By studying the different skin textures of two million women under different climatic influences they found it ... a cream so cool, pore-penetrating and awakening that it's like the dawn of a new day.

In this breathless age of office, bridge, tea, dinner, theatre, dancing ... it's a golden moment when you massage gently into the skin KRANK'S LEMON CLEANSING CREAM. It's all you need to keep you young for Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream revitalizes the skin, tones the muscles and preserves a glowing velvety texture, vibrant with youth and health.

Our perfect treatment, so simple, effective ... makes it an easy matter for every woman "to walk in beauty" ...

You want the *best* Cream for cleansing and beautifying *your* skin. Purchase today a jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream, or send the coupon and 10c for a generous trial jar.

Krank's lemon cleansing cream ... Krank's honey rose cream ... Krank's skin health, a tissue cream ... Krank's mentho lemon foundation cream ... Krank's floral breath astringent ... Krank's skin health face powder.

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

krank

A. J. Krank Co., Dept. 52, St. Paul, Minn.
For the enclosed 10c, please send trial jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream and your booklet, "Beauty and Health."

Name_____

Address_____

The Fool of the Family

(Continued from page 40)

two o'clock in the morning and got up at eight to bathe. Not one minute of the day was left empty, so that she was sure of never having time to think.

"It's wonderful," declared Lady McClean after a week of it. "I do really think she has at last begun to forget that young man."

"I don't," said Sir Ivor.

"But her spirits are so much better."

"I know. Because she's seen him."

"Seen him! My dear man! Where? When?"

"That I don't know. But I'm sure she's seen him lately."

"She wouldn't deceive us."

"Better ask her."

And that evening, before dinner, they asked her. She was taken aback, but she would not lie to them.

"Yes, I have seen him. How—how did you know?"

"We didn't know. We inferred it," said Sir Ivor. "You've been uncommonly cock-a-whoop these last few days."

"Oh! I see."

She was relieved, because she had been afraid that they might have caught wind of Caryl's recent exploits. And when she had finished being relieved, she smiled to herself, a warm, mysterious little smile which was quite new.

"I met him at Steineck on the frontier," she said. "But you needn't be afraid I'll do it again, because he's gone away. He's gone to England to look for work. And when he gets it, he'll come again and ask me to marry him, and I shall. But he won't come before. You don't understand in the least what he's like. He's perfectly dependable." She said this a trifle bleakly. "And he's perfectly willing to wait."

"And are you willing to wait?" asked Sir Ivor.

"Yes."

"Well, that's something new."

"Perhaps it'll show you how much in earnest I am."

The McCleans could make nothing of it, but they could not tell her not to wait, so they left it in the air, and delayed their return to England as long as possible. Fenella did not mind. She was in no hurry to go back, for she knew that she would not see Caryl if she did. And she was happy. Life was opening round her like a flower, and the future, full of radiant possibilities, could look after itself. She no longer made plans; she dreamed dreams, taking the greatest care never to ask herself what was really happening. It was better to dance through the days and let the shimmering future float nearer of its own accord.

And yet—and yet . . .

How could she be disloyal? She was going to marry Caryl. She had quite made up her mind about that. She loved him. In all her life she had never broken a promise.

But was it, then, possible to love two people at once? She had never heard of anybody who had done so. The very idea was shocking. So that if she loved Caryl, it was conclusive that she could not love anybody else. She would not ask herself whence all this glittering excitement came, or whither it was bearing her. It was so sweet, so magical, she could not bear to lose it by giving it a name.

SO she allowed them to keep her on the Continent until the summer was over, and on the way home she made no bones about staying for a few days in Paris to buy some clothes and to eke out by another respite the most golden season she had ever known.

"It's a pity we aren't going to Loch Ardh," she grumbled, when at last the return was upon them.

Her parents left off puzzling over her. They were sorry now themselves that they had let Loch Ardh, their Scottish house, for two years. For if Caryl was to be in London it would have been as well to keep Fenella four hundred miles away. But if she herself wished to be out of London, they scarcely knew what they were to suppose.

"Has your young Jack-in-the-Green got work yet?" her father asked her on the boat going over.

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't heard. He said he wouldn't write again till he had good news to tell me. It was so depressing for him to write when he had nothing to say."

"Hmph!"

FENELLA sighed. She was full of sighs that day, full of a queer, new melancholy. For the first time she was regretting the past and sighing for moments that would never come again. She was afraid, too, foreseeing that her bliss without a name must either fade away and die, or ripen into something tragic. Nothing would ever be quite the same any more. And all the way up to London she sniffed a poignant tang of autumn in the air, a drift of leaves burning, with the sharp edge of a first frost. She could smell it even in the petrol-reeking streets of London. Their chauffeur, at the station, looked old, and the trees in the park were turning yellow, and the women at the street-corners were selling tawny chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies. It was really the end of summer.

"How dingy it is!" she said, as they got out of the car.

"Dingy?" said Lady McClean. "But I was just thinking how nice and clean it looks."

Their house had been repainted that summer and was a more virgin cream than any other in Hyde Park Gardens.

"It's filthy already," snapped Fenella.

She darted into the hall, which was full of chrysanthemums. How she hated them! And there was the same old smell of London dirt kept well at bay, and the same old Cotmans and the six Hepplewhite chairs looking primmer than ever because nobody had sat on them for so long. Even upstairs in her own sitting-room, so full of pretty things, there was a curious deadness. Her possessions, neatly arranged and well-dusted, did not welcome her. She was a stranger to them. The only sight which claimed her was a heap of letters on the writing-table.

Caryl's letter, written in rather watery ink upon cheap paper, was at the bottom of the pile. She had not expected to find it, and the sight of the small, careful writing gave her a shock, as if he had come in and spoken suddenly behind her back. But her heart beat very quickly as she tore open the envelope and saw that he had written pages. She began to read:

"My Darling Fenella,

"How I wish I knew where to send this! I can't bear to think that you won't get it for days perhaps. But I'll send it to H.P.G. and suppose it will reach you eventually.

"Darling, I've got the very best news. I'm so happy I can hardly write. I've got a job! (Oh, why can't I tell you this, instead of writing it?) I wrote to my brother-in-law, Jacob Birnbaum. I think I told you about him, didn't I? And I got the kindest letter from him this morning. Far kinder than I expected, because, after all, he's only my half-brother-in-law, and he's done a lot for our family already.

"It seems that he's recently bought up, among other things, Kraut's, the music publisher. They have a branch in London, you know, and he sent me a letter to take to the Managing Director here. As you may imagine, I went at once. I've had experience of a sort, for I managed all that side of my father's business; and they've taken me on, beginning at a salary of £400 a year! Birnbaum has definitely promised that if I do well they may find some very good opening for me indeed. He says that it isn't charity, because they

Will you pay half the usual price for *white, lovely* teeth?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Your tooth paste will buy you a "wave"

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is $3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

★

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

In using advertisements see page 6

200 YEARS AGO...

you might have known such cooking

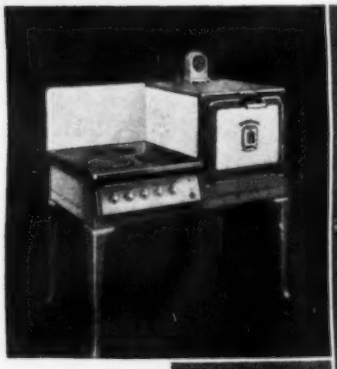
... but never such freedom

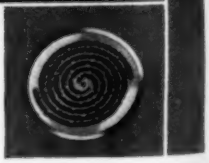
What meals were cooked in those old Dutch Ovens of 200 years ago! Partridge roasted to a luscious brown . . . vegetables rich with their own full flavor . . . pudding fragrant with spice and fruit. For the Dutch Oven held a cooking secret that brought every dish to consummate perfection. But Dutch Oven cooking took time and labor, and so in spite of its unmatched results it went the way of the spinning wheel and the Cape Cod lighter.

Now, today, there is an *automatic electric range* that cooks just as the Dutch Oven cooked. That range is the new Westinghouse Flavor Zone Range, the range that will cook an entire dinner while you are out of the kitchen. With it, you will know a freedom seldom enjoyed before by women who have had the responsibility for cooking meals for their families.

Free menu suggestions

The coupon below will bring you a copy of the interesting story of how Dutch Oven goodness has been recaptured in a range that requires neither your time nor attention. It contains interesting dinner menus that can be cooked entirely under automatic control in this marvelous new range.





A new development the Westinghouse Quick-Cook Unit gives you 30 to 50% greater speed and 10 to 20% greater efficiency in platform cooking.

★ **Westinghouse**

ELECTRIC RANGE

with the Automatic Flavor Zone Oven

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

Westinghouse Electrification — Appliances — Apparatus — Wiring

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Domestic Appliance Department Mansfield Works, Mansfield, Ohio

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "A Cooking Secret 200 Years Old"

Name.....

Address.....G.H. 4-30

The Fool of the Family

really do want sombody like me, with my experience, in the firm, and they might put me as manager of a branch later on. Kraut's are doing very well, and if once I got really into the business, there's a chance of my making quite a lot of money. I mean some thousands a year—enough for us to marry.

"I'm so bewildered with happiness that I hardly know if I've explained it all. I can't believe it. Fenella, you know how much I love you. I can't even talk about it, much less write it. But I love you more every hour of the day, and if you ever left off loving me, I think I should drop down dead. Do write soon, if you can, and tell me that you think this is good news. I want to know exactly what you are doing and thinking all the time. And can you send me a photograph? I haven't got one. I would treasure it.

"This letter is all about myself, but I don't even know where you are. I have a nice room here, in a quiet street, and a landlady who looks after me very well. On the ground floor there is a rather pathetic couple; they are the only friends I have made. He was blinded in the war, poor wretch, and she has to go out all day to work. I don't know if he has a pension. He stays at home and looks after the children; he does it quite wonderfully. I go down to play to him whenever I can, because he likes music. Do you know, he told me that when he was in hospital somebody sent them tickets for some performance of *Figaro*, and he went with a party of men in charge of a nurse. This woman talked bang through the whole performance, 'in a whisper like a hydrant,' telling them everything that was happening on the stage. Can you imagine any worse torture for a man who wanted to hear it? I said, 'Couldn't you shut her up?' And he said, 'Oh, she thought she was being kind' —in the saddest voice. It made me understand, more than anything, what blindness must be. His wife's a brick. He's lucky to get her.

"Good-by, my sweet one, and do write soon. I love you so much. God bless you.

CARYL."

FENELLA read through this letter quickly, skipping from sentence to sentence in search of a name that was not there. When she had finished, she sat still for a little while, leaning against the window, numb with disappointment. And then she read it all more slowly, taking in the sense.

The sense was bad enough. Its confident happiness could only thrust her into blacker depths. Never for a moment had he seemed to wonder whether she would like being married to a managing director in a publishing firm. Not a word was said about his music or the career which he had apparently given up. She did not know how she was ever going to write back with sufficient enthusiasm.

But all this was really beside the point. She was in the throes of a far worse discovery. There was nothing in the letter about Sebastian, not the least hint of news about him. Somewhere, all the time, he must be leading his so different life, but she would never hear of it. He had been snatched away from her, and instead of getting news of him, she must give her attention to this dreary chronicle of ways and means and nice letters and managing directors and blinded soldiers.

As long as she had heard of neither, she had been able to draw no distinction between them. They were both haloed by the same romance. But now at last she must admit to herself that it was for Sebastian that she had danced all through the summer, and Sebastian's kiss that had changed the world for her.

When she read over the letter a third time, her heart, in the light of this discovery, was sore with pity. Every happy sentence stabbed at her accusingly.

"But don't I love him then?" she wondered, as the slow tears ran down her cheeks.

Love, a malicious spirit, shook his torch and

Gay, Piquant Flavor in the dressing *gives sprightliness to Salads!*

A DRESSING of sparkling, animated flavor makes even the simplest salad a dish of sheer delight.

And mustard, more than any other seasoning you use, snaps a salad dressing into vivid life. Colman's Mustard is unrivaled . . . there's nothing to compare with its inimitable tang, its gay jauntiness of flavor!

For generations Colman's Mustard has been milled from a marvelous seed grown especially for Colman in Lincolnshire, England . . . seed famous all over the world for its rare, pungent spiciness. No wonder, then, that a dash of Colman's adds a magic touch to any dressing—home-made or ready-prepared.

RECIPE FOR RUSSIAN DRESSING

To one cup of Mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons thick chili sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato catsup, and 2 tablespoons Worcestershire Sauce.

And here's a delicious recipe for Mayonnaise Dressing

3 level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon sugar; 2 egg yolks; 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar; 1½ cups salad oil.

Into the well-beaten egg yolks stir the dry ingredients, then the lemon juice. Add the oil gradually, beating the mixture constantly. Add a little more lemon juice if it becomes too thick to beat, then add the remainder of the oil.

Pineapple and cream cheese salad is especially delicious when you serve it with Russian Dressing.

A marvelous lobster salad can be made from canned lobster, celery, and hard-boiled eggs. Garnish with parsley and serve with plenty of Russian Dressing.

By appointment to His Majesty The King

FREE RECIPE BOOK for new salad dressings and salads; hors d'oeuvres; relishes and pickles; marvelous cooked dishes, too. You will want this recipe book!

The good old stand-by salad of hard-boiled eggs takes on a new significance with Russian Dressing. Try it and see!

J. & J. Colman (U.S.A.) Ltd. 9-4-30
Mustard Street, Rochester, N.Y.

Please send me the free recipe book described above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

In using advertisements see page 6

ALWAYS GOING—NEVER STILL.
A fine mellow banana gives tired-out little bodies a brand-new lease on life!

MEN LIKE BANANAS—*and depend upon the nourishment and energy which they supply for a busy day.*

Authorities agree

that Bananas are

A Vitality Food

MODERN LIVING exacts a heavy toll of energy. But nature finds ways to meet this wear and tear. In the banana she has given us a handy packet of *invigorating food materials*. . . . Protective vitamins — energy-building fuels — body-toning minerals—these health essentials in generous measure are stowed away in this delicious fruit. Nor are these health-giving properties all. Bananas belong in the diet for many other reasons: always available—always in season—economical in price—and readily digestible by people of all ages. No wonder then authorities praise such a *natural* vitality food!

NEW BANANA BOOK *FREE*

BANANA GROWERS ASSN., 17 Battery Pl., N.Y.C.
CANADIAN OFFICE: GH-4-30
1171 St. James Street West, Montreal, Canada
Please send me "Bananas in the Modern Manner"—24 pages of unusual recipes—illustrated.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

BANANA
GROWERS ASSOCIATION

April 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Fool of the Family

fled away from her. She thought of that first night when she had seen Caryl in Venice, and knew that he had seemed to her quite another person. She thought of him on the dark road by the Adlersee. And at that thought something stirred in her inmost heart, a passion not quite born as yet, a yearning over Caryl and a painful sense of being his. She did not know it for love and thought it pity.

Not from pity would she marry him, however, but because she had promised, and because it would be wicked to love Sebastian. Now that she knew the name for her bliss, she must kill it. She would marry Caryl, and she would love him, and she would forget the madness of the summer.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Sebastian was writing with both hands, Gemma knew that it was dangerous to ask him anything. At the least breath or murmur from her or Siegfried, he would turn round, blazing, to ask what all that hullabaloo was about. Yet the trains which thundered once a minute past their window hardly seemed to disturb him, even when they whistled.

She often wondered what the people in those lighted carriages might think, as they rushed past of an evening, if they should catch sight of him at his work. There, gone in a minute, a table all covered with music, a fair, intent head—they would never have time to see that he was writing with both hands, jabbing in little blots and strokes all over the confused score, trying to keep up with a mind which was racing along too quickly for its owner.

Sometimes, inspired by his confidence, her thoughts would go winging away to a magnificent theatre on the first night of a new Ballet. She would begin right at the beginning with the bustle and the crowds on the pavement outside, as the great cars slid up, one after another, and lovely ladies in flashing jewelry thronged up into the foyer, past enormous posters which shrieked out the name which she had come to know so well.

She would come a little late herself, rolling up nobly in a taxi, and somehow she possessed a cloak of rose brocade with a string of large pearls. She knew exactly how she would go swaying up the steps between the posters, and how, when she looked out upon the packed, excited house, people would say,

"Who is that beautiful dark girl who has just come into the stage-box?"

But the greatest change of all would be when the curtain went up upon this shadow world in which she had been obliged to live for so many weeks. It would be real then. This dream of spring, which Sebastian had held in his heart all through a dark and chill November, would come true before her eyes. She would see the Graces, in their flower-sown gauzes, dancing among the dark olive trees; she would breathe again the gentle airs of a southern May, while Zephyr pursued Aurora among the enchanted groves. Sebastian had talked so much about this Aurora that he might almost have been painting her portrait instead of writing music for her. She was to flicker across the stage on a long cadence of harps, while Zephyr, to an oboe, sported among the budding trees. And she was to be very fair, very swift, like a young, slender birch tree.

"I think she was dark," said Gemma once.

But Sebastian told her gravely that perfectly beautiful women are always fair. And she had been a little dashed at that, so that she longed to see Aurora on the stage, when she would be too proud for jealousy.

These imaginings, however, were not as satisfactory as a square meal would have been. She was hungry. Siegfried was hungry. They were getting hungrier every day. She hated London, the soot, the noise, the fog, and the cold. She hated this grimy room, so close to the railway line, and the smell of the gas-ring, and the twang of cockney voices quarreling

Ready to fire! Millions of Puffed Grains produced every minute for the breakfast tables of America.

Food Shot from Guns!

Noted scientist explodes a hundred million food cells in every grain of wheat and rice

That's what makes Puffed Grains more easily digested—gives them virtually the nourishment of hot cooked cereals

WHAT? Wheat and rice grains shot from guns? Yes, to make them completely digestible. To give them virtually the same nourishment as hot cooked cereals possess.

For each grain contains 125 million food cells. To make the grains completely digestible, each cell must be broken. So Professor A. P. Anderson said: "I will explode these 125 million food cells."

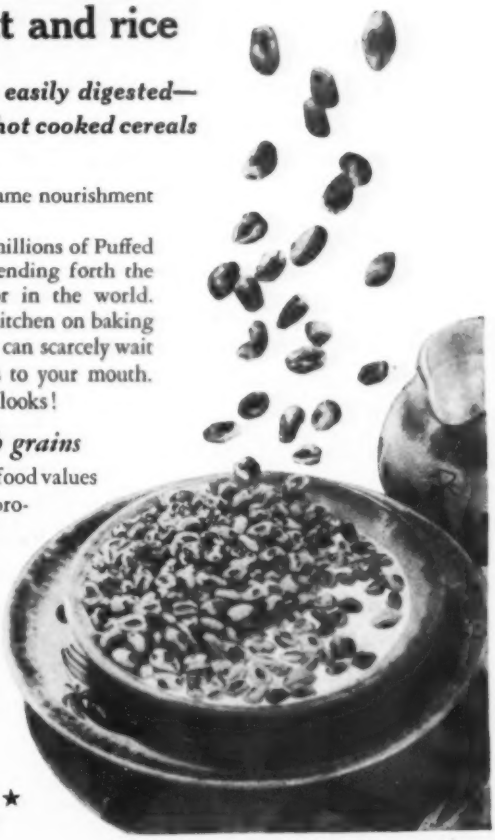
Every food cell broken

He seals the grains in guns. Then revolves them for hours in a fearful heat. Then he fires the guns. This causes over 125 million steam explosions in each grain. Every morsel is made completely digestible, just as if it had been cooked for hours. Thus Puffed Grains offer virtually the same nourishment as hot cooked cereal.

75 huge guns pour out millions of Puffed Grains every minute . . . sending forth the most delectable food odor in the world. It smells like an old-time kitchen on baking day. It smells so good you can scarcely wait to lift a handful of grains to your mouth. And it tastes as good as it looks!

Delicious health grains

Puffed Rice has all the vital food values of selected rice. It offers protein, the great repair food. It releases instantly a rich flood of energy. Puffed Wheat provides matchless minerals. It is 25% bran. Order Puffed Grains today from your grocer. The Quaker Oats Company.



Quaker Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice ★

In using advertisements see page 6

SAVED—all the Flavor

and 4/5 the Kitchen Labor

COOKED to fine tenderness—with all the savory juices sealed in—Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham comes ready for final oven-browning.

To bake the Half Ham requires but 30 minutes; the Whole Ham 60 minutes—1/5 the usual time. No boiling, simmering or preliminary cooking. Grilled ham takes but 3 minutes. Serve cold ham instantly. Hours of kitchen work saved!

And what a saving, too, in flavor! For each Flavor-Sealed Ham is first sealed in its vacuum container. Then cooked the Flavor-Sealed way. Nothing can escape. All the natural juices are cooked into the meat—none lost in steam and water, as in ordinary cooking. You get the full flavor of these young, mild-cured hams.

An economical way to buy ham. There is no waste—no skin, no bone, no surplus fat; while ordinary ham is frequently 1/6 such waste. Cooking shrinkage of Flavor-Sealed Ham is almost nothing, compared to a shrinkage of nearly 1/3 the weight in home cooked ham.

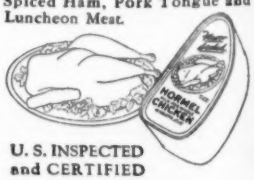
Every morsel of Flavor-Sealed Ham is usable. Even the juices are valuable, for flavoring soups, vegetables and other foods. At leading stores, or write us. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

★THE FLAVOR-SEALED IDEA

Hormel Flavor-Sealed Foods are first sealed in the Vacuum package. Then cooked. None of the original flavors and juices can escape. Flavors are cooked *in*, not *out*. Flavor-Sealing saves the *Flavor* and saves you hours of *Labor*.

Only Hormel Foods are Flavor-Sealed

Included among Flavor-Sealed Foods are Chicken (Whole and Half), Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue and Luncheon Meat.



U. S. INSPECTED and CERTIFIED

HORMEL ★ Flavor Sealed HAM

READY COOKED — *WHOLE OR HALVES*

The Fool of the Family

eternally on the stairs. Sometimes she hated it so much that she was almost ready to take her baby and leave Sebastian. So she crouched on the bed, pulling the coverlet over her shoulders to keep herself warm, and wondered what was going to happen. As soon as he would listen to her, she must make him understand that all her money was spent. He was not writing now. He was sitting still, like a statue. That might last for hours. And then, all of a sudden, he would burst once more into two-handed activity.

"How I hate him!" she thought savagely. "How I love him!"

Soon he would turn round and stretch his cramped limbs and ask her vaguely for something to eat. She planned to say:

"I won't give you anything to eat. I hate you. I'm going to leave you."

But she never said it. Instead, she began to cry softly.

"What's the matter?" he asked in a tired voice.

His face, under the unshaded lamp, was spent and drawn with effort.

"There isn't anything to eat," whimpered Gemma.

"Then hop out and get something. I'm hungry."

"I told you this morning. There's no money."

"What?"

"We've spent it all. I've got threepence-three-farthings. That's all."

"Then pawn something."

"I've got nothing, except our mountain boots. I might get a couple of shillings for them. Nobody wants mountain boots in London."

"Enough for supper, anyhow."

"But tomorrow? We have to pay the rent tomorrow. They'll turn us out. What do you propose to do about it?"

SEBASTIAN wagged his tired head about vaguely and said reproachfully that she was not much help to a man, anyway. Whereat Gemma flushed. Indignantly she pointed out that she had been looking for work ever since they came to London. But there were so many girls looking for work.

"I read in a paper," said Sebastian, slowly revolving the problem in his mind, "I read in the paper that people can't get maids. Why don't you go as a daily maid somewhere?"

"I couldn't, without a character."

"Without what?"

"References, you know. From my last employer or somebody respectable. I'd never get a decent place without that."

"Don't we know anybody respectable?"

"No. Nobody who would give me a character."

"I could give you one," said Sebastian thoughtfully.

"That wouldn't be any use."

"Yes, it would. I'll write a letter you can show, saying what a good housekeeper you are. I'll put this address, and if they write to me I'll answer them. When you go out with the boots, buy some sheets of decent writing paper and a bottle of India ink."

"Why India ink?"

"I can make the address look as if it were engraved, if I print it in very black ink and press it from the wrong side with a pin."

Gemma took down the boots from a high shelf and wrapped them in a piece of newspaper. When she returned, half-an-hour later, with food and money, she found him absorbed in composing not a Ballet, but an encomium on herself.

"Listen," he said. "'This is what I shall put: 'Gemma Trenary has lived with me for eight months and I am parting from her only for financial reasons. I have found her thoroughly reliable in every way, a good cook, a careful housekeeper, hard-working, clean, sober, chaste . . .'"

"They wouldn't like that," said Gemma.

Farnham Pattern Electric Urn (nine cups). Aranium with jade or onyx Catalin handles, $27. Matching cream pitcher and sugar bowl, $11.50. Tray to match, $6.50.

Electric Urn in squat modern design (nine cups). Aranium with ebony Catalin handles, $40. Cream pitcher and sugar bowl to match, $23. Catalin-bottom tray to match, $20. Canadian prices on application.

COFFEE URNS

OF UNCHANGING LUSTRE

THE china cups may break, the silver spoons may tarnish . . . but this Aranium coffee urn that makes coffee equal to your ideal cannot be a whit less beautiful or luminous.

Aranium was a subject of exclamations at first. Something ought to stain it. Lemon juice, perhaps—and this was rubbed on it to see. Gases from a radiator—or surely the darkening influence of salt sea air. But it gleamed inviolate. . . . Now Aranium urns, sugar bowls, cream pitchers; Aranium sandwich toasters and sandwich trays—are being taken for granted like other triumphs of science. And naturally are much desired as wedding gifts, and are a source of pride long after.

Ask for "Manning-Bowman Appointments in Aranium" at nearby electric shops, department or house-furnishing stores. If you do not find them there, send your order and check to Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn. (Wholesale distributors in Canada, Northern Electric Company.)

MANNING-BOWMAN*

APPOINTMENTS IN ARANIUM

(a superior chromium finish with an extravagant lustre)

In using advertisements see page 6

Lemon Meringue Pie looks just as luscious as it tastes—baked and served in the Pyrex Pie Plate

★

More Than a Pie Plate!

Bakes and serves, perfectly, dozens of foods

Baked Sausage. *Never eaten baked sausage? Then you don't know how tender and delicious sausage can be. Pierce with needle; parboil; drain; bake in pie plate until brown.*

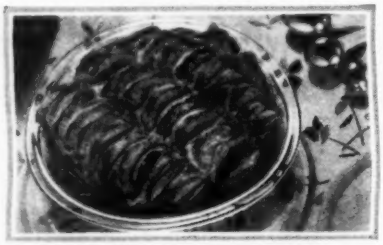
Stuffed Artichokes. *Boil first. Fill with stuffing of bread crumbs, two beaten eggs, parsley. Dot with butter. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake until dressing is brown.*

A PIE PLATE of such varied accomplishments is sure to interest any housewife! Made of sparkling glass—this Pyrex Pie Plate looks so attractive on the table that you can use it for both baking and serving dozens of foods—in addition to pie. Vegetables . . . many kinds of meat . . . biscuits, corn bread, cottage pudding, coffee cake, apple cake.

Unlike metal pie plates—the Pyrex Pie Plate combines the usefulness of baking dish and serving dish . . . yet it costs but 90¢ in the medium size.

The houseware or china sections of department stores and hardware stores have this Pyrex Pie Plate—and many other Pyrex dishes. Prices are slightly higher in West and Canada.

FREE · *Send today for new Menu Booklet*



Apple Cake—for breakfast, luncheon, or tea. Baked and served in the Pyrex Pie Plate, it keeps all of its fresh-from-the-oven flavor.

Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-71, Corning, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Menu Booklet containing 30 complete meals . . . each whole meal cooked all at the same time. New edition, beautifully illustrated in color.

*Name*_____
(Please Print Name)

*Address*_____

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Fool of the Family

"Oh, surely?— I thought it was the one virtue which every young woman ought to value above life itself."

"It isn't the proper word. Say 'honest'."

"All right. 'Honest, good-tempered—' What have you got to eat?"

"Fried fish and some milk for Siegfried."

"You can put him in a *crèche* if you go out to work all day, I suppose?"

"Yes. But I'll have to pay for him. A shilling a day."

"And how much could you earn at a daily place?"

"As I cook so well, I might get a pound."

"That'll keep us: you'll get your food there, probably. Do hurry up with that fish."

WHILE Gemma put a shilling in the gas meter, he returned to the draft of the letter before him and asked what else he should put.

"Say I'm a good riser."

"A good what?"

"Good at turning out early in the morning. It's the sort of thing which might impress them."

Sebastian added that, and after supper he set to work to fake the engraved address with a pin and India ink.

"What's the good," argued Gemma, "when this is a slum."

"Who's to know that unless they've been here? You mustn't try for anywhere too near. I should go to South Kensington, where all the young married couples set up in flats."

Having finished the address, he wrote out the entire letter in his minute, beautiful hand and signed his name at the end of it.

"And it's all quite true," he said triumphantly. "Come and have a look."

"A reference from a man isn't nearly so good as one from a woman," said Gemma, looking.

"Why?"

"Because men get taken in more easily. Everybody suspects the housekeeper of a single gentleman. And a man wouldn't have said that bit about a good riser."

"Why didn't you tell me that before? I'll have to do another. I'll have to get a wife."

"You've got a man's writing."

"I know. I must make it more illiterate."

He did another in a larger, more flowing hand, and signed it "Joanna Banger."

"What an awful name!" said Gemma.

"It's my first name—John. John Sebastian. Now, is that everything?"

"No. I have no uniform. I must have overalls and a black frock and apron for the afternoon. How am I to get those?"

"Have we anything else we could pawn?"

"There's only—"

"Only what?"

"It isn't really ours, though. Caryl's watch."

"Sanger's watch, you mean. We-ell . . ."

He hardly liked the idea of pawning it, though he had never admitted that it ought to belong to Caryl. It was a gold watch, with Sanger's name engraved on the back, and on their father's death Caryl, who was the eldest son, had taken it. But he had lent it to Sebastian on the journey home, and Sebastian had kept it, partly because it was useful and partly because it was too much trouble to return. But he did not quite like to pawn it.

"It would fetch enough to pay for my outfit, and the rent, and keep us going till I was earning," urged Gemma.

"And it's not like selling it," he agreed. "When my Ballet is produced, I'll get it back."

"When your Ballet is produced we'll have gold watches all round. Give it to me, and I'll take it now."

"No, I'll go. I'd like a bit of air."

"You won't get as much for it as I should."

"Oh, yes, I shall."

He was glad to get away from the smell of gas and fried fish, and he strode through the crowds on the wet pavements without seeing them. It was Thursday night, and the pawn-

The Fool of the Family

shops were busy, but at length he succeeded in getting for his watch at least half the amount that Gemma would have got.

"It's the name," snorted the pawnbroker. "Who wants a watch with another man's name on it?"

"If you weren't as ignorant as a buck rabbit," said Sebastian angrily, "you'd know that this particular name adds a value to the watch."

"Sanger!" spelt out the pawnbroker, looking at the back of the watch. "Well, Sanger, or Barnum, it don't make no difference. You can take it or leave it."

Sebastian got himself out into the street and paused. The extreme smallness of the sum in his hand abashed him, so that he did not feel ready to go home with it. He shrank from Gemma's comments. If he walked about for a little while he might feel braver. So he continued to stroll down Camden Road. By the time he got to Regent's Park, he felt rich, for he had not walked about with so large a sum for weeks. Gemma never allowed him to go out with much for fear he might lose it. He jingled the silver in his pocket and fought with the temptation to go somewhere and eat largely. The fried fish supper had merely taken the edge off his hunger, and he hankered after a steak and a pint of porter. Since most of this money was to be spent on fine new clothes for Gemma, he might surely claim a little for himself. It was his watch, or nearly his watch. But he could not feel that it was fair, for Gemma was hungry, too, so he resisted the inclination.

AT Queen's Hall his eye was caught by an announcement for that evening, a performance of "*Til Eulenspiegel*" by the Stockholm Orchestra, conducted by Heinrich. This was another matter. Sebastian's eyes began to glitter, and the need to hear good noises overpowered even his hunger. A moment later he was posting round to the gallery entrance, only to learn that all the cheaper seats were full. The performance was just beginning, as he flew round again to the box-office, flung down twelve-and-sixpence, and reached his seat just as the applause which greeted Heinrich was dying down.

Everybody looked at him. Not because he came late or because his clothes were unconventional did they stare at him, but because they wondered who he was. They hardly saw his clothes, and in any case young men in queer clothes are not uncommon in the Queen's Hall. But young men so beautiful, so serenely unconscious, so full of an unexplained distinction are very uncommon anywhere. Even Heinrich, catching sight of him, waited to begin until he was settled, not from any great deference for his young friend, but because he wanted the full attention of the audience for his opening bars. It all looked impressive, and as though Sebastian was a very important person indeed, so that Fenella's mother, in the first row of the circle, put up her lorgnette and whispered,

"Now let me see, who is that?"

Fenella did not answer, for Heinrich and his orchestra were launched. Besides, she could not have spoken. The Queen's Hall had turned suddenly upside down, and she was falling. She clutched the arms of her seat and fought against the danger of fainting, but she never knew how long it was before the spinning world stood still.

The whole thing was upon her again: that moment when Sebastian had kissed her in Steineck, the fire, the excitement, the terror had all flared up together. Only then she had jumped into her car and fled away, but now she must sit still while it consumed her. And at last she must look down into the pit below, whence all that blur of perilous music assailed her. She could not help it. She could not look away. It was as though her very self had gone tumbling down over the edge of the balcony.

Once you use Kotex you'll want its *lasting* protection . . . always

Kotex absorbent is now used in 85% of America's leading hospitals

WHAT a comfort to feel the safety and security of Kotex protection! You'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Because this protection *lasts* . . . through busy hours. And it stays soft and comfortable. You will appreciate that.

This unique comfort is due to the Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding of which Kotex is made. It is a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with five times the absorbency, five times the efficiency.

Hospitals use this same absorbent

Where the greatest precautions are observed, in 85% of the leading hospitals of America, this very same absorbent is used today. No woman could ask a safer guide in choosing sanitary protection.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

There are many ways in which Kotex is better: You should read the little box below. Then try Kotex and test its lasting protection for yourself.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1 Keeps your mind at ease.

2 ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 ***The Kotex filler*** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

4 ***In hospitals***. . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

5 ***Deodorizes,*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

In using advertisements see page 6

"DON'T BE A HOUSEHOLD SLAVE

Use Samoline for cleaning"

Say women everywhere

100% Clean
WITHOUT INJURY
to the surface or the hands

FOR 15 years thousands of women have been telling their friends that housecleaning is fun with Samoline; that it saves ⅓ the time, ⅓ the labor and ⅓ the expense. In the bathroom Samoline removes all dirt, stain, rust and tarnish from tub and lavatory and nickeled parts *quickly* and *easily*. It makes those "difficult" tile floors, painted walls and woodwork immaculately clean, sanitary and inviting.

You can use Samoline in perfect confidence on everything from the grand piano to the kitchen sink. It is wonderful for cleaning silverware; fine for white woodwork. In fact, it cleans all painted, varnished, enameled, tile, metal and glass surfaces 100% clean without injury to the surface—and leaves the hands soft and white. Being in paste form, there is no waste.

Samoline is not just another cleaner. It is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping and sold on the basis of absolute satisfaction or your money refunded. In 15 years not a single can has ever been returned. Try Samoline today—the ease with which it does your cleaning will delight you.

"The World's Greatest Cleaner"

SAMOLINE

Samoline is sold and recommended by grocery, drug, hardware, paint & varnish, plumbing, variety and department stores everywhere.

SAMOLINE CORPORATION
1300 Fletcher Street Chicago

Little Sammy Samoline Says—
Use Samoline on your hardwood, waxed and oil-mopped floors—it removes wax and dirt and brings out the original beauty of the finish.

FIVE SIZES

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR ABOUT SAMOLINE

The Fool of the Family

"Look at me!" cried her fallen self. "Look up at me. I'm yours."

But Sebastian never once looked up. He was listening to "*Til Eulenspiegel*" and enjoying himself very much. Nor did he look up when it was over. He merely rose and went away. Fenella could hardly believe her eyes. It did not seem possible that he had been brought there for nothing. She was ruined, and nothing was going to come of it. She had cried out to him silently of her surrender, and he was never to know.

Her mother was still clapping white-gloved hands together in absurd enthusiasm. Everybody was getting up. Fenella, in the midst of her confusion, remembered the lace scarf that always got left behind, and quietly rescued it from the back of her mother's chair. They were to go down to the artists' room and pay their respects to Heinrich, but so many other people were going too that their progress was slow. She kept a little behind her mother, so as to evade all the talk. Nobody watching her cool, slow progress would have known how ravished, how desolate she was. But at the door of the artists' room she hung back, unable to face the clamor within. Her mother sailed on, unheeding, and was lost in the crowd round Heinrich. The chilly passage was deserted.

SEBASTIAN came out of the artists' room. When he saw Fenella leaning against the wall, he said,

"Hullo!"

Fenella looked at him and clutched the lace scarf closer to her heart. There seemed to be no space of time at all between this moment and their parting at Steineck.

He opened his eyes wide and came close to her, so close that she thought . . . She stepped back a little with a quick, frightened gesture. Sebastian laughed.

"I wasn't going to," he said. "Here!"

"How is Gemma?" demanded Fenella with a gasp.

He did not trouble to answer this. Instead he asked, "When are you going to marry Caryl?"

"I don't know."

"But you are going to marry him?"

"Oh, yes."

"Oh, well, then, goodby."

"Sebastian!"

"I've just pawned Caryl's watch without his leave," said Sebastian. "He lent it to me, and I wanted some money. Do you think that was a very nice thing to do?"

"N-no."

"I don't, either. But I had an idea it was my watch, you see."

"You mean . . ."

"Goodby, Mrs. Caryl."

"That's what you want, is it?" whispered Fenella very pale.

"What I want?" He had stopped laughing. "You know quite well what I want. And you want it yourself. But I've got his watch on my conscience already, you see."

Humiliation like a tidal wave was sweeping down on her. She faced it as best she could. "You're abominable," she said in a fierce whisper. "And you're quite mistaken. I don't want you. Caryl is a thousand times better than you are. I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man left in the world. And Gemma is far too good for you."

She ran quickly into the artists' room, leaving Sebastian to his bewilderment.

"Who asked her to marry me?" he wondered.

For really he thought that he had behaved very well. The impulse to take her away from Caryl had been strong, and it was absurd of her to deny what her eyes had said so plainly.

For three months she had never been out of his mind. But the Aurora who danced among the olive trees had been a creature of the imagination, more beautiful and swifter in flight than any mortal woman. After so much transcendental cogitation, this meeting in the flesh

Photographs through glass dishpans prove lasting suds *all through the water*

with this instant-dissolving bead soap

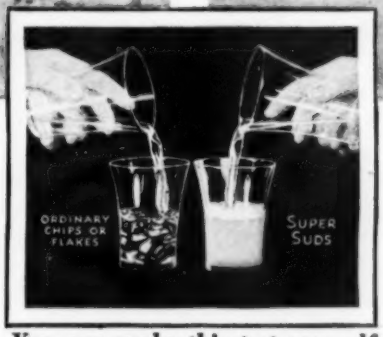
That's why Super Suds saturates the water with suds—right down to the bottom of the pan . . . while other soaps remain idle, undissolved.

Bead soap in action, at right→

Note in this actual color photograph the uniform color, the creamy "texture" of the water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

←At left, slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.



You can make this test yourself

Make this test in glasses, to prove for yourself what goes on in your dishpan. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass. A teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands. ***Instantly,*** you get the same result shown in the dishpan pictures above.

HERE are the first actual photographs ever made of how soaps act in your dishpan.

These photographs show the great difference between "chip" soap and Super Suds . . . the only "bead" soap made. They prove that "bead" soap saves waiting for suds. Dissolves instantly . . . completely. Gives instant, lasting suds clear down to the bottom of the dishpan.

Why bead soap dissolves instantly

Bead soap is incredibly swifter . . . gives more complete suds . . . because it's soap in an entirely new form. It's not chips, flakes, nor powder. It's soap in the form of tiny hollow beads. Made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. Each tiny soap bead has walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. This is why Super Suds dissolves faster. Why it gives not only instant top suds . . . but instant lasting suds all through the water.

And what time-saving . . . what relief from dishwashing drudgery these instant-dissolving beads of soap bring to women. They actually cut dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways:

(1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . coaxing, or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) Washes dishes clean faster. The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. Because they work *below* the surface of the water, where the dishwashing is actually done. (3) Saves dishwiping. Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness.

Get Super Suds from your grocer today. You'll find it acts in your dishpan exactly as it does in the photograph above.

Super Suds 10¢

5169

In using advertisements see page 6

MIXED TO AN OLD FRENCH RECIPE ✻ THEN

Double whipped

✻ That's why this exquisite mayonnaise tastes so deliciously DIFFERENT!

DOUBLE whipping is the last artful touch of the Hellmann chefs to a treasured old mayonnaise recipe from France . . . the extra promise of new delicacy for your salads.

Carefully, thoroughly, the ingredients are whipped and then for added deliciousness, they are whipped completely again! "Double whipping" it is called.

The result? An ecstasy of deliciousness . . . a superlative mayonnaise, creamy and smooth beyond your imagining. Little wonder fruit and vegetable salads, tomato and simple hearts-of-lettuce salads have achieved new importance in millions upon millions of homes.

The ingredients used in Hellmann's Mayonnaise are the very same kind you would use yourself. Breakfast eggs, a secret blend of spices, selected salad oils and vinegars . . . each blended by double whipping to a perfect harmony of flavor.

So this way, please, to new salad delight! Tonight, you can taste in your salads an utterly different piquancy . . . a complete new delicacy of flavor.

Go to your grocer today and ask for your jar of Hellmann's Mayonnaise. You will be amazed and delighted. © 1930, G. F. CORP.

FREE Send coupon for our new booklet, "Salad Ideas". It describes many new and original salads. Address Richard Hellmann, Inc., 3408 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, N. Y. (If in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.)

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April 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Fool of the Family

had been a shock to him. In the flesh she was half as lovely and twice as desirable. His senses, which had been starved and dormant during this long period of imaginative life, woke up and stabbed at him fiercely. Never before had he so violently desired to possess one particular woman.

"Marry!" he thought furiously. "As if I'd ever marry any one but Gemma!"

Peeping round the door, he watched her as she talked to Heinrich. A deep flush had stained her pale cheeks now, and she was covering her trouble with a vivacity that was almost hysterical. It seemed harder than ever to lose her. The thought came to him that he could, after all, redeem that watch, perhaps, and send it back to Caryl. Caryl would never know.

CHAPTER XIX

SIR IVOR, next morning, was just getting ready for his daily shuffle across the park to his club, when Fenella marched into the library, looking, as he said afterward, like an early Christian martyr.

"Good morning, Fenella."

"Good morning, Father. Please, I want you to listen to me."

"Very well, my dear. But I'm not deaf."

He lowered himself into the chair which would be least difficult to get out of later on, and waited. Fenella would not sit. She was too much wrought up. All the time, as she talked, she went fidgeting round the room.

"I simply can not go on like this any more. I can't bear it. It's killing me. It's more than anybody can bear."

"What is?"

"I want to be engaged—definitely."

"To whom?"

"Why!" said Fenella, blanching. "To—to Caryl."

"Oh! The same one as last time?"

"There's never been anybody else," she declared. "I've never changed. I'd like to marry him tomorrow, if it was possible. And I can't go on like this any longer, never seeing him."

"But I thought your patience was to convince us of your seriousness."

"That was four months ago. And it's all different now. I told you. He's got good work. Of course, he only gets £400 a year, but there are good prospects. It is possible that we could marry fairly soon. Won't you see him? Won't you talk to him? I'm sure you'd feel differently if you talked to him. You'd feel that we've been kept apart long enough."

"I might, but there's your mother."

"Mother will always be against it. She doesn't know what I'm like. She doesn't understand me. But you do, Father. You know that my whole happiness depends on this. My whole life."

"You still want it as much as ever?"

"I—I don't know what will happen if you won't let us be properly engaged soon. I gave him up in Venice because you wanted me to, and because then the difficulties were so enormous. But now it's different. He's given up his playing, and taken this work, and is devoting the whole of his life to make it possible."

"I don't say that he hasn't behaved well and done the sensible thing, given that his wish to marry you is sensible."

"You—you've no idea how good he is. He's so absolutely loyal. I don't think he could ever let anybody down. And he's never tried to see me or to get me to disobey you about it. And it's cruelty—really, it's cruelty to make us go on like this. I don't know any other girl who would put up with it. It's driving me desperate."

She looked desperate. She looked as though she might be going to say all sorts of things which would make her father to the last degree uncomfortable. He waved an imploring hand at her.

"Don't be desperate. I can't stand despair

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are Shredded Wheat days

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For the chilly days pour hot milk over the biscuits, adding a little cream and salt or sweeten to suit the taste.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY

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SHREDDED WHEAT

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MARY BRIAN, *intriguing Paramount star, in the delightful bathroom particularly built for her. "I find Lux Toilet Soap soothing."*

"Lovely Skin always wins hearts," say 45 Hollywood Directors

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin petal-smooth this way . . .

"THERE'S more real *allure* in lovely skin than in any other beauty," say 45 leading Hollywood directors.

As Victor Fleming, Paramount director, says: "Smooth, lovely skin is all-important to the screen star. Without it she cannot hold her public."

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MYRNA LOY, *Warner Bros'. lovely star, has no fear of the close-up. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth."*

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First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway

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April 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Fool of the Family

at ten o'clock in the morning. What do you want me to do?"

"To see him and talk it over."

"I must talk to your mother."

"She'll never let you. I warn you, if Mother stops your seeing him, I'll—"

"Yes, Fenella?"

"I'll run away with him."

"And will he run away with you?"

This completely took the wind out of her sails. For though she knew that Caryl would like to run away with her, she could not confidently declare that he would do it. Her hesitation did more for her cause than any threats or arguments.

"If he's as sensible as you say he is—"

"You're quite right," she agreed sadly. "He wouldn't do anything so silly."

"I should hope not. Sit down. I can't talk to people who prance about. Now I must put a point which will probably shock you. But it's got to be taken into consideration. Does he realize that you're an heiress?"

"An— Oh!— No! I'm sure he's never thought of it. He only thinks of how he's going to earn enough to keep me."

"It doesn't matter so much, of course. But I don't want you to marry a fellow who is content to live on his wife's money."

"Oh, Caryl would never—"

"I'll make up my own mind about that. An heiress can do worse than marry a poor young man if he's clever. The fortunes of my mother's family, as you know, were laid by an apprentice who married his master's daughter. A good many fortunes are made that way, but they aren't always kept that way. This publisher—Kraut—I've been making inquiries about the business."

"Oh, Father! You have?"

"It's a very sound firm to be in, by what I can gather. All right! I'll see him."

FENELLA smiled, a rigid little smile, not what he had expected. There was something unexplained behind this sudden, fierce determination. He pondered and puzzled over it as he crossed the park. Against his will he was coming to believe that she was really desperate and that her vehemence must not be dismissed as childish exaggeration. But why was she desperate? What had happened? In the course of his life he had seen several young women who were said to be pining for unsuitable lovers. They did not look like Fenella. They had been listless and aggrieved, as Fenella had been when first they went to the Adlersee. Afterward she had changed. When had she changed? He tried to bring his mind to a date and remembered that long day which she had spent over the frontier when, on her own admission, she had seen Caryl. Ever since then she had been a little desperate.

Something must have happened. How long ago was it? Three months? An idea crossed his mind, so alarming that he caught his breath in a shocked gasp. He dismissed it a second later. It was unthinkable in connection with his own daughter. But it left him with a sense of shattered security. His inertia was dispelled. If Fenella was determined on this affair, it had better be continued under the eye of her parents. He must not only talk to Caryl about money; he must get to know him. And, if necessary, he must over-rule his wife.

As soon as he got to his club, he wrote a note to Kraut's office, asking Caryl to come and see him. The interview was reassuring. Not only did the boy talk sensibly about money, but he impressed Sir Ivor as being a decent fellow. He might come of a lawless family, but his attitude in everything that regarded Fenella was as law-abiding as any father could have wished. That lingering, terrifying doubt was stilled. And yet Fenella was desperate. Sir Ivor could not have believed that such a quiet young man could have caused so much rigid emotion. When, after a fortnight of storm and uncertainty, he sanctioned her engagement, she looked worse instead of better.

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Prevent in time

Long hours of undisturbed sleep at night and periods of rest during the day help to ward off tuberculosis in later years.

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THE tuberculosis deathrate has been cut in half in the last twenty years largely by better living conditions among the working population and the successful treatment of active cases. Now medical science has an even more brilliant victory in its grasp—the checking of the disease in children before it develops.

Children who come in frequent contact with anyone who has active tuberculosis are in grave danger, though they may look the picture of health and have none of the familiar warning signs—underweight, a cough, fatigue and poor digestion.

A large number of deaths from tuberculosis occur between the ages of 25 and 45. Yet in most of these cases the disease began in childhood, though there may have been a re-infection at some later time.

Contrary to the old-time belief, heredity does not plant the germs. Close contact with the disease in active form is usually responsible. The disease may lie dormant for many years and then flare up and become active following physical or mental strain, too heavy or too prolonged.

But there is no need to guess whether or not a child who has been exposed has picked up the germs. Modern science can now discover whether any damage has been caused by them. No longer are doctors compelled to rely merely upon such tests as tapping the chest, listening to the breathing, examining the sputum. They can be reasonably sure of correct diagnoses by including X-ray and tuberculin tests. Results from tuberculin tests are especially significant in children.

All children should be kept away from people who have tuberculosis. They should have regular, thorough, physical examinations. If tuberculosis is discovered, modern restorative methods should be applied immediately.

Every child, no matter how healthy or sturdy, needs plenty of sleep, plenty of proper food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But the child who has picked up the germs of tuberculosis and is beginning to react to them needs additional care and a scientific health-building program under wise medical direction.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without charge, its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis", to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet 430-G.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Fool of the Family

"For God's sake, cheer up!" he entreated. "If your young man comes here and finds you with that face on, he'll go away again."

CARYL came to Hyde Park Gardens, looking handsome and prosperous in a new dinner-jacket. After a somewhat embarrassing family dinner, he went to sit in the drawing-room with Fenella, "like a courting couple," as she afterward ungratefully described it, while the McCleans went off to an evening drum. But he was for once too happy to observe her closely, and her silence scarcely troubled him. Something of his warmth invaded her, so that she was kind to him, and she found that she could kiss him now without any shyness at all. He would never hurry her, and he was so loving that she nearly fell into his arms and sobbed out all her shameful story. But she could not do that yet. Perhaps, long after it was over, when she had quite got away from this madness, when she had got to know him very well, she might tell him.

"When we've been married for years and years," she thought. "But it won't matter then, one way or another. Because I shall love him so much more then."

She made him play to her, which he did a little reluctantly, for he wanted to talk. But he played beautifully, and afterward as a reward she sat politely upon his knee, talking rather fast about the future, in case he should chance to mention Sebastian. She did not feel as if she could bear that yet, and when it came she was defenseless.

He was speaking of his brother-in-law, Jacob Birnbaum, who was spending a few days in London and with whom he had dined the night before. Birnbaum had been more than pleased by the work he was doing in the firm, and had made promises of future advancement which transported Caryl.

"But, you know," he said, "I nearly cooked my own goose. I made him so angry right at the start that I thought for a minute he'd never do anything again for me. You see, I was feeling so genial and pleased about everything that I couldn't help putting in a good word for Sebastian."

Fenella hid her face on his shoulder.

"You know, they quarreled. It was Sebastian's fault. Jacob said he'd never do anything for any of us again after it. But I couldn't help it. You see, Sebastian has been and gone and written a Ballet . . . What is it, my sweet? Aren't you comfortable?"

"I'm quite comfortable. Go on."

"He sent it to me at Kraut's. I found it sitting on my table when I got there yesterday, with the coolest note, asking me to get it published! Just like him. As if I could publish it! But then I looked at it."

He paused and sighed. Fenella, in a voice slightly muffled by his waistcoat, asked if it was a good Ballet.

"Good! Oh, Fenella, it's—oh, God! why can't I write like that! I'll bring it along and play some of it to you soon. You know, I had heaps of work to do, but instead of doing it I found I'd been doing nothing all the morning but read that score. I can't tell you . . . he does such extraordinary things. It's— Oh, well, it's quite good. I'll play it to you tomorrow."

"I'd rather you played your own things. I shall always like your things best."

"No, listen. I want to tell you about this. You see, I'd made up my mind to cut out Sebastian. Of course, I'm very fond of him. But we lead such different lives that it's no use our getting too much involved with one another."

"Oh, I quite agree."

"But then I got this thing, and—well, you see—there was my father . . . Of course it'll take me years and years to describe to you what he was really like, and in some ways he was an odd sort of man. But I've always felt it was wonderful to be his son. And Sebastian's like him. And now my father's dead, but if he'd been alive—I mean, the family is going on,

The Fool of the Family

and I always did everything for him when he was alive. I was responsible. Though my own work isn't . . . It's a family thing, anyway. And when I got that score I simply didn't care. I felt that Birnbaum had to see it, however much it annoyed him. So I took it with me."

"I think you were very good."

"I was a fool. I went to work the wrong way. I ought just to have poked the score under his nose and said nothing. But I started to talk about Sebastian first. Of course, he wouldn't listen. He kept on saying that if I wanted to please him, I wouldn't mention Sebastian's name again. I shoved the score across at him and begged him to look at it. But he waved his hands about and shouted: 'I vill not look. I do not care if it is the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. You blame yourself.' He meant I was making a fool of myself. But gradually I got him round to look. And, of course, when he'd looked . . ."

"He thought it was good?"

"Of course, he did. It is good. But he was so funny, because he couldn't help being angry over it. He kept on abusing Sebastian all the time he was reading it, and when anything particularly pleased him, he muttered, '*Böse! Böse!*' But he kept it."

"Then will he publish it?"

"Oh, yes; he'll do better than that. He'll probably see that it's produced. He owns half the theatres in Europe. And if it's produced— Oh, well! I trust Sebastian will be grateful to me."

"I don't think that's in the least likely," said Fenella, jumping suddenly off his knee. "And I wish it was your work that Mr. Birnbaum was going to produce."

"Darling, he wouldn't touch my work. He sized me up when he offered me that job in Kraut's."

"BUT that's only for a time, Caryl. You won't give up working at your own things entirely? Later on—some day we shall have quite a lot of money, you know. I couldn't bear to feel that you had given up . . ."

"I haven't given it up."

"I thought you said you had no time nowadays for practising or writing."

"In that sense, yes. But I haven't given it up. Even if I never wrote another note. That's why I took that score to Jacob."

"But if you never write—"

"What I write or don't write won't make much difference. While there's Sebastian—"

"Oh, don't talk about Sebastian!"

"If you marry me, you'll find that we're always talking about him. We shan't be able to help it. Don't you like him, Fenella? I thought—"

"Oh, yes, I like him. Caryl, do play again. Play one of your things. I want it."

"Oh, I've no patience with my things just now. I shall always write them, because it's a disease in our family. But they'll never be anything to—"

"Please. I want it."

Caryl went obediently over to the piano and began to play one of his things, a prelude to a Chorale. But after five or six bars he stopped. "I can't," he said.

Fenella had strolled away into the dark back drawing-room. She hardly knew that the piano had stopped. But she had to get away by herself for a moment until her pain was subdued. It was like a cancer eating her heart out.

"Fenella!" called Caryl, half rising from the piano-stool.

"Go on," she commanded.

Concealed in her shadowy battleground she heard him sigh and play a few uncertain notes. And then she heard him singing quietly, beautifully:

"*Du holde Kunst . . .*"

The calm, lovely sweep of it soothed her pain as it was soothing his. She came out once more into the light:

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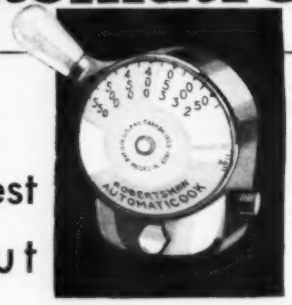

The AutomatiCook Book tells you how and what to cook—very complete—attractively illustrated. Send 25c today for your copy.

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And more dependable than the most perfectly trained servant could possibly be. The new AutomatiCook has a One-Minute-Temperature-Check that insures accurate setting and consistent operation.

This oven heat control—*a new model of the AutomatiCook* that has won the hearts of hundreds of thousands of American women—is entirely automatic in operation. It cooks bread, fish, meat, fowl—even whole meals—without attention and with never a failure. It can't possibly go wrong.

All you do is prepare the food, slip it into the oven, light the gas and set the AutomatiCook. Then go out. Go to the theater, play bridge, attend a tea. Don't worry about dinner. When you come back, everything will be perfectly cooked; appetizing, juicy, tender!

More than 100 leading range manufacturers equip their gas ranges with the AutomatiCook. Home economics bureaus and gas companies endorse it. You can't buy the AutomatiCook separately—it's part of the range. But you can and should be sure that *your* new range provides the AutomatiCook for your convenience—the most perfect servant you could have.

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY · Youngwood, Pa.

The Fool of the Family

"Hast mich in eine bessere Weldt entrückt!
"In eine bessere Weldt entrückt!"

sang Caryl, and his dissatisfaction with his things vanished away.

"An die Musik!" thought Fenella. "I never knew what that meant before. But it is a better world—as he knows it."

She felt herself soaring away out of the struggle into a region of calm austerity, as Caryl began the second verse, as if he had been making a vow. On this night of their betrothal he was vowing himself, but not to her. And in that moment she found herself completely at one with him. There was something hidden away in life which they might find together, but which she could never find without him. She wanted to sing with him, and she came to stand behind him at the piano, framing the words with her lips:

"Thou holy art! My life, my soul be thine!
My life, my heart, my soul be thine."

CHAPTER XX

CARYL had every reason to be happy and, having no turn toward introspection, he thought that he was. After months of doubt and uncertainty he had got his job, and he had got his girl. What more could any man demand? As far as he knew, he demanded nothing more. He lived in a perpetual flurry of self-congratulation. Only at odd moments, on the tops of omnibuses or in his bath, did fleeting doubts assail him, and a knowledge of some secret frustration would hold him aghast for an instant, as though he had found himself by chance upon the brink of some fatal abyss.

Many weeks passed before a moment arrived when he woke up at three o'clock upon a cold spring morning, after some frightful dream, and found that he was saying:

"She doesn't love me. She doesn't love me."

Which was absurd, for she did love him. She said that she did, and there was no reason why she should say so unless it was true. He was almost ashamed of asking her so often about it. Sometimes she grew quite pale, as though he had hurt her feelings.

"Don't I behave as if I did?" she asked him once.

"You're wonderfully sweet to me always. Sometimes I think you're almost too good to me."

"Shall I be horrid for a change? I can be. I'm quite a horrid person, really."

"You couldn't be horrid if you tried. But sometimes I wake up in the night, and think—and think—"

"What do you think, Caryl?"

"That you're going to marry me because you've promised to. That you don't really want to."

"What makes you think that?"

He was perfectly unable to say. He was miserable that such thoughts should come to him in spite of her generous love.

"Is there anything about me," he asked helplessly, "about the way I love you, that you'd like to be different?"

Fenella said that he might have asked her to elope with him, a suggestion which always exasperated him. In vain did he point out that they could not possibly elope.

"I didn't say that we could. I said I'd like you to want to."

"But I don't want to," protested Caryl. "I should simply hate it. It wouldn't be a bit comfortable. You haven't thought what it would be like. To begin with, where would we elope to?"

"Shillstone Mill. Oh, it's such a lovely place. Near Oxford. It belongs to Colonel Campbell, who is my godfather. He lives at a big place near, called Broughton Abbas, and he furnished it and made it safe, because all the floors were falling in. The mill, I mean. And he lends it to friends sometimes. You never saw anything so lovely. The mill-stream runs right under the house, and you hear it in bed. And it's always shady. There's a lake in front

Milk in individual bottles.

Bread in sanitary wrappers.

Cereals in sealed packages.

Nuts in germ-proof glass jars.

If callers *also* arrived in sanitary packages

FORTY-SIX states have abolished the public drinking cup, and forty-six the common roller-towel. Milk is delivered in sealed, individual bottles. Bread, cereals and a host of other products now reach your home in sanitary wrappings.

Why?

To protect you from germs—from the bacteria of the diseases that all of us dread, the minute organisms that are spread by the very dust in the air.

But the *people* who come into your home—they can't be sealed up. And they bring in the same germs on their hands and breath and clothes and shoes.

Only *you* can help protect your home and family against these germs that you can't keep out. That's why health authorities and doctors urge the regular use of "Lysol" Disinfectant in all home cleaning processes.

It's easy enough: just add a tablespoonful of "Lysol" to each quart of cleaning water—and *every day* disinfect the telephone, doorknobs and other places that hands are constantly touching.

Get a large bottle today. Tomorrow may be too late.

Sole distributors: LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

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Lysol
Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

In the fight to prevent the spread of disease, the world now uses over 7 million *gallons* of "Lysol" a year. 7 million gallons! And *every drop* so powerful that, by laboratory test, it will kill 200,000,000 typhoid germs in a quarter of a minute. Is it any wonder that hospitals and doctors still rely on "Lysol" after 40 years?

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 390
Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklet,
"Protecting the Home against Disease"

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

In using advertisements see page 6

You lift two sheets of Kleenex from the automatic package . . . and blot the cold cream off face and throat with these soft absorbent tissues. Dirt and make-up come too, leaving pores clean.

This new, smart *safer* way to remove cold cream

Now in Colors
Pink, yellow, green, are the exquisite tints in which you may select Kleenex (white, of course, for those who prefer it). The colors are absolutely pure, and cannot harm the skin in any way.
CLEANSING TISSUES
KLEENEX
CLEANSING TISSUES
WHITE

. . . blots up unabsorbed cream without stretching or irritating the skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths."

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

Kleenex comes in lovely colors, at drug and department stores.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. G-4

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

The Fool of the Family

of it that's always so still you see the mill upside down in it. You can bathe there, though it's a bit scummy."

"And would your godfather like us to elope there?"

"Oh, he's in China. That's the point. And he gave me the key, so that I could go down whenever I want while he's away. I went there with another girl last spring, just before we came to Venice. I could just tell the family I was going to the mill, and you could come, too. They'd never guess for three weeks. And then we could stroll off to the church and get married, and come home. *Voilà!*"

"And everybody would say about us, for the rest of our lives, that we'd lived together for three weeks before we were married."

Fenella blushed.

"I know more about all that than you do. I oughtn't to let you talk such nonsense. Because you know you'd never do it. You'd never treat your father and mother so badly, when they've been so kind to us."

"I like romancing about the things I'll never do."

"I don't."

"Well, but, Caryl, if I had no parents, and if nobody ever said anything, and if we could be quite sure that all our children would grow up as prudent as you are, wouldn't you like to elope?"

"You mean, would I like to fly with you to this mill of yours?"

"Yes."

"My dear child, what do you suppose?"

She still looked peevish, and he asked hastily if there was anything, short of wanting to elope, which he could do to please her.

"You're such a mountain of righteousness and commonsense, I'm sure I can't think of anything. You might learn to dance, though. That is a thing I wish you would do. I hate going out with you and having to dance with other people."

"But I can dance," he protested.

"Not well, Caryl. You hold one as if one was made of dynamite, and you spoil one's shoes."

"Do I? Shall I take some lessons? Would that be any good?"

"I'm sure it would. But do take them from a good person. I'll get an address for you."

AFTER that Caryl strolled solemnly round a studio behind the Brompton Oratory, learning not to hold a woman as though she was made of dynamite. He did not like it very much, and the lessons were expensive, but he got considerable satisfaction out of the thought that he was trying to please Fenella. After a month of it he said to her,

"I can dance now."

"Can you?" She jumped up, started the graphophone, and skipped across to him. "Show me."

He grasped her firmly and guided her in and out among the sofas and chairs. She could not deny that he was now an accomplished dancer, but it was a grave pleasure. She thought that dancing with one's husband must be very like this.

"There'll be dancing at Baba Ewen's tomorrow," she said. "And she told me to bring you. So you can air your accomplishments there."

"Is it a grand party?" asked Caryl nervously.

"Oh, no. Not a bit. Baba's parties are never grand. She doesn't know those people."

"Which people?"

"The people who would be there if it was grand. She said this party was to be rather Bohemian. She always says that. I can't think why. It will be very crowded and noisy, with wash-bowls full of caviare and floods of champagne, and everybody will be somebody heard of."

Caryl thought this sounded quite grand enough. He had not yet been to a party that Fenella would have called grand, and as he followed her up Mrs. Ewen's staircase he could

"Now I am free at 10 A.M."

Two cleaners for about the price of one

Spic-Span only $14.50

"A Cleaner Home for less Money" is the title of a free, informative booklet written by Harriet Cavell—write, without fail, for your copy, today.

Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto. Foreign distributors, International General Electric Company, Inc.

"This easier, speedier way in electric cleaning saves me hours in housework!"

THINK OF IT...instead of the old idea of a single cleaner with a lot of ordinary attachments, the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit consists of two cleaners—a large one for the rugs and carpets plus the handy Spic-Span to speed up all the little cleaning tasks...*two electric cleaners for about the price of one!*

The Spic-Span is the greatest general utility appliance you have seen. It is a giant in suction power...yet weighs only four pounds. Plugs into any electric socket...cleans and freshens clothes, mattresses, closets, without the use of attachments! Comes with a deodorizer that applies moth repellent, and with a special blower that banishes dust from those hard-to-reach places.

For the small home or apartment the Spic-Span plus the Premier Junior is recommended as the most modern cleaning unit. For the larger home the Spic-Span and the Premier Duplex offer superior cleaning efficiency. If you wish, you may purchase the Spic-Span separately. Write or phone your Premier dealer today for a free demonstration.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
(*Div. of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.*) Dept. 304 Cleveland, Ohio

In using advertisements see page 6

Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

★

In use over 60 years

April 1930 Good Housekeeping

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentrifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine. It does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than a liquid such as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

not help asking again what the difference would be.

"Oh, more ambassadors and fewer artists," said Fenella, vaguely. "And more absolutely dull, stuffy people who've never done anything and don't need to. Look! There's our darling Herr Heinrich. We'll go and kiss him as soon as he's finished talking to that lovely lady. I wonder who she is."

"She's my sister," said Caryl in pleased surprise.

"Your sister!"

"Toni. Frau Birnbaum. Come over. I'd like to introduce you."

FENELLA was so used to being the introducer that this exchange of rôles made her feel shy. She followed Caryl meekly across the room and blushed when he brought her forward. The amazing, opulent beauty of Frau Birnbaum took her breath away: she had been quite unprepared for it. Caryl had never spoken of it; he had only said once or twice that Toni used to be very pretty.

"I always said," cried Frau Birnbaum, when she had kissed Fenella, "I always said that Caryl would marry a blonde. When Jacob told me about it, I said: 'But is she a blonde? He will be miserable with a dark woman. A woman like me, for example.' But that man! Do you know, he couldn't tell me. My dear, I am so glad to find that it is all right."

"We—we have a great deal to thank you for," stammered Fenella.

"My dear, but no! I'm not satisfied about that. I said to Jacob: 'Give the poor things some money so that they can be married immediately. That is always so much better. How would you like to wait?' I said to him. 'They must be in a fever all the time.' But then Caryl is so practical; he never gets into a fever. How strange that must be! He is very different from the rest of us. He is not so clever, but he is the best person to marry. My husband isn't clever either. It's so restful. Come over to that divan, and we can talk."

Her strange, wild eyes, which were like Sebastian's eyes, smiled down at Fenella, full of a dreamy benevolence. There was something inward and unperceiving about them, as if she spent half of her life asleep. She led the way through a crowd which tried not to stare at her. In all her jewels and rich draperies she was like some noble galleon, deeply laden with treasure, sailing slowly over a propitious sea.

"How many of us have you met?" she asked, as she sank on the divan. "Do you know Sebastian? I think he's here tonight. Jacob was going to bring him. We flew over from Paris yesterday to buy a picture Jacob wanted."

Fenella, anxious not to discuss Sebastian, asked what picture, but Toni was vague.

"Oh, one of those pictures. Have you met Sebastian? You know, he was so rude to Jacob. I can never quite forgive that. But I do think, don't you, that this Ballet oughtn't to be produced in London first. When Jacob told me they had settled that, I was furious. Because nobody in London knows a good thing from a bad one."

"But is Sebastian's Ballet going to be produced in London?" asked Fenella in spite of herself.

"Didn't you know? It's all settled. Trigorin's doing it when he brings his company over after Easter. And that's another thing. Zhigalova is going to be Aurora. She's much too old. Sebastian's coming back with us tomorrow to see Trigorin about it. Oh, just look at Yat! He's drunk. I wonder if he was drunk at his concert tonight. I do hope he wasn't. Jacob will be so cross. He says if Yat goes on drinking at this rate, he'll lose every penny . . . But who is that lady buzzing at him? Why doesn't she leave him alone? He'll be most awfully rude to her in a minute."

"That's Mrs. Ewen. That's our hostess."

"Oh, is it? And Yat is going to make a

ELINOR GLYN Says "Wives..Keep the Trousseau Habit"

By ELINOR GLYN
Famous Writer on Romance and Marriage

Some wives keep romance in marriage forever—isn't one secret the trousseau habit?

HOW to hold a husband's love—that is the problem put up to me constantly by innumerable wives.

Can it be done? Fortunately the answer is yes. How? By being always feminine—colorfully, daintily feminine.

But first of all you yourself must feel your own daintiness, womanliness, before you can impress others.

One of the surest ways for a wife to gain perfect confidence in her lovely femininity is to wear charming lingerie and negligees.

Wonderful colors, soft, shimmering materials, lace-edged underthings! They just make a woman believe in herself—feel her inherent charm as a woman.

If a woman but keeps all this loveliness at its very best—as beautiful as when it came, new, from its tissued box, she is captain of her fate—irresistible.

Keep Colors Charming

But, women tell me, it is so difficult to wear lovely underthings always and keep them looking as wonderful, as colorful, as when they were new. Frequent washing (and we must be dainty) takes some of the lovely color and charm out of the garment. To this I reply, that is too often the case, but it need never be so if women faithfully use that invaluable product, Lux—which is made especially to cleanse without disturbing the vibrant loveliness of colors. If a garment is safe in clear water alone, it is just as safe in Lux.

Let Your Surroundings Reflect You

Not only should you express your femininity through the effect dainty underthings have on you—as well as directly through the magnetism of color in your frocks and accessories, but by your very surroundings. Even the curtains, draperies, slip covers in your living room form part of the magic spell that reflects *you*. And here, too, Lux is invaluable.

After 12 Lux washings—every thread in place—silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains all of the qualities it had when new.

After 12 washings with an ordinary soap—silk fibres a little out of place—lace damaged. Lustre slightly impaired—color lifeless, dulled.

***If it's safe in water . . it's safe in* LUX**

In using advertisements see page 6

DUSTING
won't do it

A DAMP SPONGE
won't do it

Buy Window Shades that can be S-C-R-U-B-B-E-D

SOME women dust their shades and some use a damp sponge. Neither method is effective. Dirt gets right into the fabric. The only way to clean a shade thoroughly is to SCRUB it. But you can't scrub an ordinary shade. It just goes to pieces.

That is why you should be careful to buy the New and Improved du Pont Tontine shades. They are made with the same basic substance as that contained in the famous du Pont Duco. They resist sun and rain. An occasional scrubbing immediately restores their original beauty. They come in a wide range of lovely colors, figured designs, plain or corded, to match the decorative scheme of any room. For best results, ask to have them mounted on Tontine Guaranteed Rollers.

SPECIAL OFFER

A Sample Tontine Shade for $1.00

We want you to see that everything we say about du Pont Tontine is true. Send us the coupon below with a dollar bill, checking which color you prefer. We will send you a shade specially made up to your measurements. When you get it, test it. Deliberately smear dirt on it—then scrub with a brush, soap and hot water. Its beauty will be instantly restored. Only one shade (not exceeding 40" wide) can be sent to any one home at this special price. The regular retail price, depending on length, width, etc., at the authorized Tontine dealer's in your city, is from $1.75 up.

DU PONT
TONTINE
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THE *WASHABLE* WINDOW SHADE

Consult the classified business directory in the back of your telephone book for the name and address of the authorized Tontine dealer in your city.

Follow These Details

Measure from tip to tip, including pins Use yard stick

Measure width of shade you wish to replace with the Tontine test shade. Measure tip to tip, including metal pins at ends of roller (see diagram above). Measure also length of shade unrolled. Specify which color is wanted: White, Cream, Ecru or Green. Fill out coupon fully. Pin $1.00 to coupon.

(This offer closes July 1, 1930)

E. I. DUPONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc. G.H., April
100 Du Pont Avenue, Newburgh, N. Y.
Canadian subscribers enclose $1.50 and address coupon:
Canadian Industries Limited, Fabrikoid Division, New Toronto, Ontario, Can.

Herewith $1.00 pinned to coupon. Please send me complete Tontine shade.....inches wide, tip to tip (cannot exceed 40 inches), and.....inches long (shade unrolled).

White☐ Ecru☐ Cream☐ Green☐

Name.....

Address.....

The Fool of the Family

gaffe! How awful! Do let's go and get hold of him and lock him up somewhere, before . . . There now! He's said something impossible! Won't anybody take him off? Oh, *Gott sei dank!* There's Sebastian. He'll manage it. Sebastian! Sebastian! Do catch him, Fenella."

Fenella, too much startled to protest, darted after Sebastian and caught him by the arm in the doorway.

"Toni says Yat's drunk," she whispered, "and will you get him away. He's there. Over there in the middle of the room."

"Good evening," said Sebastian reprovingly.

"Good evening. Toni's very worried about Yat. She wants you to—"

"What have I to do with Yat?"

"Oh, Sebastian! Please!"

"All right. I'll take him away. And then I'll dance with you."

"I'm not dancing," said Fenella quickly. "I'm just going home."

"Oh, songs! Go back and wait with Toni, and I'll come for you."

TONI had come up to them by this time, and Fenella lured her into the refreshment room in the hopes that Sebastian would not find them again. They were just launched upon large plates of caviare when Caryl joined them, clamoring for a dance with her.

"Don't stay with me," Toni said kindly. "I shall go on eating for quite a long time."

Fenella and Caryl had danced for several minutes before she was aware that they were being watched. Sebastian, having ejected Yat, was leaning against the wall with folded arms, following her round the room with his eyes.

"There's Sebastian," said Caryl.

"I know."

"Have you heard about *'Primavera'?* Trigonin's producing it."

"Toni told me."

"Isn't it splendid?"

"Yes."

"I haven't spoken to him yet. I must. I think he's waiting to speak to us. He's watching us."

When they had got round again to Sebastian's wall, Caryl stopped and broke into his congratulations. Sebastian nodded coolly, his eyes still fixed on Fenella.

"I thought you weren't dancing," he said.

"Only with Caryl."

Caryl looked so much surprised that Sebastian burst into a fit of laughter.

"She won't dance with me," he explained. "She thinks I can't dance."

"But he can," said Caryl. "Even now, much better than I do. Take a turn with him, Fenella."

"She's afraid. She daren't."

"He won't spoil your shoes," Caryl promised her. "And I ought really to look after Toni. She doesn't know many people here. You two take a turn."

It seemed that there was no escape from it. Silently she allowed herself to be transferred to his arms, and they swung out into the crowd. He did dance a great deal better than Caryl, nor was it a grave pleasure. But then she had never known what pleasure was before. That fatal first moment at Steineck had been nothing to this; the ecstasy, the fever which had haunted her all the summer had been but a faint foreshadowing of it. Her senses, for a moment fully satisfied, assured her that she had been born for nothing else. She gave herself up to complete happiness.

When the music stopped, Sebastian paused for a moment, one arm still round her, waiting for it to begin again. He said, under cover of some applause,

"Do you like dancing with me?"

"It's heaven," said Fenella simply.

He laughed and said, "It's heaven for me, too. We'll go on."

They went on. They danced until there were no people left in the world except themselves, until the fire which blazed between them had burned up every other reality.

The Fool of the Family

Fenella would have liked to go on dancing for ever, but Sebastian had other views. Steering her into a dark corner by a window-seat, he asked if she had a wrap or cloak which he could fetch.

"Upstairs. I've got a ticket for it in my bag."

"Give it to me." He took her little gold handbag and found the ticket. "I'll get your cloak for you, if you'll stay here. Will you stay here?"

"Are we going away?"

"Yes. We've danced enough. Will you wait for me?"

He disappeared, and she sat upon the dark window-seat. She was thinking,

"Soon I shall be quite alone with him."

Vaguely, indifferently, she wondered where her reason and her conscience had gone to. They had ceased to be important; they were floating far away somewhere beyond the stars. She only hoped that they would go on being unimportant for a long time, for the wish to be alone with Sebastian was so strong that it broke her soul up into little pieces; and when he came back with her cloak, she went passively with him out into the night.

(To be continued)

Paris Openings

(Continued from page 69)

heavy shantung for suits. There are fewer flower prints for daytime than last year, but much printed chiffon for evening. The daytime prints are in dots, stripes, plaids, cross-bar and streaked effects, and tweed patterns. Monotone prints in woolens, silks, and chiffon are new; also linen and cottons, piqué, both silk and cotton, marocain and flat crêpe, jersey, wool crêpe, soft wools, flannel, and new tweeds in lacy, nubbed, or monotone weaves. For evening: laces, tulle, plain or printed chiffon, georgette, taffeta; and velveteen for evening wraps. The newest evening wraps are all short, either in jacket or cape effect, and usually match the gown. This jacket or cape idea was sponsored at the spring openings for all times of the day and evening, and it promises to be the most generally popular fashion for spring and summer. The jackets are usually sleeveless, the capes detachable. They lend a youthful note to the styles of 1930 spring and summer, and are becoming to all ages, from the slim young girl, to the older woman of more mature lines.

ENTERTAINMENT FOLIOS

School Banquet and College Dance: This folio contains suggestions for decorations, menu, and toasts for a school banquet; and novel ideas for a college dance.....10c

Circus Carnival and A Progressive Travel Luncheon: Two new ways of making money for churches or for charity.....10c

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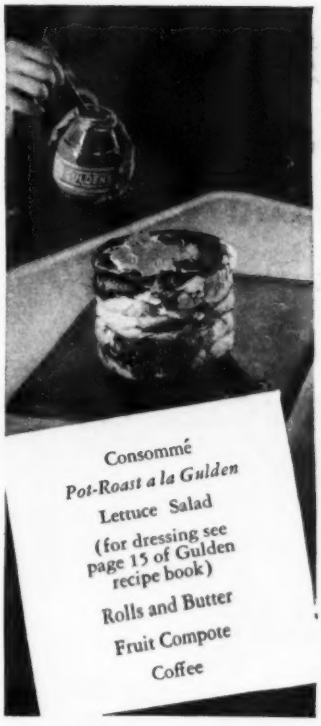
Mascots and Mottoes Birthday Party: Every one has a birthday and here are some amusing ways to celebrate it.....10c

Wedding Anniversary Verses: One for each anniversary.....10c

For any of the entertaining parties listed above send the correct amount to Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City



SPREAD pot roast liberally with Gulden's Mustard (1 tbsp. to a pound of meat). Sear in melted suet with sliced onion. Cook as any pot roast, adding vegetables desired.

Now you can serve him menus that are different

IMAGINE being able to serve menus that have a new deliciousness—Menus that taste entirely *different*—and just by trying a change of seasoning.

Once you have tried Gulden's Prepared Mustard in the recipe given above you will do just what other housewives have done—use it in all your cooking. Not only that, but you will probably write us about some new recipe in which you have used Gulden's with wonder-working results. There is a whole section of our recipe book devoted to just such contributions of enthusiastic housewives.

You see it is *only in Gulden's* that you find the perfect blend of the finest mustard seeds and mellow spices, mixed in exactly the right proportion for seasoning. Just as it gives new relish to cold cuts, salads and sandwiches, Gulden's Mustard also brings out the hidden goodness in meats, fish and poultry when spread over them before cooking. It lends fresh zest to vegetable dishes and left-overs, and gives a delightfully different taste to sauces and gravies. And it does not give an obvious taste but rather enhances the natural flavor of the food.

Because of its rare quality and flavor, Gulden's is the only prepared mustard that has taken prizes at leading World Fairs and Institutes ever since 1864.

Send for 76 Seasoning Secrets

Write or mail coupon for free copy of new recipe book, containing 76 "Seasoning Secrets" contributed by famous cooks. If you also want sample bottle, enclose ten cents.

CHARLES GULDEN, INC., DEPT. J-20,
50 Elizabeth St., New York City

☐ Please send me a free copy of "Seasoning Secrets", containing 76 recipes with a new taste-thrill.

☐ I enclose 10 cents for a 2-oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner, as well as recipe booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

GULDEN'S MUSTARD

Use it as a seasoning ★ *in cooking*

In using advertisements see page 6

A Much *Softer*... Much *Whiter* Bathroom Paper

... made, *like* Silky Rayon, *from Pure Cellulose*

Ask for "NORTHERN TISSUE" 20 TIMES STERILIZED

TODAY modern science brings you a new-type bathroom paper. A paper exquisitely soft and white, because it is made from pure cellulose, the same material used for soft, silky rayon!

So you need no longer accept harsh "toilet paper"—the yellow or newsprint white papers largely made by grinding raw wood into a mass of tiny splinters. (An infallible test for raw ground-wood in paper is the chemical phloroglucinol.)

Paper From "Cooked" Cellulose, Base of Rayon

To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious Rayon is made. So it makes a paper that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent "toilet papers."

© N. P. M., 1930

Then 20 Times Sterilized— Every Sheet in Every Roll

Then in the making, "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized—every sheet in every roll. Emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.

What 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States Say

Medical science knows that softness and sterility should be demanded in bathroom paper, for menacing disorders are traced to use of harsh or impure papers. Consequently, Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states recently advised: "Use a soft white cellulose paper like 20 times sterilized 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

Ask for "Northern Tissue"—10c a roll at any Department, grocery or drug store. Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis. *216-R*

Fits Built-in Fixtures

NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core

If I Were Your Age

(*Continued from page 62*)

"My father was killed in the Tressart mills when I was nine. My mother died three years ago, worn out by hard work. I've a sister in New York, and a brother in Pueblo. I've seen neither of them since my mother died."

"If there's no one to forbid the banns, why don't we get married as soon as I can get out of here?"

"You're crazy," she told him, but to herself she acknowledged that, had he been any one but a Gilchrist, she would not have given him such short shrift.

There was a quality of poignant yearning in his attitude toward her which made her long to give him the comforting of the love she sought to deny, but—

"I don't dare," she fortified herself. "It wouldn't be just marrying Tom. It'd be marrying his father, and mother, and Oliver, and all the Gilchrist crowd, and the Gilchrist money. I couldn't hold him against it all—and I'd be fool enough to keep on loving him. No," she made decision, "you stay at the Lebanon General, Judy, and let him go back to the Hill and the High Rock Hunt."

She sighed, though, as she went out of his room.

"I wish," she said savagely, "that Pingree had kept his case. Why'd he have to see me that night?"

For three days the battle between them went on, with Tom protesting that Judy must marry him, and Judy declaring that she couldn't and wouldn't. Then, for no discoverable reason, he suffered a relapse which brought Engel and Raeburn and Murdoch to the hospital at midnight, and which set internes and nurses scurrying to make ready the operating room for them. Not from the excitement of the others, but from the stricken horror of Judy's eyes, came Tom's question to her,

"Am I going to die?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"It's a chance, though, isn't it?"

"No." She tried to make the lie valiant.

"Judy?"

"Yes?"

"You're all I have—really."

"Your father, and mother, and—"

"Where are they? Judy, won't you let me feel that I've some one to care—if I have to go out tonight?"

"Oh, Tom, you're not going out! I—I want you to stay."

"Truly?"

"Honestly."

"You won't welch if I get well?"

"I promise."

"Then go down in the morning for the license. We're going to be married tomorrow."

THEY were married, not on the morrow, but on the day, weeks later, when Tom left the hospital. For honeymoon they went to a little inn up in the mountains above Lebanon, although Tom protested at Judy's insistence.

"If you don't want to go to the house up the Hill," he declared, "there's the place out at High Rock with no one in it."

"That's your mother's."

"And the farm at Chickasawney."

"That's your father's."

"They're home to all of us."

"I won't go to any of them until your folks ask me."

"Oh, rot!"

"It isn't. I'm going in the front door or not at all."

"All right, red-head."

"How much money of your own have you, Tom?"

"A couple of thousand, I guess. Want it?"

"You know I don't. What'll you do when it's gone?"

"Ask Dad for more."

"But if he won't give you more?"

"Then I won't have it."

Look for the orange band

You can identify the newest Hoover by the orange band which encircles the motor

Announcing a New ★ HOOVER

The cleaner already first *in removing rug dirt now becomes 25% more efficient!*

There is a new Hoover. It so far outranks anything previously offered that it can truthfully be said to be the finest portable electric cleaning machine ever made. Its extraordinary efficiency can only be shown by a comparison with all electric cleaners which have gone before it.

Of these electric cleaners, the one offering the swiftest, easiest, most thorough rug cleaning, the one ranking first in efficiency, because it removes the most dirt per minute, is the recent Hoover.

The new and greater Hoover exceeds *that* Hoover in its dirt-removing efficiency by 25%! And it does this with the expenditure of less human energy than is required by any competing device.

The new Hoover gives new significance to the famous cleaning principle, Positive Agitation, which removes embedded grit untouched by ordinary cleaning.

An Extraordinary Feature

of the Model 725 Hoover is the optional use of the Hygienisac, a new sanitary dust bag, combining the filtering qualities of cloth with the reasonable cost of paper. Made of pulp-felt, treated and strengthened by a patented process, the Hygienisac is so stout that it will last for many cleanings — until the bag is worn or soiled. Then you simply detach and burn it with the dust.

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

In addition to its unparalleled dirt-removing ability, the new Hoover offers these new refinements: a new type cloth dust bag with an opening at the top which permits simplified removal of the dirt; a more powerful, smooth running, ball-bearing motor; an improved fan; an automatic friction-stop handle control, which allows the handle to be placed in position without special adjustment and keeps it in this position; non-rusting, polished Nitralloy beater bars. It is also newly beautiful in line and finish.

Telephone your Hoover dealer or your local Hoover office and ask for a free trial or home demonstration of this new Hoover, Model 725. There is also a greatly improved new popular-priced Hoover. Only $6.25 down, including dusting tools; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

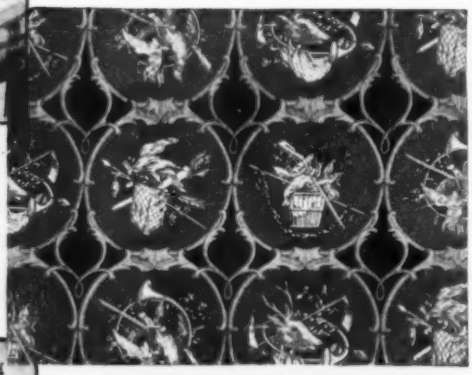
© 1930, The Hoover Company

In using advertisements see page 6

This FRENCH PROVINCIAL PRINT

Is Simple in Design but Sophisticated in Manner!

TRY this suggestion for a cheerful breakfast room . . . curtains of this colorfast Waverly Fabric in blue, with design in natural wood tones—and a splash of yellow sunlight on shining glass and old pewter. This charming Waverly print comes in ciel blue, green, jonquil, peach or soft pink—delightful colors which hold their own bravely against the most direct attack of the sun's rays! And there are any number of other interesting Waverly Fabrics which retail for fifty cents to a dollar fifty a yard.



Mail the coupon below for samples of Waverly Fabrics and our practical booklet which will help you solve a number of perplexing problems in home decoration.

WAVERLY FABRICS, Dept. G4
60 West 40th St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your booklet on home decoration and samples of Waverly Fabrics. I am enclosing ten cents to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Address _____

Waverly Fabrics
A SCHUMACHER UNIT

If I Were Your Age

"How about going to work?"

"I was going, anyhow. Maybe you don't know that your husband is a pretty slick metallurgical chemist?"

"Really, Tom?"

"You flatter me, woman. Well, I can earn a living at it, anyhow."

"How'd you come to study it?"

"Liked it."

"Have you cabled your father?"

"Yes."

"Had an answer?"

"No, but maybe—"

"Tom, there's no maybe in this. We're on our own. Just as soon as you're able, we're going back to Lebanon—to work."

"Not you!"

"We're going to play for two weeks. Then it's Tommy to the laboratory and Judy to the kitchen. Forward, march!"

For the fortnight of her allowing they played with the zest of youngsters out of school. Unfound by reporters who sought them on the Hill, at High Rock, at Chickasawney, and at a dozen fashionable hotels, they reveled in the joy of finding each other more companionable than either of them had dared to hope.

"You're a grand scout, Judy," was Tom's ultimate tribute to her, and "You're a darling," was her way of telling him how entirely she loved him.

Once, however, rumpling his hair as they lay on a hillside under blossoming dogwood, she fell into softer speech. "*Cean dhuw dheelish*," she called him in the old Gaelic speech of her people.

"What's that?"

"O dear dark head."

"Judy?"

"Tom?"

"You do love me?"

"Love you? Oh, Tom, Tom, darling, I'd die of—of bliss, I think, if I loved you any more."

"And you won't go back on me—ever?"

"Never."

"You're the only one in my world, Judy."

"You're all of mine."

She bent down, and kissed him with swift passion, driven to his arms by the shadowing fear of loss.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, why can't we live just by ourselves, away from it all?"

"No one can. We'll make our own world, though, inside of theirs."

"Our very own."

FOR all her dread of his wider world, however, it was she who marshaled Tom back to Lebanon, spurred him off to a job in the Tressart laboratories, found a tiny apartment halfway up the Hill, bought simple furnishings on a deferred-payment plan, and donned gay aprons over the austere white of her old uniforms. She was wearing one when a tall, keen-eyed man came to the door one late afternoon. There was about him an air of decisive authority which set her heart to beating fast.

"Does Tom Gilchrist live here?" he asked her, and she knew that she was facing the master of mills and millions, of flaming furnaces and of far-flung fortune.

"With his wife." She flung up her head.

"That'll be you?"

"I am."

"I'm his father."

"Come in."

He passed her into the little living-room, hardly deigning to glance at it, but focusing his gaze upon her as she took a chair opposite him.

"You've married my son?" he demanded.

"He married me."

"Who were you?"

"Judith Rowan—from the Strip. Poor as a church mouse."

"I'm not thinking of that."

"Free, white, and twenty-two."

"On the stage?"

"No. Nurse at the Lebanon General."

"I see."

If I Were Your Age

"If you think that I caught Tom just because he was sick, you're—"

"I'm thinking nothing yet. I'm trying to get the facts. Where's Tom now?"

"At work. In the Tressart laboratories."

"Tressart? Why didn't he go to ours?"

"He wants to work on his own."

"You mean you want him to?"

"It's the same, isn't it?"

"Not at all. Where are your people?"

"Dead."

"Irish, aren't you?"

"And proud of it!"

For the first time a smile ran over Gilchrist's grim face. "That's something, anyhow," he said. "I'm from Antrim, myself."

"The glens?"

"The glens." He named them with loving tenderness. "You're never from them?"

"My grandmother was. She used to tell me of them. She was homesick for Ireland always."

"She would be. Did she know Glen Dun?"

"I don't know, but she sang a song of it.

'*Oh, wild Glen Dun,*

When all thy flowers have blossomed,'" she hummed.

"I know it well." He seemed to be thinking, though, of something else. "Do you smoke?" he asked her suddenly.

"No." Her mouth quirked in remembrance of Tom's prophecy of this query.

"Why not?"

"My mother wouldn't let me, while she lived, and I haven't wanted to do it since she died. I would, though," she added honestly, "if I wanted to. My grandmother smoked a pipe."

"My mother did. My wife'll probably be smoking cigars by the time she comes home. I saw hundreds of women doing it in Europe. Her kind of women."

HE sped into haste of speech as the great whistles of the mills, Tressart and Carolan and his own, sounded five o'clock. "Before Tom comes," he said, "I want to make you an offer."

"Yes?" she bridled.

"There's a cottage out on the place at High Rock I want to give him and you. It's a little place down toward the river from the big house, in a wee valley all its own. I've always called it Glen Dun. Won't you take it?"

Knowing that he offered her more than a house, she hesitated over refusal, but "Isn't it too far from the plant for Tom?" she asked. "He gets there at seven."

"I'll give him a car."

"I'd rather—"

"What?"

"Tom and I are happy here. I don't know that we'll stay happy at High Rock."

"You knew what Tom was when you married him, didn't you?"

"I knew that he had the nerve and ability to make a living," she blazed. "That's all I could know, isn't it?"

"No, no," he flashed back. "You get me wrong. I mean this: if you'd married a doctor, you'd expect to live according to his profession, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"You've married a Gilchrist, and it's only fair to him to live like a Gilchrist, isn't it?"

"It's not the same." Desperately she hugged her desire to keep Tom on this island of their isolation from his older mainland, that world she dreaded. "We're living within what Tom earns."

"How long'll you keep him by doing it?" Old Tom Gilchrist, she realized, knew women as well as men. "Tom's your husband, but he's my son. I know him better than you do. I know what he wants better than he himself knows yet."

"What is it?"

"Adventure."

"Oh!"

"Not wildness. Not recklessness." He was,

No need to have hands that say

"HOUSEWORK"

ROUGH, red, homely hands vanish like magic before the soothing miracle of Hinds Cream. After each session with the dish-pan or the dust-cloth, or the vegetable knife, just give your hands a quick rub-over with this almond-scented cream—it will keep them satiny-soft and free from stains. It's a very wise idea to keep a bottle handy—in the kitchen, and on the bathroom shelf, and on your dressing table. Then it's easy to take care of your hands after each beauty-robbing task. At night, too, give them an extra rub, paying particular attention to your cuticle and nails. Just this little care with Hinds Cream will keep your hands lovely to look at always. You'll find it at all drug counters.

HINDS · FOR · ACTIVE · HANDS

Have you tried the new HINDS *beauty aids?*

Hinds Cleansing Cream, Hinds Toning Cleanser, Hinds Texture Cream. They'll do the same magic things for your face and neck and arms that Hinds Honey & Almond Cream has done for active hands for over fifty years.

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LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Dept. 170, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream —the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8

This coupon not good after April, 1931

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

★

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In using advertisements see page 6

Chase and Sanborn's DATED

of each of these

HENRY SLEEPER, well known as a collector and connoisseur, says: "I like using things that have proven themselves by long trial. Chase & Sanborn's is that sort of coffee."

RICHARD HALLIBURTON, who writes so vividly of his travels in "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," makes this very interesting statement about coffee: "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world," he tells us—"in palm-thatched shacks in Panama, in proud palacios of Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey, and in most intervening points east and west. But never have I known one which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's for the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, the brilliant journalist and dramatic critic, says, "I not only sample plays and books, but coffee, too. For the Chase & Sanborn blend, I predict a longer run than even 'Able's Irish Rose' enjoyed."

Chase and Sanborn's

Copyright 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

COFFEE served in the homes surprisingly domestic *well-known bachelors*

NEW—this method of handling coffee like a perishable fresh food! Delivered freshly roasted direct to grocers twice a week . . . can't remain in the store more than 10 days!

NOW coffee as fresh as "fresh bread" or "this morning's milk!" This is what *"dated coffee"* means.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is delivered to your grocer exactly like a perishable fresh food . . . in a *dated* package . . . straight from the roasting ovens. No delay for re-handling. No storage. He gets a fresh supply twice a week . . . just enough to last until the next delivery. And any left over at the end of ten days is regularly taken back by Chase & Sanborn and replaced by fresh.

For sixty-five years Chase & Sanborn's choice blend of coffee has been preferred in many sections of the country for its color . . . its clearness . . . its smooth, rich satisfaction of taste.

Now that it is handled like a fresh food through the "Daily Delivery" system of "Standard Brands Inc.," which delivers also fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, it has the distinction among coffees of "direct from the roaster" distribution everywhere. This gives it a final flavor advantage, which makes it the inevitable choice of men and women who care about good coffee.

Don't postpone a treat. Get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee today from your grocer.

The rollicking, roistering Billy Haines of the silver screen at home is WILLIAM HAINES . . . Virginia gentleman. His menus are selected with the concern of one who makes a hobby of good living. "The fresher the better is true of roasted coffee," says this popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why this dated coffee of Chase & Sanborn's is such a good idea."

GARY COOPER, Paramount star, explains that: "Having been raised on a ranch in Montana, I know that there is nothing more invigorating, when out on the range, than a cup of freshly roasted coffee. That's why, when I'm on outings, I take care to see that my supply of coffee is fresh. If a coffee is guaranteed fresh, that's the coffee for me."

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Coffee – DATED

In using advertisements see page 6

Can you dismiss the Health Squad NOW?

WISE MOTHERS have employed the Health Squad, during the past winter, to protect their children's health. They know that the four vitamins comprising the Health Squad act as policemen of the body, providing protection from the grave effects of vitamin deficiency . . . from general lowering of resistance (especially to the common cold), from nervous disorders, soft teeth, scurvy and rickets.

Now, under the warming sunshines of spring, it might seem natural to relax the program of protection. But sunshine supplies only Vitamin D. You cannot be sure that food will give your child's body the other essential vitamins. Continue the services of the Health Squad!

These four vitamin policemen are found in a palatable food combination. A leading biological chemist has proved that Maltine With Cod Liver Oil (added to orange juice in adequate dosage) *provides a sufficient quantity of the four vitamins (A, B, C, D) to promote health.*

Seventy per cent of Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is Maltine, a concentrated extract of malted barley, wheat and oats—rich in Vitamin B. The rest is pure vitamin-tested cod liver oil (Vitamins A and D). Taken in orange juice (Vitamin C) this preparation gives your child all four important vitamins. Keep a bottle convenient in the kitchen cabinet, and stir it into the child's orange juice. Remember that cod liver oil alone does not give complete protection and that clinical tests prove Maltine With Cod Liver Oil to be more palatable.

May we send you the free booklet, "The Doctor Talks About Vitamins"? The Maltine Company, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Established 1875.

★

The A B C's of Vitamins

A "OFFICER A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is a recognized rich source of Vitamin A.*

B "OFFICER B" *is most essential. Lack of Vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B is found in abundance in Maltine With Cod Liver Oil.*

C "OFFICER C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in Vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "OFFICER D" *is also necessary. A deficiency of Vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child bones. Sound teeth depend upon it. It is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is rich in Vitamin D.*

Maltine
WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

If I Were Your Age

she knew, thinking of Oliver. "Just the thrill of finding the power he has in himself, and using it to its utmost. That's young Tom."

"I know it. That's why I'm not afraid that he'll make good on his own."

"Aye, but some day he'll want the weapons of power that you're keeping from him. What'll he say to you then?"

"I don't know." For the first time her defense wavered. "Won't you stay and ask Tom what he wants to do?"

"No. It's for you to ask him. I'll come back tomorrow night."

"To dinner?"

"I'll be honored," he said, and she knew that he meant just what he said.

TOM was hardly in the house before she told him of his father's coming, but she waited until she had put away the dinner dishes before she spoke of the house at High Rock. To her amazement he took the offer casually.

"That'll be slick," he said. "I always liked Glen Dun better than the big house. You'll love it. When do we move?"

"Not before your mother comes," she said sharply.

"There's no sense in that," he protested, but she held to her point, and they stayed in Lebanon until Alicia Gilchrist, with twenty-four trunks, a secretary, two maids, three blue Derrys, an Irish hunter, the Czarina's pearls, and a customs fine of forty-three thousand dollars, loomed upon the horizon.

She came, as Gilchrist had come, to the apartment half-way up the Lebanon hill, but she swirled in from the big car with the manner of an actress making effective entrance upon a well-lighted scene.

"You're Judy!" she cried, reaching up to put her hands on the girl's shoulders. "And you've married my owl of a Tommy! How on earth did you ever make him see that you are human?"

Her bright, brown eyes ran over her daughter-in-law, who stood, too amazed by the reality of Alicia to answer her. Braced to meet a stately dowager, she found this nervously vivid woman, apparently not a day over thirty-five, appallingly disconcerting.

"I know why he married you," Alicia declared triumphantly. "You're like the picture of his father's mother that hung in his room when he was a little boy."

"Is that a reason?"

"Oh, absolutely. I've been studying with Kesner. He's the man in Munich. He's really better than Freud or Jung. You must go over with me the next time, and have him chart you. He found that I was all wrong in my repressions. Now I have none."

"Does it help to lose them?"

"Oh, it's perfect. Now, put on your hat, Judy, and we'll go to High Rock. The house is all ready for you. We'll telephone Tom so that he needn't come back here."

"But our things?"

"Miss Verner will look after everything."

"I have some things I don't want any one else to touch."

"Love letters? Why, Judy!"

"No. Some keepsakes my mother had."

"You may come back for them tomorrow, but you really shouldn't tie to the past at all. It's bad for your development."

All the way out to High Rock she rattled on about psychological theories, while her slim fingers ran up and down the strand of oyster-white pearls, big as hazel-nuts, of which Judy kept visualizing the tragic history. At the door of a rambling, thatched, white-stone cottage, which hid its costliness in apparent simplicity, she paused.

"This is yours," she told the girl, and for the first time a flash of honest feeling shone in her eyes. "I hope you'll be very happy here."

From the car she called back, "I'll be over for you at eleven in the morning," and rolled off to the big house beyond.

Charles A. Van Rensselaer, III, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Van Rensselaer, of Oyster Bay, Long Island. The family is one of the oldest in New York state

Round red cheeks and bright blue eyes for little

CHARLES VAN RENSSELAER, III

His mother starts his daily schedule in a way that specialists advise

HE'S very gay . . . and not awfully far removed from roly poly—this little chap with the fine old Dutch name, Charles Van Rensselaer, III.

On Long Island there's everything to interest a little boy—coasting in winter, swimming at the Piping Rock Beach in the summer.

Charles' high spirits and perfect health promise well for his future well being.

He lives with simple, pre-school child routine in charge of his nurse, and supervised by a pretty young mother whom he thinks of as a charming playmate.

Charles is already an excellent swimmer. Mrs. Van Rensselaer wants him to be adept at every outdoor sport

Regularly, for breakfast and supper, Charles eats with gusto the cereal mothers look upon as the children's own—Cream of Wheat. A famous child specialist prescribed it when he was only three months old—and Charles loves it. "Cream of Wheat has always been part of our program and I think it has a lot to do with keeping Charles so sturdy and well," says Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

The Van Rensselaers' physician is just one of many who consider Cream of Wheat ideal.

Recently we asked 221 distinguished specialists their opinion about cereals. In four great cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto—*every single one* answered that he approved Cream of Wheat.

The reason is easy to see, and careful mothers know it. Cream of Wheat is extraordinarily rich in energy and amazingly easy to digest.

Make a regular practice of this simple protective care in the morning—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

For breakfast and supper, Charles eats hot, cooked cereal and is especially fond of Cream of Wheat

FREE — this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked cereal* breakfast. The H.C.B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 796,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to: ★

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION, DEPT. C-47 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Name of Child.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here..... © 1930, The C. of W. Corp.

CREAM OF WHEAT

In using advertisements see page 6

Where perfect days begin and end in the luxurious comfort of

WAMSUTTA PERCALE

At the smartest hotels on the American Riviera

THE managers of these luxuriously appointed hotels have made every one of their beds as comfortable as your own . . . with Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases that lull you to sleep so that you wake up wondering if you're at home again.

No matter how little of your time may be set apart for sleeping, you always know that when you *do* go to bed, the cool caress of Wamsutta Percale will be there against your cheek and its drowsy smoothness all around you.

The sheets and pillow cases you can buy at your nearest department store are the very same in fineness and in strength of texture as the Wamsutta Percale which these great hotels are using. There is *only one* Wamsutta Percale.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA
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WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA PERCALE SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

If I Were Your Age

SHE came at twelve next day, making up for tardiness by speed into town, and from the moment of her appearance taking Judy in tow as if the girl had neither desire nor initiative of her own.

"You'll need a lot of clothes," she told her. "I wish I'd known your line when I was in Paris. I adore buying in Paris for myself or any one else. You can wear models, though. We'll see what Grabiner has. Blue's your color, misty blue. You must wear tones of it always when you don't wear white or black."

"Tom likes red."

"Oh, my dear, who ever dressed to please a Gilchrist? I'd be in purple if Tom's father could choose, and Oliver'd put me in orange." Her glance went over Judy appraisingly. "You'll do for today," she decided.

"We're going to luncheon at the Old Forge Club, Matthews," she told the chauffeur.

"It's the only place in town with decent food," she explained to Judy.

It was not the food, but the company, Judy realized on their entrance, which had brought them to the gathering place of half the women of the Hill crowd; for, as she went through the thronged room in Alicia's wake, she heard the gasps of astonishment from the older women and met the curious stares of the younger ones. It was, she saw, her mother-in-law's first public appearance in Lebanon since Tom's marriage, and she was seizing the opportunity to put over a scene which Lebanon was not likely to forget. Flamboyantly, relieved of whatever repressions she might have had before she had discovered the sage of Munich, Alicia Gilchrist was telling the world that the Gilchrists had made Judy Rowan of the Strip one of themselves.

For an hour she said, "My daughter" or "Tom's wife," to the crowd of women who dared not defy the Gilchrist power, and to Carolans and Tressarts who would have followed her own high-handed methods under similar circumstances. Then, as if the introduction of a hitherto obscure daughter-in-law were an every-day occurrence, she swept Judy out of the club, bowing to left and right with an almost royal condescension, and not even pausing to sigh at thought of an ordeal ended.

THROUGH the summer she absorbed Judy's days, but the girl refused to leave Tom in the evenings, and Tom was in triumphant revolt against the environment of the High Rock Hunt Club. In that time they would either sit on the porch of the stone cottage, with Gilchrist as their occasional visitor, or drive through the hills, sighting from the summits the blaze of the furnaces of Lebanon. It was then, rather than at Alicia's luncheons and bridge parties where she played with women whose names had been since her childhood synonyms of wealth and extravagance, that she felt how far she had come from the Strip, and she would move a little closer to Tom's shoulder.

"Happy?" he once asked her.

"As Cinderella."

"There's no clock in this game."

"Not even an alarm clock."

"Say, Judy," he questioned with apparent irrelevance, "are you drinking with that crowd of mother's?"

"Not what they'd call drinking."

"It'd have to be stiff before those girls would notice it."

"Well, I can't refuse it, can I, when no one else does?"

"I suppose not, but I'd rather you wouldn't."

"Why not? Your mother does."

He hesitated, frowning over what he had to say, but he plunged into it. "Mother's all right, but her crowd's pretty hot, even for Lebanon. Some of those girls have cellars that make the regulars at the Old Forge Club green with envy, and the rest of 'em run up bootlegger bills higher than Oliver's. You can't keep up with 'em."

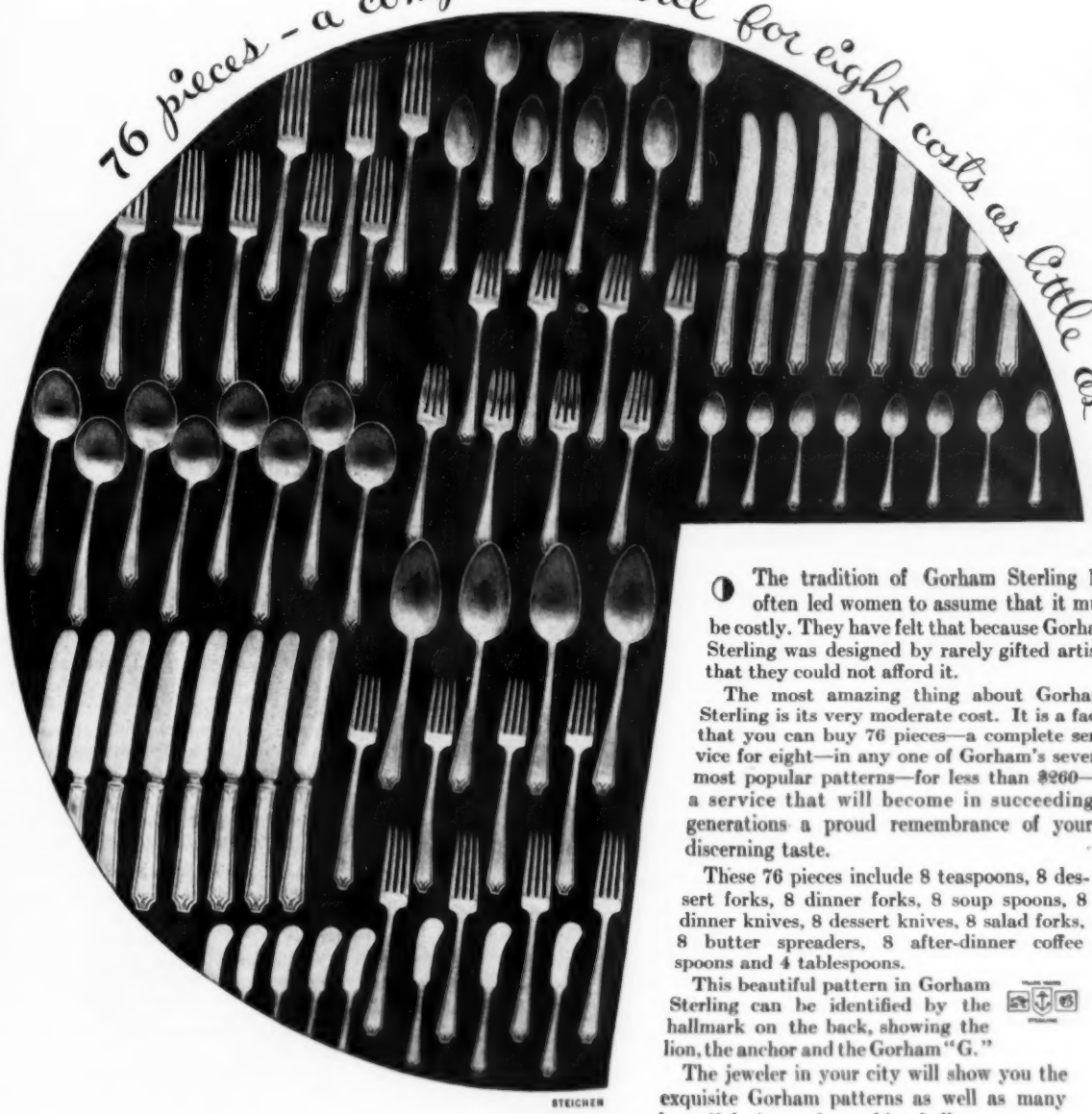
"I haven't tried."

"We're lucky we don't have to," he said, and

the silver you would rather have can be yours

Gorham sterling is not expensive

76 pieces – a complete service for eight costs as little as $232



The tradition of Gorham Sterling has often led women to assume that it must be costly. They have felt that because Gorham Sterling was designed by rarely gifted artists that they could not afford it.

The most amazing thing about Gorham Sterling is its very moderate cost. It is a fact that you can buy 76 pieces—a complete service for eight—in any one of Gorham's seven most popular patterns—for less than ~~$260~~—a service that will become in succeeding generations a proud remembrance of your discerning taste.

These 76 pieces include 8 teaspoons, 8 dessert forks, 8 dinner forks, 8 soup spoons, 8 dinner knives, 8 dessert knives, 8 salad forks, 8 butter spreaders, 8 after-dinner coffee spoons and 4 tablespoons.

This beautiful pattern in Gorham Sterling can be identified by the hallmark on the back, showing the lion, the anchor and the Gorham "G."

The jeweler in your city will show you the exquisite Gorham patterns as well as many beautiful pieces of matching hollow ware.

Gorham

THE GORHAM COMPANY, Providence, R. I., Dept. F-1
Send me your new illustrated book, "The Art of Table Setting," by Lilian M. Gunn, authority on the etiquette of entertainment. I enclose 25¢.

Name _____

Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

After the bath is Ov-er

"WHEE-EE-EE-EE . . . talk about excitement! Here comes Mother, with my powder! Oh, you should see—it's the softest, silkiest powder we've ever had at our Bath Ceremony! It's different from any we've used before. How Mother found it, I don't know, but she's the cleverest woman that way. . .

"I wish she'd hurry. I want that powder to cuddle up close to me, quick! It keeps me so comfortable . . . d'you know, I've almost forgotten what chafing means! I declare, it's the loveliest, soothingest . . . please, Mother put that powder on me . . . or I'm going to jump right out of this tub!"

The Chief Chemist has a message for mothers—The difference in baby powders is largely due to a difference in *talcs*. For Johnson's Baby Powder, only the finest Italian talc is used. This is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope . . . or you can feel it, this way . . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Then do the same with other powders . . . you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Decide for your baby—wisely! Another important thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc.

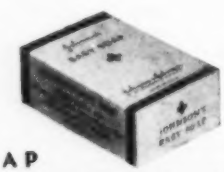
Your baby deserves the best of soaps, too —Johnson's Baby Soap is made *especially* for babies, also—from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is as bland and soothing as the finest Castile soaps—but unlike Castile, Johnson's Baby Soap gives a rich, smooth lather and rinses off quickly and completely, leaving the skin soft and velvety. Note this fact, also—whereas Castile soaps are not always pure and uniform in quality, every cake of Johnson's Baby Soap conforms to the highest standards of purity and excellence.

Here's an extra aid to your baby's comfort — Johnson's Baby Cream is also made especially for babies, from purest ingredients. It is bland and soothing, and relieves chafing, chapping, "diaper rash," prickly heat, and other mild irritations of the skin. A little of Johnson's Baby Cream, rubbed gently on the baby's face and hands before going outdoors, will prevent sunburn and windburn.

FREE SAMPLES! ***In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample—free of charge. With it, we will send you free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, for you to try in connection with the powder. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 3-E, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.***

Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS: "Z-O" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.



SOAP

Johnson's Baby Powder

CREAM

If I Were Your Age

she felt the impossibility of explaining to him that her reason for jumping through the hoops of Alicia's holding was gratitude to his mother for having made his marriage no barrier between him and his people.

The hoops were high, however, and there were times when her losses at bridge appalled her. With Old Tom standing all the bills for Glen Dun, and Alicia buying all her clothes, she had thought herself fabulously rich with the money which Tom gave her for herself, and which had paid all the household expenses of the apartment, but she now saw it vanish as if it were cents instead of dollars.

"I simply can't stay in your games," she finally told Alicia.

"Oh, nonsense," Alicia fended her off. "You're just beginning to get the run of my playing. We'll clean up between us in no time Let me loan you a thousand."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"If I lost, how could I pay you?"

"You won't lose, but I've a plan. I'll put the thousand in stocks for you. Then you can play on whatever you make over that. I'll take you down tomorrow."

Nearly an hour earlier than her wonted time she whirled Judy into town and up to a high floor of one of the Gilchrist buildings, where a score of women sat in one-armed chairs in front of a blackboard where a boy was chalking up figures which were mere hieroglyphics to the girl. She noticed, though, that when Alicia gave an order to buy Gulf Stream Oil, half the women in the room signaled for the same. Most of them were from the High Rock crowd, but in this setting they looked even more greedily avid than over the card tables. She shrank a little from their nervous excitement of gains and losses, but Alicia's declaration as they went out soothed her:

"G. S. O's up three points already. It's going up about a hundred, though. Don't sell till I tell you."

It went up a hundred and eighteen points, and, selling at Alicia's warning, she found herself with over a thousand dollars above the money she returned to her mother-in-law.

"Try Bentz Rubber," Alicia advised. "Old man Bentz has always held it down, but he's dying, and the boys'll let it skyrocket so that they can cash in."

Five weeks later Judy, who had bought at fifty-three, sold at two hundred and eight, Bentz having been the spectacular flame of the market. Then, with the fever in her veins, she plunged into a half-dozen leads of Alicia's tipping, some good, some bad, some sluggishly indifferent; but she was six thousand dollars ahead of the game when in September Gilchrist went to London, when Tom was sent by the Tressarts for a month's survey on the Mesaba Range, and when Oliver came back to Lebanon.

SHE met him unexpectedly in the hall of the big house at High Rock when she went up to have dinner with Alicia. He opened the screen door for her, asking,

"Are you some one I should let in?"

"I'm Judith Gilchrist."

"I'm Oliver. The black sheep. The prodigal come home. Alicia's just killing the calf." He smiled at her blithely. "How the devil did Tom have the spunk to pick something like you?"

"I've never noticed that he's lacked spunk in anything."

"Well, he's done the family a service. Old Tom's found a daughter, and Alicia has a new playmate. What'll you be to little Oliver?"

"Nothing."

"Judy, do you call that sisterly?"

"I didn't mean it to be."

"Good Lord, the girl has a Hollywood hate on me! Little one, what did I ever do to offend thee?"

Memory of what he had done to affront her blazing young sympathies flashed between her

"*Please* tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S
Column on Hair Beauty

No dandruff allowed—says this soap from the pine woods

Dear Miss Carroll: I have quite a bit of dandruff and lately the hair seems to be coming out more than it should. I used to wash my hair every week or ten days, but this summer a very good friend told me that even oily hair shouldn't be washed oftener than every three weeks. But my hair looks dreadful before the three weeks are up, and my hair seems to come out more than ever. It used to seem better after my shampoos.—J. K. K., Green, Maine.

I can't imagine where that "every-three-weeks" rule started, but it's wrong. And it's especially bad for anybody with dandruff to follow it. Dandruff is a *germ* disease, and the best weapon against it is cleanliness.

I'm going to suggest a very radical change. But it is approved by doctors who specialize in the care of the hair.

Here it is—Tonight shampoo your hair with Packer's Tar Soap. Massage the good piney lather well into your scalp. Wash your brush and comb. Repeat this tomorrow night and the next. Then lengthen the intervals between shampoos, until you are washing your hair once a week.

Packer's Tar Soap has been advised by doctors for years in cases of dandruff. It is gently antiseptic—and the rich pine tar is wonderful for the scalp. In case this treatment sounds like a lot of trouble (it isn't much trouble, really), I'm going to give you a statistic to impress you . . . Doctors say that dandruff is responsible for about 79% of the cases of thinning hair.

A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: I have always had fine, soft hair, but lately it has been very thin and seems inclined to be rather dry and split on the ends. I'd like to have it thicker, and more glossy and lustrous.—Miss H. M., Brundage, Texas.

To quote a very eminent dermatologist, over-dryness is "a condition which should not be allowed to persist." This famous doctor is chiefly interested in the preservation of people's hair—I must confess that I'm interested in the *looks*, too. So I'm glad to say that there is a special shampoo for dry hair which is *good* for your hair, and which also makes it *look nicer*.

This special shampoo is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo made by the makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap. This lovely liquid shampoo is a pure vegetable oil soap, and it feels as gentle on the scalp as a nice fluffy cloud would. It contains soothing, softening glycerine that leaves your hair much softer and shinier than usual. In addition to this special shampoo, I suggest that you get out your hair brush and brush and brush, to wake up those lazy oil glands. I'm sure you'll find that your hair will be healthier, and you'll get that lustre you're asking for.

What shall I do for oily hair?

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair has an overabundance of natural oil, and to keep it looking half way decent, I have to shampoo it once a week. Most people insist I shampoo it too often.—A. J. B., Joliet, Illinois.

A shampoo once a week is not too often for oily hair. In fact, you can shampoo oily hair oftener than once a week, if necessary. I'd only suggest that you use a shampoo especially made for oily hair. Such a shampoo is Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It has an astringent quality which tends to coax the over-active oil glands back to normal. This special "oily-hair shampoo" is also a marvelous cleanser. It leaves your hair so extra-specially clean that all the little natural lights show up.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—*radio talks* by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m., Eastern Standard Time (11:45 a. m. Eastern Daylight Time), over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 18-D, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose_____cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

In using advertisements see page 6

We Buy

Full-Size Package of this New, 5 Minute Cooking Macaroni For You...NOTE COUPON

No More Burnt Macaroni

Cooks Now in 5 Minutes

Saves 15 Minutes' Pot-Watching

HERE is the latest achievement of Quaker Oats Company experts to make meals more delicious and kitchen work easier for women.

An utterly NEW-TYPE macaroni—milk-containing—that cooks in 5 minutes and puts one of the world's most important strength foods on the quick list.

Please accept a full-size package to try. We pay your grocer the full retail price. So do not hesitate to present the coupon below. No fuss, no muss, no bother—no more burnt macaroni.

A U.S. Patented Food Invention

We made this new creation of 4 parts finest Durum Wheat and 1 part of whole milk.

Ordinary macaroni is made with water. And takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A far more tender, more delicious macaroni.

Years were spent perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

5 Minutes—That's All

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

10-Cent Package Free

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of Quaker Quick Milk Macaroni free to try. Try its quick cooking.

Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Get This Real
"COMMUNITY"
(Tudor Plate) SPOON
For trying this new food creation

If, when accepting the free package of *Quaker* QUICK *Macaroni*, you will buy an additional package at 10c, and send the two labels to us, we will send you the charming Baronet Design teaspoon—made by *Oneida Community and Guaranteed 25 years*—postpaid, Free. This solely to get a fair trial in your home of this new food convenience.

***Good for Full-Size 10¢ Package*—Present to Any Grocer**

To get full-size package of Quaker QUICK Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE.

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

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Address.....

G. H.-April

City.....*State*.....

Your Grocer's Name.....

Quaker Quick Macaroni ★

If I Were Your Age

and his laughing eyes, but since she was now his brother's wife she only shrugged.

"Nothing," she said lightly.

"Then we'll get on. Tell me, do you step?"

"Tom said you'd say that."

"But did he tell you what to answer?"

"Of course not."

"Then I'll answer for you. You do, and you're going to play around with me while Tom's ogling the iron ores on the barren shores of far Superior."

"I don't know that I shall."

"You'll have to if you stay around Alicia. She's the only woman who stays faithful to me, but she's worth all the rest of the crowd."

"What of the lovely lady of the pictures?"

"My only virtue," Oliver declared, "is my fickleness."

Try as she might, she could not keep up her antagonism to his character when he exerted himself so patently to please her. He was, she discovered, at loose ends after his long absence and his flaming affair with Amy Arden, and he conspired with Alicia to make the big house the center of all the High Rock autumn gaiety, bringing into it men and women whom she had never met there in old Tom's presence. For week after week party flowed into party in the huge rooms, with liquor on tap as if it had been water, and games running for high stakes day and night. Alicia and Oliver led the drinking and the gambling, as they led the pack at the hunt, zestfully, recklessly, with high disdain of consequences.

Judy, writing to Tom every day, felt sometimes that she must tell him of the carnival but reasoned herself into silence by the argument that she would seem to be tattling on his mother and brother. Sometimes, in disgust, she would leave the crowd and take refuge in Glen Dun, but more and more she fell into the sweep of the swift current until, by early October, she found herself in the rapids of the wilder revels.

It was, in part, Oliver's gay insistence and Alicia's calm domination which whirled her out from the shore of her allegiance to Tom's quieter standards; but her spectacular playing of a vivid part in the drama of the High Rock Hunt Club came, too, from her desire to show Tom's world that his wife could run a course as speedy as that of any woman there. Keyed too tightly on a defensive, she gambled too blatantly, drank too much, flirted too riotously, even for the reckless crowd of High Rock.

"The girl from the Strip should have married Oliver," old Peg Carolan told Cora Tressart. "They're birds of a feather."

With Alicia's tips on the market petering out in Gilchrist's absence, Judy began to lose so heavily that, with incredible swiftness, her gains vanished. Panic-stricken, she took a chance on margins with a stock which Oliver recommended. With a crash it volplaned down the day of the High Rock Hunt ball, leaving her nearly three thousand dollars in debt.

"I've got to get it somehow," she thought desperately, "before Tom comes home," and in sheer terror put on her most daring gown and her most startling early-Harlem make-up to go with Oliver to the dance.

HE CALLED for her with Mary Blake and Gene Varney, both of them already half-drunk and insistent on getting drunker. Driving from house to house, drinking highballs and cocktails at all of them, they acquired a gaiety which was riotous by the time they reached the clubhouse. The High Rock Hunt is no censor of the morality of its members, however, and no one paid much heed to them until after midnight. Then, out of a furious determination to show the crowd she had so lately entered how securely certain she was of her own position, Judy Gilchrist caught and held the spotlight.

"Sing?" she shouted, catching up some one's word. "I'll sing a good song!"

With agile grace she leaped to a table, holding

high a glass as she began a ballad of Oliver's teaching. With her browned skin and her drooping shoulders, her lithe daring and her throaty voice, she looked all too realistically dusky, as she flung out words that had long been lifted to rafters of more sordid rooms than the High Rock Hunt.

"It takes a long, lean, brown-skinned gal
To make a preacher lay his Bible down"

she rollicked through its strains, with Oliver and Gene Varney and a dozen other men joining her in the swaying rhythm. Then, leaping down into the outstretched arms of Oliver and Varney, she looked across the big room to see young Tom standing in the doorway, watching her with eyes which at first refused her recognition, then hardened into rage.

For an instant she clung to the other men, her arms tightened over their shoulders. Then she slid to the floor, and ran toward Tom.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here, Tommy," she cried. "C'mon to the party!"

"Get your coat," he said. "I'm going to take you home."

"Don't want to go home," she pouted. "Havin' a good time with every one."

"Come on," he said, his face almost as old as his father's.

"Get her coat," he told Mary Blake. "Send it to the car."

Roughly he took Judy's arm.

"You're drunk," he told her, "but you're not going to get any drunker," and dragged her across the veranda to his roadster.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow night," was all he said when they came to the thatched cottage, but it left her trembling with fear as she heard him slam the door of the room.

SHE awoke to find him gone and to count the cost of her folly. She had, she realized, affronted in him the idealism which had made him her lover. He had chosen her for his wife because she had been different from the girls of his mother's crowd, had loved her because she had embodied that stark, clean aspiration of the spirit which was his heritage from his father. Had he been Oliver, she would not have worried about the eventual outcome of the situation; but the younger Tom, like the elder, held to a certain Gaelic ruthlessness in judgment from which there was no appeal. She had betrayed him to people whom he despised, and he was not likely to forgive her for that betrayal. She had lost him, she knew, by last night's crisis of months of extravagance, of recklessness, and of folly; and she loved him too well to seek justification in blaming his mother and brother.

"We're through," she thought dully, and waited his coming for sentence after trial.

SHE was watching the smoldering logs in the big fireplace at Glen Dun when he came home late that night. In the mirror across the room she saw how worn and grave he looked, how like old Tom the grim line of his jaw had set. Without greeting he flung down his overcoat and stared at her.

"Have you any defense of yourself?" he flung out.

"None." Against the scorn of his tone she raised a barrier of defiance. "What have I done that needs any?"

"If you were so far gone that you don't remember what—"

"I remember everything, but I did nothing that other girls at High Rock wouldn't have done—if they'd thought of it."

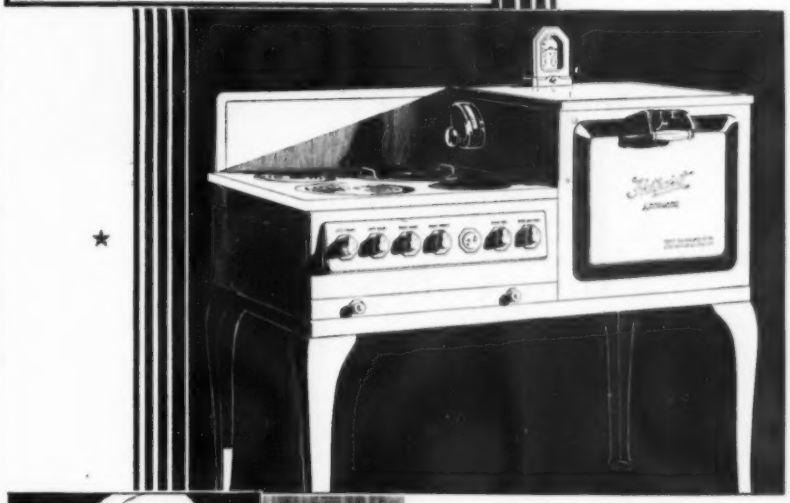
"I don't care what they do. It's what you do that concerns me."

"But they—"

"They're just what they always were. I thought that you weren't like them. That's why I was fool enough to love you. I believed that you were something better. You're not. You're just as cheap, and common, and coarse as they are."

"How dare you say that?" His taunt shot away her determination to keep from mention

Only 1¢
a meal per person to cook *electrically*

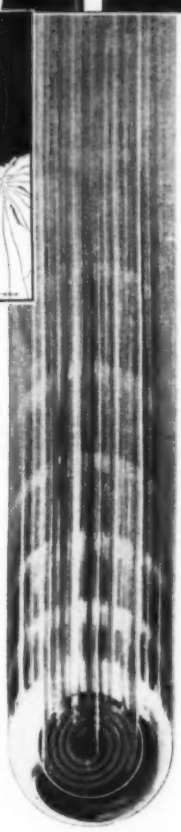


Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range

THE MODERN MAID FOR MODERN MOTHERS

It is actually like having a maid at no cost. Complete meals cook themselves, though you may be away from the house all day. Here is *modern, care-free* cooking. Perfect meals, always ready on the dot, yet you have time to *live* with your family, time for social activities, or for healthful recreation.

The New Hotpoint HI-SPEED CALROD element. One of the reasons why Hotpoint ranges are so economical and so amazingly FAST.



OF COURSE every woman knows that electric cookery is far better, easier, cleaner. But here and there we find women who think it *must be* expensive.

Here are the facts: Almost a million women are now cooking electrically. They live in practically every part of America. Their average cost per family is approximately 15 cents a day. For the average family of five, this represents only 1 cent a meal per person.

This may be even less than your present fuel cost—or, at most, but a few pennies a day more. For so small a cost you can be forever free from scouring sooted pots and pans. *Hotpoint electric heat is as clean as sunshine.*

Only Hotpoint Automatic Electric Ranges have HI-SPEED CALROD, the saving Thrift Cooker and many other points of superiority. There are many models, in sizes, types, and at prices to meet every requirement. See your electric company, or write us for catalog or full information.

Hotpoint

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In using advertisements see page 6

Gebhardt's

GENUINE MEXICAN

Chili

POWDER

A New *Spark* of life in your favorite recipes

FOR seasoning necessity, use salt and pepper, but add Chili powder for luxury. This culinary magic from Old Mexico is giving millions a new food thrill. The plainest of plain foods and left-overs are changed into delicacies. To salads, sauces, gravies, and soups it gives new color, flavor, sparkle and pep. You can vastly improve familiar American dishes. You can duplicate, exactly, famous Mexican dishes with genuine native tang. Ask your grocer for Gebhardt's genuine Mexican Chili Powder; 15c and 35c bottles; recipe folder enclosed; also for Gebhardt Mexican foods in cans. If he hasn't them send direct to San Antonio for the 10c sample with two famous recipe books free, or the Sampler canned foods package prepaid for a dollar bill.

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fish
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with Alice Bradley's: "Salads" and Gebhardt's Mexican Recipe Book.

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Containing one bottle Gebhardt's genuine Mexican Chili Powder; one can each of Chili Con Carne, Tamales, Beans; two cans deviled Sandwich Spread and two famous recipe books . . . . postpaid to any American address for $1.00.

Both books beautifully illustrated in color. The Salad book by Principal of Miss Farmer's Boston School of Cookery; newest ideas in color, decoration and design. "Mexican Cookery": a manual of native culinary art. The sample contains enough powder to try in two or three recipes. . . Send for it today.

GEBHARDT'S, San Antonio, Texas. GH-5

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If I Were Your Age

of Oliver and Alicia. "When your brother and your mother—"

"We'll leave them out of this."

"How can you when they are the ones who took me into it?"

"They never took me."

Back and forth they flung recrimination and counter-recrimination until, wearied by their passionate angers, they fell into sullen silence which thickened like fog between them, leaving them isolated from each other but vibrantly conscious of their nearness. For days they continued in this taut antagonism, with Tom coming home late at night, speechless and surly, and Judy moping, refusing every one's invitations, trying to readjust herself into this new and terrifying situation. Then Alicia and Oliver, with a gesture of washing their hands of the catastrophe, motored southward to the Warrenton meet, and Judy shut herself into a mood of bitter and gloomy remorse.

November, bleak and stormy on the Alleghany slopes, seemed to cut off Glen Dun from High Rock. To the girl, marooned from old associations and new acquaintanceships, Lebanon, seen afar in smoke by day and fire by night, attained a significance she had not apprehended when she had been one of its toilers. For the first time she caught something of the sense of power, of obligation, of responsibility that men like old Tom possessed, and she began to feel toward Alicia and Oliver and their crowd a furious contempt.

"I was a fool," she told herself bitterly one day as she stood at the summit of a hill above the glen, gazing on the copper-hued smoke which hung above the furnaces of the town.

With a gleam of sunshine through the gray murk came back the buoyant hope of youth. "I'll make him see that it wasn't the real Judy who lost her head," she promised. "I'll show Tom that he was right to believe in me. I'll give him back his faith and win back his love. I'm the same Judy he married, and I'll make him see it!"

She had not counted, she discovered all too soon, that he was not quite the same Tom who had given her his trust. To her utter dismay she found that he had begun to drink heavily. Too reproachful of herself to upbraid him, she watched him with appalled wonder, scarcely believing at times that this restless buccaneer was the boy she had married. For with drink he slipped into a character which he had never revealed in sober moments, a wild, raging, daring speed of temperament which made him more dangerous than Oliver.

"He'd never be like this if I hadn't failed him," she sobbed night after night, as she waited in fear of what might befall him.

Through all her lonely vigils she blamed herself unsparingly, and she came into dread of old Tom's return in the knowledge that she must tell him the truth.

"What'll he do to me?" she wondered, and in some thought of forestalling his action began to make plans for separation from his son.

"I can't go back to the Lebanon General," she decided, putting aside all idea of financial arrangement for herself, "but I'll find work somewhere else. I couldn't stay in Lebanon anyhow," she reasoned, oppressed by the thought that all avenues in the town of her birth were closed to one who had incurred the wrath of the elder Gilchrist.

"I've failed him," she thought. "I've failed Tom. I've failed myself."

Oppressed by knowledge that the crowd of the Hill and the Hunt were judging her by standards crueler than those they made for their own measuring, she sighed in sorrow.

"I've failed my own people, too," she condemned herself, "and that's almost the worst of all."

A WORST beyond her most somber expectations, however, broke over Glen Dun on a wild December night when Tom reeled into the living-room and stood, holding to a chair, and laughing hysterically.

Glad mothers tell you he's an...

Orange Juice Baby

YOUR faith in medical science — and *fresh* California Sunkist Orange Juice — should help reward you with a robust baby. You have the highest authority to feed Orange Juice *daily* for the proper growth and development of body, bones and teeth.

Contrary to a once-prevalent belief, Orange Juice is not only fed regularly, but *with milk* it forms an almost perfect combination for a baby's balanced menu. Oranges cause a greater retention of milk's minerals, a matter of great importance.

Sunkist Orange Juice is extra-rich in the vitamins as well as mineral salts and other needed elements. Oranges are among the few chief sources of scurvy-prevention vitamin "C." Its *daily* consumption is essential because this vitamin cannot be stored in the body longer than 24 hours.

Sunkist *California* Orange Juice

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Dept. 304, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me FREE, the new booklet, *Feeding the Child for Health.* You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

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Have this thought in mind—always: The potency of Oranges is in *fresh Orange Juice.* Extract it yourself, then you know baby is getting every needed element.

Give Oranges liberally to growing children. They help prevent many minor ailments. Oranges, *fresh* Orange Juice or *fresh* Lemonade are potent correctives of child-types of Acidosis.

Important child-feeding facts are given in the new edition of "Feeding the Child for Health." It is free. Mail the coupon. The book includes tables for height, weight and growth measuring; also simple recipes for wholesome and inviting health-building foods.

* * *

California Sunkist Oranges are identified by the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the tissue wrapper. "Sunkist" assures dependable quality. © 1930 C.F.G.E.

In using advertisements see page 6

little ways to loveliness •

Eyes, like mirrors, are strictly useful always, but only ornamental when beautifully framed. A little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly applied to the eyelashes every night encourages growth. A little applied to eyebrows with a small brush will keep them shapely and smooth. Do try it. Use a tiny bit to remove any traces of powder when you make up, too.

Skin! What crimes we commit against it every day! Exposing it alternately to heat and cold, to dryness, and to water. Let "Vaseline" Jelly help keep it fine and smooth. Apply it liberally to soothe all irritations such as windburn, chapping, sunburn, minor cuts, scratches, etc. Helps prevent scars or scaliness. This is such a simple way to give your beauty first-aid, and so safe, too, that you should always have a supply of "Vaseline" Jelly handy.

Lips that are chapped or cracked or disfigured by cold sores need constant applications of "Vaseline" Camphor Ice till they are smooth and charming again. This is a safe, easy way to make and keep your lips lovely.

Hands that are busy all day with dishpans and typewriters and golf clubs can be kept lovely as any idler's by massaging with "Vaseline" Jelly and wearing old cotton or silk gloves overnight. Even one such treatment shows results.

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easy to have with the aid of
★ "Vaseline" Preparations

If I Were Your Age

"I've done it," he told her. "I've done it!"

"You've done what?"

"I'm in Oliver's class now." With bloodshot eyes he stared beyond her at some terror he had brought in with him out of the night.

"What is it?" she cried. "What's happened?"

"I used to say," he braced himself to answer, "that it was Oliver's fault when he killed that boy with his car. I said he ought to hang for it. And now—now I've killed a man with mine!"

"You haven't." Desperately she clung to the thought that he was weaving a drunken fantasy. "Tom, it isn't true. You wouldn't be here if you had."

"The motorcycle men knew me. They let me go on my word."

"Oh, Tom!" For the first time since the night at High Rock she went to him. "I'm so sorry," she strove to comfort him. "Are you sure that he's—dead?"

"They say he can't live."

"What is it?"

"Skull fracture."

"That needn't be fatal."

"This will be."

"Where is he?"

"They took him to the nearest hospital—the Bethany."

"It's no good." Never before in High Rock had her brain met a crisis with which it knew how to deal on the instant. "Call Doctor Murdoch. Tell him to take Engel with him to Bethany and to send Raeburn here to you. I'll call the Lebanon General and get Pingree and MacLaren for him. Which one of your father's lawyers do you want?"

"Ballantine."

"I'll find him."

Through a night which seemed endless she marshaled forces for Tom's saving, staking the skill which money could buy against the consequences of his recklessness. Remembering Oliver's insolent gesture of payment for the life he had taken, she dreaded most of all Tom's own attitude toward the disaster, but as she listened to his moans of remorse, she almost wished that he might acquire some of his brother's callousness.

"Won't you give him something to quiet him?" she asked Raeburn.

"It's better for him to fight it out now," Raeburn said.

At dawn MacLaren telephoned her that Murdoch thought there was no hope for the injured man, but that Engel wanted to perform a hazardous operation on the thousandth chance of its success.

"Put him on the wire," she directed, then, "Go ahead," she bade him.

"If he has any people, they may object," Engel warned her.

"We can't wait to find them. How soon will you know if this will save him?"

"In twenty-four hours."

SHE was still keeping vigil late that night, with Tom sleeping in heavy exhaustion, when she heard a car stop at the door, and rose to take whatever message had come. To her consternation old Tom stood before her.

"I thought you were in London," she said stupidly.

"I landed in New York this morning. I read the story in the first newspaper I saw. I came on as soon as I could clear the customs. How did it happen?"

She told him briefly, hiding nothing, emphasizing nothing, of Tom's culpability.

He listened stonily until she had finished. Then,

"I've two Olivers," he said bitterly.

"You haven't," she flamed denial. "It wasn't really Tom's fault that all this has happened. It's mine." Remorselessly she spread before him the whole truth of the situation. "There's nothing for me to do now," she ended, "but go away."

"Alone?"

"Of course."

Drawn by R. L. Leonard. Copyright 1930, P & L

THE GIRL WITH A FLAIR FOR COLOR .... the woman who just likes nice things .... the handy man about the house .... will find a veritable Aladdin's lamp in a can of "61" Quick Drying Enamel. Gay color WHERE you want it, on furniture, woodwork or floors and WHEN you want it .... dries in 4 hours! ANY color you want by simply mixing two or more of the standard colors. No annoyance with laps, streaks or brush marks. It flows on like cream. As durable as dainty, these smart colors wear as well as they look. Waterproof too! At paint and hardware stores .... see them! "61" on the label is your guarantee of satisfaction. Color Chart may be had on request.

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PRATT & LAMBERT

VARNISH PRODUCTS

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STOP envying those who are able to follow every whim of fashion. Here is a way that you ALWAYS can be just as smartly and finely dressed . . . . for much less than the average woman pays for her clothes!

THE MODERN METHOD FOR THE BUSY WOMAN

Do not confuse "New Method" Costume Art groups with the old-fashioned sewing school. "New Method" is a MODERN method for the busy woman. Trained teachers show you the simple, easy short-cuts to making stylish clothes. You learn professional methods of cutting, fitting, designing and COLOR HARMONY. What you save lets you afford the smartest styles, the most exquisite materials.

WE TEACH YOU "NEW METHOD" FREE

This marvelous course, that would cost $75 to $100 if opened to the public, is given absolutely FREE to buyers of White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines! To appreciate its tremendous scope and the untold happiness that it brings, you must visit the White Costume Art Group in your city. Send for the CERTIFICATE entitling you to one FREE lesson . . . and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "More Clothes for less Money"

★ White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines

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GET FREE INSTRUCTIONS

"NEW METHOD" COSTUME ART GROUPS
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Please send me WITHOUT CHARGE the CERTIFICATE entitling me to one FREE lesson at the nearest White Group . . . . . also, your attractive booklet describing "NEW METHOD" Costume Art.

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If I Were Your Age

"Have you told Tom?"

"Not yet."

He moved toward the fireplace and stood gazing down upon the fire. For the first time Judy saw in him not power but pathos, the poignant tragedy of a man never understood by those nearest and dearest to him. He had, she perceived with the clairvoyance of sorrow, fought against his own disillusions, his own embitterments, no less than he had battled against the forces of his rivals in trade. His struggle had been to overcome his disappointment in Alicia and Oliver quite as much as it had been to win money and might in the making and selling of steel. Now, because of her, Tom had failed him. Looking at Gilchrist in the leaping light from the logs, she saw him as the boy who had fared out from his Antrim glens, seeking so many joys that he had never found—true love, and deep contentment, and justified faith. As if he read her thoughts he spoke, looking not at her but at the heart of the fire.

"I told you long since," he said, "that I knew young Tom better than you'll ever know him. I know now that if you go from him, you'll take away something that no one can ever give back to him."

"He doesn't love me now."

"Not as he did, perhaps, but a Gilchrist loves but one woman in his lifetime. You understand that, Judith Rowan. I'm one kind of Irish, and you're another, but we're like in many a way. Will you love another man as you've loved my boy?"

"There'll be no other man. It's because I love him that I must leave him."

"You're a fool, the kind of fool that Tom and I are."

"But what else can I do? I've made a mess of everything."

"What's the trouble with all of you?" He faced her grimly. "Has the world gone so soft that youth can not face one failure? Where's your pride? Where's your creed? Where's the blood of your people? Do you think that because you've lost the first battle you've lost the war? With all the world before you? God, if I were your age!"

"And if you were?"

"Do you think that I'd let others blaze a trail for my life? Do you think that I'd stay here in the shadow of old men's power? Do you know why I chose to come to Lebanon? Because I knew no man in it!"

"Those were other days."

"There are other places. Mexico. Peru. India. China. Russia. All of them crying for men who know what Tom knows."

"Do you want him to go?"

Over his face ran a spasm of swift fear, the dread age feels at thought of loneliness. Then he braced himself again. "I do," he said, and faced her squarely. "You were right in trying to keep him away from High Rock," he told her, "but wrong in the way you were doing it. I told you then that Tom must find his high adventure."

"I'll not keep him from it."

"You'll have to do more than that," he told her, and went out into the night.

THE fire died down to gray ashes as she sat before it, with old Tom's words ringing in her ears like the sound of the pipes of his own Antrim glens. "If I were your age!" Vibrant with challenge, and wistful with regret, the phrase of his using opened for Judy a gate upon a highroad of life. In its paving she saw the foundation of Gilchrist's philosophy, a truth which Alicia had only half-sensed in the teachings of the man in Munich. Never in his striving youth had old Tom Gilchrist known fear of any barrier. Now nothing but age could deter him from belief that he could attain whatever he might want.

That, she realized in the face of his strength, had been her real mistake. She had feared Tom's people, feared his environment, feared his associations, and had let that fear wreck her

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WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT YOU?

HOW confidently they entertain—these interesting, gracious folks who have learned the importance of an inviting background. Follow their example, furnish your home *first*. It tells what you are.

You know it's just human nature to judge persons by the environment in which we find them. You've done that very thing time and again. And in the same way others are bound to judge you by the appearance of your home.

Perhaps visitors may not consciously "take stock" of your surroundings, but they cannot fail to note out-of-date or inadequate furnishings. And nothing else so surely detracts from your rightful social standing.

Why permit your home to do you this injustice? Why not take the first simple step to make your home *tell* what you are; to reflect your personality in your furnishings? A new rug for the living room, a new chair or two, perhaps, or an occasional table will make an astonishing transformation. You'll find these plenishings a sound investment that will bring an increased measure of pride and prestige. Now, you can have this home of your dreams without months or years of weary waiting.

For the modern method of buying furniture lets you have it right away.

FREE BOOKLET

The dealer who displays the above emblem is one of a select group of progressive merchants offering dependable home furnishings counsel. Ask him for this helpful 24-page color-illustrated booklet. If no dealer in your community displays this emblem, write National Home Furnishings Program, at 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois, for your free copy

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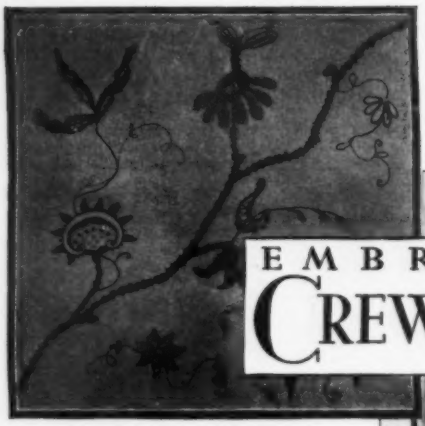

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"The Tree of Life . . .

symbol of hope . . . spirit of growth . . . What could be more fitting for Spring than this graceful design that seems to be actually *growing* on the heavy crash on which it is embroidered in wool yarns.

Rich are the colors of the yarn—and varied, thus making it easy to use CREWEL CRAFT with almost any color scheme. For draperies . . . wall-hangings . . . couch covers or, as a bed-spread for a man's room, there's probably no more *practical*, decorative fabric.

CREWEL CRAFT does not show soil readily and its rugged nature insures long service.

In 36-inch width at $3.75 a yard and in 50-inch width at $4.50 a yard

CREWEL CRAFT in a range of new designs, now on display in all modern drapery departments.

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Miss Marcia Meadows, Marshall Field & Company, *Wholesale*, Box 1182, Chicago GH-4
Please suggest (without charge) decorative treatment for my living room ☐, dining room ☐, bedroom ☐, sunroom ☐. Size..... The ceiling is high ☐, low ☐. The woodwork is light ☐, dark ☐, natural wood ☐, painted ☐. There are ..... windows. They are single ☐, grouped ☐, bay ☐, casement ☐, opening in ☐, opening out ☐, small ☐, large ☐, ordinary ☐. The room is light ☐, dark ☐. The exposure is north ☐, sunny ☐. I wish to completely redecorate ☐ or simply replace draperies ☐.
Also please send FREE booklet picturing various designs of COLONIAL DRAPERY FABRICS.
My name.....
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If I Were Your Age

happiness. Some element of the iron of Gilchrist's dauntless courage distilled itself into her soul."

"Nothing could frighten me now," she knew, and saw, with awakened vision, how she and Tom might take that highway of brave chance that was his Gilchrist heritage.

Long years and the wide world stretched before them. Even if he loved her less than he had when they had come to Glen Dun, she could yet work with him toward that consummation of the achievement for which he yearned. Faith in him, faith in herself—that was his father's gift to her.

"I'll go," she made decision, "if—"

The telephone bell jangled noisily through the dawntime silence, and she sprang to answer its summons, holding her breath with fear as she heard MacLaren's voice; but—

"Engel's done it, Judy," it triumphed wearily. "He's saved the dirty bum."

"Oh, I'm glad, I'm glad," she cried.

"You wouldn't be, if you could see him," the nurse declared.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Nothing matters now."

"Wait till you get Engel's bill. Then you'll find that something does."

"It'll be cheap at any price."

"I won't tell him that," MacLaren promised from the loyalty of old comradeship.

"You can tell the world," Judy vaunted.

She tiptoed to the door of the room where Tom slept, and stood in the gray light, watching how curiously young and lonely he seemed, how strangely dependent upon the sympathy she had been able to give him before Alicia and Oliver had whirled her out to the world into which he had never fitted any more than had his father. He stirred into waking, and she met his startled gaze as remembrance of yesterday flashed back into his brain.

"Everything's going to be all right, Tom," she told him.

"Truly, Judy?"

"Honestly." She took his hand in her own. "It's a new deal."

"What do you mean?"

"We're going away."

"Where?"

"Wherever you choose your work. India. China. Russia. Mexico." She ran over the list of old Tom's golcondas and saw the sudden gleam in young Tom's eyes. "We'll make good, the two of us."

"You bet we will, but, Judy—"

"What?"

"Will you want to go?"

"Oh, Tommy, it'll be grand!"

Through eastern windows came the gold gleam of a rising sun. From below Lebanon, beyond forges and furnaces and foundries, hidden by hills and mists, rose the sound that had thrilled so many youthful adventurers through the long years of the town's growing, the hoarse, throaty summons of a steamboat starting down the river toward frontiers of new hope, new courage. To it, as old Tom and her own folk had given answer to the calling seas, she lifted promise.

"It's morning," she told him.

Annuals

(*Continued from page 46*)

singles the new Aster Sunshine is the loveliest of all. It has a crested, quilled center of a hue contrasting with the alluring petals; it is of branching habit and unsurpassed for cutting.

Unfortunately, asters have a number of enemies. They should be planted in a seed bed, and when transplanted into position, a bit of wood ashes should be dug in to discourage the cutworm. The ashes are effective for root aphis also. Hand-picking is the only remedy for the wretched aster beetle which sometimes appears. These and the "yellows" are the main enemies; if you notice that any plants look yellow and sickly, pull them out at once.

Annuals

Petunias are another successfully developed annual. The Balcony variety is exquisite for piazza and window boxes, and the well-known Rosy Morn has come to stay. There are new whites and lavender-blues that are lovely beyond words—White Pearl, Dwarf Violet, Snowstorm (fringed white), to mention a few that I recall. Violet Queen is effective planted with Snowball, and Lilac Queen, a new blue petunia of enormous size, is nice for bedding.

Cosmos is a must-have among annuals. Cosmos used to mean a tall, feathery foliage plant from which one might or might not get blossoms in the very late fall—usually might not! The present-day cosmos begins to blossom when a foot high and keeps on, with increasing luxuriance, until frost. The Dwarf Early-Flowering Fairy Queen, which grows to about two and one-half feet, has the advantage of requiring no staking. The new double and double-crested varieties are well worth including, and be sure to plant the extra early kinds. Cosmos is lovely set in the asparagus bed, the lacy plumes of the asparagus supporting its starry blossoms.

At the risk—or certainty—of sounding like a catalogue, I am going to list a few of our favorite annuals not so often seen. There are the Stella Sunflowers, exquisite, all-season bloomers, three to four feet high, branching freely, and bearing graceful single flowers with black centers. I have never found the true primrose-colored—by far the loveliest—except at Sutton's, England. Save your own seed after obtaining the finest strain. Cactus-Flowered, a variety with twisted petals, is fine. These aristocrats of the sunflower family are invaluable for picking and can not be too highly praised.

Another fine annual is Hunnemannia—tulip poppy. It has feathery foliage, and lovely, single, tulip-shaped, golden flowers with finely crimped petals. It is also an all-season bloomer and splendid for picking.

Morning Glories for Breakfast

We always plant morning glories by our piazza to increase the pleasure of outdoor breakfasts. I recommend morning glory Heavenly Blue as the most exquisite of this exquisite family, blooming in glorious masses of true sky blue. You should house-start the seed in order to get blossoms, for it is very late in budding. A distant relative, charming and unusual, is the Convolvulus Minor. I first saw this as a brilliant border plant in an English garden—perfectly lovely! It is about one foot high, grows compactly, and is covered with small, morning-glory-like bloom in blues, pink to rose, white, and dainty stripes. It disregards frost, and we find it invaluable for late fall picking. A bowl of mixed colors is an enchanting table decoration.

There are other annuals I can not do without. Arctotis Grandis, growing to two feet in height, with daisy-like flowers, the petals of which are blue-lined, is especially lovely for mixed bouquets. Anchusa Bluebird, also two feet high, is one of the few true-blue flowers with luxuriant, forget-me-not blossoms. Among the scabiosa I look upon Peach Blossom, Shasta, and Azure Fairy—all giant hybrids—as particularly attractive. They bloom all season until hard frost, and their cushiony flowers of exquisite colors are beautiful either in the garden or in the house. "Poor Man's Orchid"—Large-Flowering Schizanthus—has a short but lovely season, blooming in luxuriant masses of butterfly-like flowers in every shade of lavender, purple and mauve.

The rather insignificant, orange-flowered variety of Eschscholtzia is rather common, but the finely developed, vari-colored sorts are not often seen. These are poppy-like flowers of satiny texture and every shade of cream to orange, and pink to claret, with blue-green, finely divided foliage. They are showy in the garden and lovely for cutting. The new Ramona has finely frilled and crimped petals of coppery-gold and pink.

"Portugal" blooms with vivid semi-tropic flowers

—and in its beauty of coloring and freshness of design, this sturdy, reproduction of antique Portuguese embroidery is a charming representative of the Spring array of Colonial Cretonnes: linens whose soft pattern simulate hand-blocked effects . . . gay, sprigged chintzes . . . bold hunting prints. A veritable garden of cretonnes, many of which, like "Portugal", are guaranteed sun-fast and washable. On sale in drapery departments everywhere.

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Please suggest (without charge) decorative treatment for my living room ☐, dining room ☐, bedroom ☐, sunroom ☐. Size..... The ceiling is high ☐, low ☐. The woodwork is light ☐, dark ☐, natural wood ☐, painted ☐. There are ..... windows. They are single ☐, grouped ☐, bay ☐, casement ☐, opening in ☐, opening out ☐, small ☐, large ☐, ordinary ☐. The room is light ☐, dark ☐. The exposure is north ☐, sunny ☐. I wish to completely redecorate ☐ or simply replace draperies ☐.

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A TRIBUTE TO THE HOSTESS
...a compliment to the guest

Nothing so bespeaks the perfect hostess as a scrupulous observance of little niceties . . . a subtle display of deference that makes the most casual visitors "guests of honor."

White Rock, served icy cold, sparkling in tall goblets at each plate, lends a final touch of gay festivity to the impromptu luncheon or more formal dinner. It is appetizing, mildly stimulating, so refreshing—an ever welcome aid to digestion.

The convenient twelve bottle carton is a favorite among those who make entertaining an art. Your grocer will gladly supply you.

★

White Rock

THE LEADING MINERAL WATER

Annuals

Beautiful either for the border or the house is Ecklonis, an African daisy of great beauty and value. It grows to three feet, with blossoms three inches across, which are pure white with a blue center.

Didiscus, blue lace flower, is not used as much as it should be. It has lovely blue flowers similar to the wild Queen Anne's lace, but of an exquisite, lavender-blue shade. It is attractive in mixed bouquets, and blooms until frost.

The larger picture illustrating this article shows a detail of the beautiful garden of Mr. Stedman Buttrick, Old Concord, Massachusetts. The narrow border-bed in the foreground is one of the most successfully planted small annual borders I have ever seen. Carefully planned for all-season bloom, it thrills one with delightfully harmonized colors through the entire summer. Sweet alyssum, Little Gem, with rosettes of bright blue lobelia (Cambridge Blue) at fifteen-inch intervals, edges the border. Both are clipped when they show signs of becoming leggy. Next comes a row of the lovely phlox Drummondi, now so successfully developed as to show blossoms as large and in as fine colors as the perennial phlox. It is one of the most valuable annuals, being an all-season bloomer and lasting until hard frosts. Varieties used here are Isabellina, a delicate but rich coffee color, and Daybreak Pink. Don't economize on seed, but buy named varieties. To return to the garden—backing the phlox is a spreading row of dwarf zinnias (var. Liliput) of a soft, bright pink, completing a delightful color scheme. The whole border blooms abundantly and supplies brilliant color until frost.

An Old-Fashioned Garden

The smaller picture shows a glimpse of the old-fashioned garden at Longfellow's Wayside Inn, South Sudbury, Massachusetts, now owned by Mr. Henry Ford. In this garden the old-time atmosphere has been preserved by using the old-fashioned flowers, both annual and perennial. The annuals include four-o'clocks, spice pinks, fragrant mignonette, asters, balsams with their lovely, azalea-like blossoms, candytuft, cockscombs, bachelor's buttons, poppies, and the gay and useful summer chrysanthemums and candytuft. The last-named has been spectacularly developed of late, Giant Perfection producing splendid spikes of snowy bloom. Light Violet is an ornamental variety. Sweet Sultan and Love-in-a-Mist are other favorite old-time flowers found here, along with the brilliant marigolds, both African and French. The midget Miniature Golden Yellow marigold makes gay edges.

Annuals respond to a rich soil, liberal moisture, and faithful cultivation. Most annuals stop blossoming when they begin to seed; therefore clip off fading blossoms regularly. I try to go about the garden every morning for as long a time as I can conscientiously steal for this important work by which, with little effort, blooming time can be materially lengthened.

We have found it satisfactory, when space is limited, to mix two or three sorts of seeds when planting in rows or masses. For instance, mourning bride and salpiglossis; mignonette, eschscholtzia, and candytuft; phlox Drummondi and the lovely, mist-like gypsophila; mixed calendula and petunia Royal Blue. In this way the sturdier sorts support the more delicate, and the same space yields more varieties, while the effect is pleasantly casual.

I meant to have suggested dahlias as annuals, so I'll tuck in a last word about them. Early-sown mixed seed produces an abundance of interesting and often beautiful bloom, without the trouble of winter storage of bulbs. Save those of particularly fine varieties.

You who love fine coffee

will be interested in this advertisement

Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee at evening parties. Wonderful, rich coffee that every one can enjoy without hesitation

No DRINK has ever pleased Americans like good coffee. Its fragrant cheer makes all our meals more delightful.

Yet, thousands of people who *love* coffee do not drink it at night because of the fear that it will keep them awake. Many deny themselves the pleasure of coffee at any time.

Now, all can enjoy it. . . . Today, a modern scientific achievement is taking place at Battle Creek. Here in the home of healthful foods caffeine is being extracted from the world's finest coffee beans. And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost!

The result is Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—a coffee without caffeine which delights the most exacting epicure. How much better than cheerless substitutes!

You can enjoy Kaffee Hag Coffee at midnight. It will not keep you awake. It can never affect your nerves or be harmful in any way.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee. And now, after years of continuous experiment, the blend has been wonderfully improved. There is no finer coffee on the market. A new method of packing brings every pound fresh and mellow to your kitchen. The coffee is *sealed* in vacuum tins when it leaves the roasters.

Will you try it? . . . Isn't there some one in your home who loves coffee but fears to drink it at night? Give him Kaffee Hag Coffee. Two cups, three—as many as he wants. Make it just as you make any other coffee. How pleased he'll be. And how restfully he'll sleep. Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee at your dealer's.

Or let us send you a sample . . . . For 10c, to cover postage and handling, we will send you a 10-cup sample of this delicious caffeine-free coffee. Test it at *night*. See for yourself what satisfying, luscious coffee it is—and how well you'll sleep.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. A-4, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (Offer good in *U. S. A. only.*)

Name_____

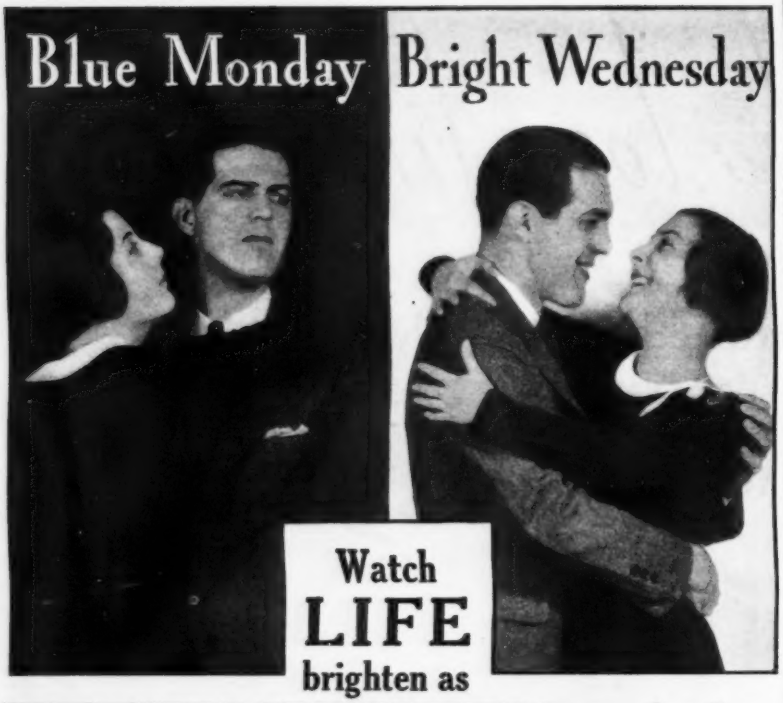
Address_____

The modern scientific plant built by Kellogg in Battle Creek to make this delicious caffeine-free coffee—Kaffee Hag Coffee.

★ **Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE**

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

In using advertisements see page 6



Watch LIFE brighten as

TEETH WHITEN 3 shades in 3 days

when you remove Bacterial-Mouth

DULL teeth that are ugly, yellow and decayed, and receding gums are enemies of beauty, health and happiness. They are telltale signs of a condition offensive to all of us—and inexcusable. Germs sweep into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. They cause the condition known as Bacterial-Mouth. But Kolynos quickly conquers this foe by killing the germs that cause it. The result is astonishing.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. *It multiplies 25 times when it enters the mouth—thus a half-inch of Kolynos is equal in effectiveness to 12 inches of the ordinary toothpaste.* It becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the tooth-brush unnecessary.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 10 seconds, 424 million in 60 seconds.*

This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay . . . neutralizes acids . . . washes away tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, gums will be firm and healthy.

Look for results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube—*sent free.*

FREE

★KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 4-GH-68
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name.....

Street & No.....

City.....State.....

Once in Our Hills

(*Continued from page 23*)

boys! Hearty! Hearty! Aye! Pass her round! Hearty does it!"

"Hearty to strife!"

"Hearty to love!"

"The wee, pretty woman I met near the Gate of Lions—and the quirk of the eye she gave me and the smile of her mouth!"

"All night I tossed dice with a Persian trader—and—*wah*—look—" showing gold and jewels—"the brave, brave loot!"

"Pass the bottle, boys!"

And somebody would say, "Where is Yamud Ali?"

"He has taken his two feet out of here—to go treading the barren north."

"Allah! The fool!"

Yes. A fool. But what could he do? Was he not chief?

And he shrugged his shoulders with ungracious resignation; kept on his way—on foot since, two days earlier, with the crags rising ever more steeply and no longer giving hoof-hold to his horse, he had sold it to a passing caravan.

It grew late. He made camp, ate, lay down. But he was unable to sleep. So he sat up, staring into the distance, watching the night pile black and surly, listening to the creatures of the wilderness, the creeping ones, the squeaking ones, the swooping ones; listening to the deep chant of the wind, the triumphant song of water running down the gashes of a far gorge; and again he became aware of a queer sensation, a mingling of honey and gall, of ecstasy and pain, of longing and regret.

Then young day came racing along the rim of the world in a sea of fire, and he was on his way. Here and there he recognized landmarks—a pool where, as a boy, he had caught speckled trout; a copse of gnarled oak where he used to hide to stun hares with hurled club; a thicket where once he had killed a timber wolf—and so, toward noon, he reached a granite towering that was the beginning of his tribal domain.

Hugely it etched the sky line, extending its somber, scarred walls like a grim jest hewn out of stone, like a sooty, bitter smudge on the crimson and gold blaze of day. High up a ledge was stippled with the houses of the Mahmudi. Below twisted a narrow valley with meager grazing and arid, parched fields; while to the east—separated from the Mahmudi village by an enormous basalt buttress, yet communicating with it through a trail cut along the sheer face of the rocks—spread the valley of the neighboring clan, the Turkolani. There was in that valley a broad sweep of rich, emerald fields, orchards in a revelry of fruit, neat kitchen gardens, sleek cattle placidly grazing, a maze of small rivers fringed by willow bushes where birds were blithely pairing and nesting. Content there was, abundance—more than abundance, since the place was too large for the villagers' needs and a good half lay untilled, with weeds growing in rank profusion.

THE Turkolani might have ceded this fallow ground to the Mahmudi. But they always refused to grant them rentage or tenure of a single acre, insisting stubbornly that the land was theirs, that such was the will of the Lord Allah.

"The will of the Lord Allah!" the Mahmudi would agree, envy in their souls.

Yet they never put the issue to the edge of the red sword; never fought the others except with an occasional throwing of stick or stone not meant to kill. They were turbulent, being Afghans; would ambush and rob strangers without the slightest qualm. But in this, too, were they Afghans, that amongst themselves, in their own mountains, they obeyed a dozen ancient laws without considering cause or consequence, nor even trying to change jot or tittle; and one of them decreed that theirs should be the arid valley while the Turkolani should live on the fat of the land.

For thus it is always in our hills: tribal

Once in Our Hills

traditions, some good, some bad, closing about the people like a magic circle which nothing can pierce, prescribing the very way in which a man may pare his nails or stir his porridge—and Yamud Ali was destined to find out this turgid truth on the day of his return.

STIFFLY his clansmen received him. They exchanged glances and whispers about his fine clothes, the foreign, foppish cut of his beard, his manner of speech which, unlike their homespun peasant parlance, was spiced with Persian tricks of phrase. If Fathma had thought him too much the hill-bred, the Mahmudi thought him not hill-bred enough; and there was an old woman's comment:

"*Wah!* The cock leaves home for seven days—and returns a peacock!"

Yamud Ali heard. But he let it pass. It was the Mahmudi's churlish way, he told himself. A little coarse at the hide they were, a little coarse at the heart. Still—they were his people—his own, blood of his blood and bone of his bone.

Later in the evening he was sitting on an earthen platform in the *hujra*, the communal village hall. A rifle lay across his knees. It was the only rifle in the hills, where swords and daggers were the weapons. The room was filled with his tribesmen, squatting on their haunches, staring at him in silence.

He stared back at the bearded faces, found them stolid and surly. He was not happy. He sighed as he thought of Kabul, the crowded bazaars, the good comradeship of the troopers in barracks. He sat there brooding—gave a start when he heard a querulous voice,

"High time for you to be back, O chief!"

"I came as soon as I learned that my father was dead," replied Yamud Ali.

The other, whose name was Yar Tugluk, admitted that this was true. Still— "High time for you to be back!" he repeated maddeningly; and he went on that drouth had struck the fields and that tares were standing yellow and gray where wheat should stand ruddy, while the Turkolani— "Ah—" he interrupted himself—"stuffing their stomachs they are with bread and fruit and fine, red meat!"

"And our own stomachs shriveled with the bitter hunger," exclaimed an old man, "and our children clamoring for food!" His accents peaked shrilly. "Not a square rod of ground will the Turkolani grant us! Curse Allah their fathers! Curse Allah their mothers—mothers of the likes of them—mothers of pigs!"

Others chimed in with hoarse vituperations:

"Pour out their blood upon the sword, O Lord!"

"Forgive not, O Lord, their trespasses!"

"Let their wives be childless!"

Yamud Ali remembered the old complaint, the old envy. Life had not changed here in the hills. But he—he, himself, had changed—he was no longer an earth-bound peasant, but a bold captain of horse.

"I shall talk to the Turkolani," he announced.

"Useless!" said Kara Murad, the priest.

"Why?"

"Your father went to them shortly before his death. He offered them our few jewels; offered them the pick of our young girls as brides for their sons. But they—the hard, hard men—they would not listen to your father's words."

"They will listen to my father's son's bullets!" laughed Yamud Ali.

Rifle in hand, he stepped toward the door. The only rifle hereabouts, he thought. He would fire a volley into the village of the Turkolani, and they would come to terms. Might was right—he had learned the lesson in Kabul; and he was pleased with himself. The Mahmudi had sneered at the foreign cut of his beard, the foreign cut of his clothes. Well, he would show them that he was the chief, the strong man; they would bless him and kiss his hands; and he was utterly taken aback when there was a shocked chorus of,

"No! No! You can not do it!"

"BURNS? *I've treated thousands of them!*

Only Unguentine stops the pain so quickly..."

BURNS are a daily occurrence in steel mills. And the nurse knows from experience what is best for them. *Unguentine!*

In almost every steel plant, the nurse keeps a tube of *Unguentine* handy. For Unguentine stops the pain quickly—and prevents infection. Every burn is a potential infection.

Don't suffer or let your child suffer from burns while someone has to hurry to the drug store. Follow the nurse's wise example. Be prepared. Keep Unguentine in the house—always.

Cooling, *antiseptic* Unguentine penetrates the skin—soothes and relieves the inflamed tissues underneath. Rapid, *natural* healing follows. Hardly ever is a scar left.

***Antiseptic*—guards against Infection**

Unlike many other applications, Unguentine does *not* dry out and lose effectiveness. Its powerfully *antiseptic* elements remain in contact with the burn, continuing to guard against infection—continuing to relieve pain.

For the slightest burn, and for scalds, cuts, insect bites, bruises, use Unguentine—the famous surgical dressing used in eight out of ten hospitals. Easy to apply—just spread it on gently and generously.

Only 50 cents for a tube that will last for months . . . Get Unguentine from your druggist today! Write for free booklet, "What to Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D., Dept. UC-4, The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Whenever you bathe burned or wounded skin, always use UNGUENTINE SOAP. *It is wonderfully soft and kind to tender skins.*

Unguentine

Quick-healing and *antiseptic* for

BURNS SCALDS
CUTS BRUISES

In using advertisements see page 6

Leading Doctors Recommend Karo for Growing Children

LEADING doctors, interested in the welfare of children, recommend delicious Karo as the *ideal* energy food for growing children—because it is so easily digested, and supplies *quickly* the energy growing children need daily. Karo, these doctors have found, does not cause a child to develop an abnormal taste for sweets.

There are 120 calories per ounce in Karo—almost twice the energy value of eggs and lean beef, weight for weight.

The mother of the large family finds Karo very economical, too—costing much less than many other staple foods. Serve plenty of Karo; keep the children strong, healthy and happy.

Free to Mothers!

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. G-4, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City

Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

Once in Our Hills

"Who says so?"

"The ancient law! There must be no killing!"

"Nor shall I shoot to kill—only to frighten."

"No! A bullet may carry death! The law—"

"The ancient law!"

They meant it. They would enforce this law though it spelled hunger and misery; would enforce it even against their chief. The latter shrugged his shoulders. Nine years earlier he had followed the drums to escape the tight circle of hill tradition. Here, today, the circle was once more sweeping about him, stifling him, binding him.

He laughed shortly. "I offered help," he told them. "The only help I know. My rifle. You refused. So—go and starve, O fools!"

And he left the *hujra*, while the Mahmudi stared after him, silent, sullen.

THE days that followed were drab and listless. No rain came. Food was scant. The people looked askance at Yamud Ali, as if he were to blame, and dull anger gathered in his brain. Willing and ready he had been to get them fertile land for their crops and cattle, he thought, but they had tied his hands with their babble about the ancient law. What did they want him to do?

"You must help us!" Yar Tugluk told him one morning. "You must! You are the chief!"

Yamud Ali flushed. His temper rose, stiffening his jaw. "Do you expect me to do the impossible, O son of a burnt father?" His voice peaked to an animal cry with agony in it and cruelty. "Do you want me to catch the winds of heaven with my bare fists?"—and he sent his sword hilt crashing against the other's forehead.

Hereafter the Mahmudi looked the other way when he passed; would not wish him the decent time of day nor open their mouths except to mutter imprecations into their beards, until in all the hills there was no man as lonely as he.

He took to roaming the mountains and forests, living once more the life of his boyhood, fishing, hunting, though now with rifle instead of hurled club, bringing what he caught or shot to his tribesmen who gave him small thanks, mumbling ungraciously what was the good of trout and game when their stomachs clamored for bread. And his loneliness grew; he had almost made up his mind to throw duty to the winds, to return to Kabul, to be again a captain of horse and ride stirrup to stirrup with the tall cavaliers—and then, one afternoon, in the farther woods, he heard a snapping of dry stalks—turned—saw a young girl coming down a trail.

She stopped, a little startled. He stared at her. She was small and lissom, with black hair which fell in heavy braids over either shoulder, the reddest of lips, gray eyes below boldly curved brows; and he remembered what he had learned in Kabul of elegant, townish manners, and salaamed deeply from the waist.

"The salute, O moon of the world!" he said.

She gave a gurgling, derisive laugh. "By Allah—" she replied—"but it is the grand tricks they taught you in the south, O Yamud Ali!"

"You—" he stammered, surprised—"you know my name?"

"Wide-blown it is throughout the land," was her mocking answer. "So is the telling how wisely you rule your people—how richly you feed them—and how they love you!"

He did not speak immediately; just stood there; kept on staring at her. And then—for thus, suddenly, is always the way of a strong man's heart in our hills—seeing her vibrant with the promise of her soft, blossoming womanhood, seeing the proud beauty of her face and the brave uptilt of her chin, all at once he knew that empty would be the house where she was not. It was not as it had been with Fathma, a sweep of shallow passion, quickly stirred, as quickly sated. Love it was, he told

Once in Our Hills

himself, a thing, a fact, for the space of a man's life; and before the riddle and wonder of it he was silent, quite silent . . . heard again her mocking voice,

"Have they cut out your tongue in Kabul that you can not speak?"

"I can not speak to you with the mere speaking of words, O child of kings!" came his slurred rejoinder; and he thought:

"I shall kiss her—I shall kiss her now—though she should spurn me for ever, hate me for ever."

He took a step nearer to her. She looked at him, astonished. Reading the message in his eyes, she dropped her own; and he noticed that her hands, plucking at her robe, were as unquiet as butterflies, and he went on, his accents fraught with a high, driving tenderness,

"I can only speak to you with the soul of me—the naked heart of me."

She gave a little cry, was about to turn. But already his arms were about her, crushing her against his chest, bending her backward so that her long braids swept the ground behind her. He kissed her slowly, slowly released her, and she did not run away—but stood there, panting, a rush of unknown sensations—shyness mixed with fear and a strange, tremulous, paining delight—surging through her.

"I love you," he said.

"You do not know me."

"I have always known you—in this life and in a thousand past lives."

Again he kissed her. He buried his face in the curling hair about her neck.

After a while he asked almost casually, as if he were sure of the answer, "And you—you love me?"

"I do," she told him frankly, simply.

For a long time then he spoke no word. Nor did she. His being closed about her like a wall. There was now no outside world. There was no sky, no sun, no mountain.

There was only he and she. Only a man and a woman.

And there was God. . . .

THE afternoon was sinking into the calm, drowsing, mellowing, the close of day ever brings in our hills. Already the shy, dappled deer were nosing through the laurel woods. Already a timber wolf loped out grayly, evilly, for his evening kill. Already the blue-winged mountain wrens, the messengers of night, were beginning to lace the bushes with a filigree of reedy sound.

Suddenly the girl sighed. "I must go," she said. "My father is waiting."

Yamud Ali smiled. "Who is your father?" he asked. "And, coming to think of it, who are you, O heart of three roses? Not that your name matters, nor your clan."

"I am Suryah, the daughter of Atta Khan."

"The chief of the Turkolani?"

"The same. I am his only child. And bitter his grief that I am not his son."

"Not bitter my own grief. For could I have loved you, hugged you, kissed you, had you been a hulking, loutish lad? And as to your father's grief, hereafter it is no more."

"Why?"

"Because he will have a son—the man, O mouth of honey, who stands before you on his two feet."

She shook her head. "He hates the Mahmudi. Calls them beggars—calls them starved jackals."

"He will pipe a different tune after I have given him a slice of my mind."

"You do not know him. He is a man of stony resolve."

"I shall sweep like fire through heather and burn out the very roots of his resolve. How can it be otherwise? Do I not love you? Go to him. Tell him that tonight I shall come to his house and demand you as my wife."

HER father, a huge, gnarled old man, laughed when she told him.

"You are just a slip of a girl," he said, "and

A mother of 9 sons

and grandmother of three

tells her experience with sheets!

14 Rosedale Street,
Dorchester, Mass.
March 2, 1929.

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

Gentlemen:

When I look back on my thirty-five years of married life I realize in all sincerity how much Pequot Sheets have meant to me. Being the mother of nine sons, I had to secure sheets that would withstand everything that active boys will do to household furnishings. Especially the acting age! Suddenly, I discovered that I had nine actors—all trying to decorate the barn into a miniature theatre. My fresh laundered Pequot Sheets would become screens, tormentors, and even be part of the wardrobe department. Yet, childish hands failed to destroy the wearing value of Pequot.

Now my boys are grown up and I have three grandchildren. They, too, sometimes test all the economical value in the stout well-woven fabric that covers Young America!

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Bernard H. Wickes.

PEQUOT
SHEETS
AND
PILLOW CASES

Letters like this come into our office nearly every day—speaking of years and years of sturdy service from Pequot Sheets. For generations it has been truly said: "Pequot wears longer."

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass., Parker, Wilder & Co., Sellings Agents: New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

The Most Popular Brand of Sheets and Pillow Cases in America..They Wear Longer!

In using advertisements see page 6

Why is it always necessary to design each corset for the woman who wears it?

TODAY the effective corset is asked to do more than fit the figure perfectly. It should overcome any fault of the figure, such as a bulging diaphragm, an accumulation of fat about the waistline or a protruding abdomen. No two figures are ever exactly alike and so no two corsets can be identical if they are to support the muscles in perfect comfort.

Spencer designers create each individual garment to meet the special needs of the woman who is to wear it. The design differs for each individual and is based upon a scientific figure analysis made by a Spencer Corsetiere.

You may have a free figure analysis

Wherever you live, you may have a Spencer Corsetiere come to your home and make a study of your figure. This will not obligate you in any way. You will learn some interesting things about the way to safeguard your figure from fatigue.

Look in the telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere". If you do not find a corsetiere living near you, send us the coupon below.

NEVER SOLD IN STORES

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CORSETS, GIRDLES, BRASSIERES, BELTS, SURGICAL CORSETS

WRITE TO ANNE SPENCER TODAY

Anne Spencer will give you personal advice free upon any problem you may have about the control or correction of your figure.

Anne Spencer, c/o The Berger Brothers Co. April, 1930
139 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

(In Canada: Spencer Corsets (Canada) Ltd., Rock Island, Quebec.
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Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "The Way to Youthful Grace."

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Do you want to make money?

Let us tell you how to build a prosperous business in your community. You will receive all necessary training. Check square on the right. . . . . ☐

WE CREATE A DESIGN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

Once in Our Hills

that disease known as love is not enduring. Take a cool drink and sleep, and young day will bring another lad."

She got on the instant in a flame of color. That morning she had been a child. But passion had come to her, tenderness; and now she felt as a woman, with a life apart from that of her father.

"Never another lad for me!" she exclaimed angrily. "It is Yamud Ali has a lover's ways—and those are the ways for himself and me!"

Then Atta Khan's temper, too, rose. "I would sooner have you wicked," he replied. "I would sooner have you dead, than a Mahmudi's wife!"

And thus, that night, was his greeting to Yamud Ali,

"I would sooner have her wicked, I would sooner have her dead!"

"Ha!" roared the other, for no better reason than that, surprised by the direct attack which gave him no chance to plead his cause peaceably as he had intended, he did not know at once what else to say. "Ha!" he roared again, for no better reason than that he liked the fine, truculent sound of it. He felt encouraged. By the Prophet, was he not a captain of horse, a hero among storied warriors? "Ha!" he roared for the third time—and he stood up straight, swelling out his chest.

Enormous he looked, tall and broad, seeming all the broader for the cloak thrown widely across his shoulders, seeming all the taller for the eagle's wing at a slant above his fur cap and nearly scraping the rafters—and Atta Khan thought,

"By the Book Revealed—but he is the burly one!"

He was conscious of a grudging sort of admiration. Almost his hate disappeared. But quickly his penny-squeezing peasant meanness came to the fore. A Mahmudi—this other—whose field were sapless, worthless—and he himself rich in cattle and crops.

"Beggar!" he cried. "Starved jackal! Out of my house!"

Yamud Ali's eyes narrowed. "Lucky that you are Suryah's father," he said in a purring voice, "or else, before another day had passed, the hooting of the owl would not wake you, O creature, sleeping sound and careless below the sod in the graveyard—with the marks of my fingers blue and swollen around your throat."

"I, too, could give you words defiant and empty, were I so inclined," answered the older man. "Braggart!"

"Am I indeed? And yet—give me the shadow of a dare—and I would come alone, in my strength and hardihood, and master you and all your clan."

MEANINGLY he toyed with his rifle, and at once Atta Khan swallowed the insults that crowded hot and stinging to his lips. The rifle—he thought—the cursed, foreign weapon that dealt death from afar.

"No killing!" He spoke entreatingly. "Remember the ancient law!" He paused; went on more gently: "I am not denying that you are an honest, keen lad. But—find yourself another woman. My daughter you can not have."

"Because you are rich and I am poor?"

"And, too, because of the enmity between your clan and mine. Your people envy us our crops, our cattle."

"There will be no longer cause for either envy or enmity after I have married Suryah. Let the fallow ground of your fat valley be her dowry."

"It seems that I must give all the dowry," jeered Atta Khan. "What will you give?"

"Mine own self—neither more nor less. You have always wanted a son. Here he is! And after your death—may it not be for many years!—I shall rule both tribes."

Again insults crowded to the other's lips. Again he swallowed them. Ah—the cursed rifle—and Yamud Ali had been long away; had, belike, lost his respect for the ancient

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Once in Our Hills

laws of the hills in the riot of the Kabul bazaars.

"By the honor of my neck—" he exclaimed, a plan shaping in his tough old brain—"perhaps you are right."

"Eh?" The younger man was amazed at the sudden turn-about.

"What is the good of enmity? Can one eat it, drink it, sell it?" There was clear, ringing sincerity in Atta Khan's accents. "Besides—yes—I have always longed for a son—and you are strong and wise. So come back here tomorrow night; and there will be a smoking supper waiting for you—and a black-haired girl—and a priest to speak the proper, blessed words."

Yamud Ali's amazement grew. "You mean it?"

"I do. Ah—" nor did he blush as he said it—"that is how I am: soft of soul, though sharp of speech. Tomorrow night, the moment you cross this threshold, my daughter is yours."

He slurred; stopped; continued: "But should you not come—"

"How can I help coming? Would I take the turn in the road when Paradise is straight ahead?"

"You may change your mind."

"Not I!"

"You may. Young men are flighty, are quick at forgetting a pretty face. It would hurt Suryah's pride—not to mention my own pride. Thus, if you do not cross this threshold tomorrow night, you must forever give up all claim to my daughter's hand. You swear to your part of the bargain?"

"I do. And you to yours?"

"I give oath." Atta Khan coughed. "Only—"

"Yes?"

"I am afraid of you."

"Afraid of *me*—your future son-in-law?"

"Indeed. You are so lawless. Your rifle—"

Yamud Ali smiled. In his brain, too, a plan was forming—or perhaps a counter-plan? He could not execute it without convincing the older man that he was without guile. He broke open the magazine, removed the shells, and said:

"You take the rifle, while I keep the bullets. One is worthless without the other. And you may return the weapon to me as a wedding gift—tomorrow night."

"Assuredly—tomorrow night!" echoed Atta Khan.

Yamud Ali looked at him. Again he smiled, thinking:

"Crafty are you? So is the polecat crafty—until he meets the fox."

Aloud he said: "I shall be dressed as becomes a happy bridegroom and a captain of horse. My green turban I shall wear—and my most splendid robe of Persian silk."

"What color is it?" inquired the other casually.

"Orange striped broadly with scarlet. *Wah*—like a beacon it will flare at sunset tomorrow, when I come down the rocky trail that leads to your valley."

"Fool!" thought Atta Khan, salaaming deeply.

"Fool!" thought Yamud Ali, salaaming as deeply.

IT WAS late when he reached his village. But the Mahmudi were still about. They saw him and grumbled, and a woman rushed up to him, in her arms a tiny baby, sickly, emaciated.

"Behold my son!" she sobbed. "Starved! Starved! And my breasts—" pulling open her robe—"look!—dried-up—useless—like our fields!"

"Useless—like our chief!" chimed in Yar Tugluk, unflinching, though on his forehead was still the red, angry scar where, a few weeks earlier, Yamud Ali's sword hilt had struck him.

"That is so!" screamed Kara Murad, the priest, while Yar Tugluk went on,

"Go back to Kabul if you can not help us—and let somebody else be ruler!"

Once in Our Hills

"Meaning, for instance, your father's only son?" demanded Yamud Ali.

"Why not?" came the arrogant reply. "You could look the wide world over and find worse than myself. I would make a good chief—eh?" turning to the clansmen.

There was at once a difference of opinion.

"What about me?" cried Hamdi Bek, the blacksmith, flexing his brawny, hairy arms. "I am the strongest!"

"I am the oldest!"

"I am the wisest!"

"I am—"

"Suppose you leave the honor to me," cut in Yamud Ali, "since you can not agree. Food you want? You shall have it and no lack. Fields you want? Orchards? Pastures? Very well. You shall have whatever your hearts desire—not to forget your stomachs. Come to *kujra*, brothers!"

There, when he had finished the telling, was joy, only the priest striking a discordant note with his warning:

"Remember the ancient law. There must be no killing!"

"No killing indeed, O goat of a smell most goatish!" interrupted Yamud Ali impatiently. "You will go not as enemies, but as friends," he told the others, "to witness my marriage. Not a sword you must carry, not even a stick. For—" smiling slowly, meaningly—"I want no resisting, whatever happens. Is it understood?"

"Yes."

"Good. And now—who—?"

"I!" Yar Tugluk answered the unfinished question. "Let it be my wedding gift to you, O chief among chiefs!"

IT WAS on the next evening that Atta Khan turned to the Turkolani who squatted by his side behind a great boulder, not far from his house.

"Look!" he said, pointing.

Half a dozen men were coming down the rocky trail that led to the valley. They were dressed in peasants' earth-brown homespun—the Turkolani's sharp eyes told them—all except one, who was in motley bazaar finery, head crowned by huge, emerald-green turban, broad shoulders covered by a gorgeous, silken robe in stripes of orange and crimson—flashing in the rays of the dying sun like a flag, a flame, a bragging defiance.

"Behold the bridegroom!" laughed Atta Khan; and he quoted the Afghan proverb, "Is there another animal suited to a donkey's nose?"

The minutes passed. The Mahmudi kept steadily on their way. The Turkolani waited. The sun went down in purple and umber. The moon was hid by a cloud bank.

Once more Atta Khan quoted trite, hoary wisdom: "Can a hare lay eggs? Can a frog catch cold?"

More minutes passed. It grew still darker. The peasants' homespun garb was now a dun blur. But there was still a faint sheen of green turban and striped cloak.

Then, as they entered the valley and turned toward Atta Khan's house, *arr! arr!* came a screech, like that of a night-hag owl, from behind the boulder—and, the next second, a dozen Turkolani hurled themselves upon the wearer of the gaudy robe, while others threatened the Mahmudi clansmen with clubs and daggers.

"*Hai!*" Atta Khan's voice peaked triumphantly. "My daughter to be your wife tonight, the moment you cross my threshold—was it not your oath? And you to give her up forever if you do not cross my threshold—was it not *your* oath? By Allah—take this—to seal the double oath!"

His stick came down crashingly on the other's head, stretching him unconscious, and he gave an order to his people:

"Tie up this rash captain! Watch him until morning!"

Meanwhile the Mahmudi had offered no

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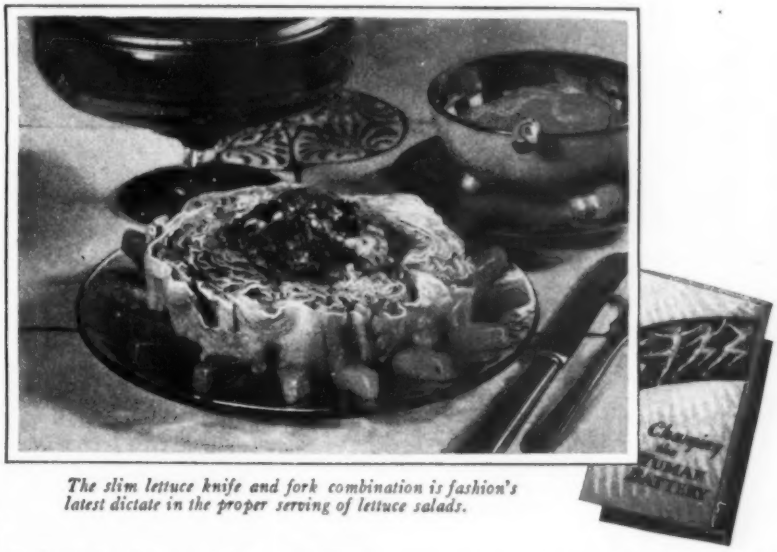

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Once in Our Hills

resistance. They stood there, surrounded, outnumbered, bearded faces indistinct in the shadows of large, fur bonnets pulled deep over broad foreheads.

"Back to your kennel, O dogs and sons of dogs!" cried Atta Khan—and then one of the Mahmudi spoke:

"We bear you no grudge for what you did to our chief—*pah!* With his bragging Kabuli manners, he deserved what happened to him. But—" querulously—"he invited us—"

"To the wedding feast!" said a second.

"And we are hungry and thirsty."

"And you, as all the world knows, are generous, O Atta Khan!"

"I am indeed," agreed the latter unblushingly. He threw open the door of his house. "To-morrow you can again tighten your girths, O starved jackals! But to-night you will feed on the fat of the land!"

He crossed the threshold, the Mahmudi followed, and he called to his daughter:

"Bring the best there is in the kitchen, Suryah! Bring fruit! Bring mutton! Bring bread."

"And do not forget your bridal robe!" cut in a laughing voice—and Atta Khan, startled, turning, saw that one of the Mahmudi had taken off his fur bonnet—saw Yamud Ali's ruddy, hawkish features and steel-blue eyes . . .

He gave a shriek of rage; reached for his sword; and then, the next moment, hearing Yamud Ali's calm words, "Remember your oath!" he broke suddenly into high-pitched laughter.

"*Wah!*" he said. "Sorry my pride! Yet—it is the truth—you are the burly one, the crafty one!"

He ran out into the night, yelling as loudly as he could: "Yoo-yoo-yoo! Yoo-yoo-yoo! Hey—all you Turkolani! Cry yoo-yoo-yoo! For a young chief has come to the hills—a new chief—a crafty one—a burly one—one blessed by the Lord Allah! Yoo-yoo-yoo . . ."

"Yoo-yoo-yoo! Yoo-yoo-yoo . . ." came presently, as the news spread, the exultant cries, echoing through the valley of the Turkolani, leaping up the rocky trail, reaching the village of the Mahmudi, being taken up there by the men and women and children—while Yamud Ali and Suryah sat hand in hand.

"I love you!" he said.

She stared at him, starry-eyed.

"You do—really—really?"

"Do not my lips say so?"

"But your heart—how can I read its secrets?"

"You can read it wherever you go! You can read its secret in the eagle's cry, in the blowing of the south wind, and in the throbbing, wing-like call of all the unborn children of the world, O delight."

"Hush!" she interrupted, pointing through the open door. "Here comes the priest—to make us man and wife—and he is old and easily shocked."

Sunday Housekeeping on Saturday

(*Continued from page 89*)

add ⅛ teaspoonful of salt and about 1 cupful of sugar or sufficient to sweeten the rhubarb. Continue cooking 5 min. longer. Then turn into a dish and chill until served.

In the third Sunday dinner menu, the *Kidney Stew* can be completed on Saturday and is all the better for reheating and thickening just before serving on Sunday. Cut 1 beef kidney into ¼ inch slices, then remove the gristle and cut the slices into cubes. Cover with cold water, press the cut meat so as to squeeze out the blood, and drain. Repeat this and then let soak 2 hours in cold water. Drain, add 6 cupfuls of boiling water, and simmer gently for 1½ hours or until the kidney is tender. Let the kidney cool in the liquor, of which there should be about 3 cupfuls, and then store in the refrigerator. About ½ hour before Sunday dinner, reheat the stew and thicken with about

Sunday Housekeeping on Saturday

4 tablespoonfuls of flour mixed to a smooth paste in a little water, or sufficient to make a smooth gravy. Add 1½ teaspoonfuls salt, ⅛ teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika, 3 tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine, and 1 shelled, hard-cooked egg chopped. Serves 6.

For the *Sautéed Potatoes* cook 6 sweet potatoes until tender on Saturday. Chill them until ½ hour before Sunday dinner. Then slice in halves lengthwise and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in melted butter or oil and sauté until golden brown. Serves 6.

The peas may be shelled Saturday evening or early Sunday morning as preferred.

The lettuce for the salad should be cleaned and chilled, the dressing chilled, and the cheese balls made—all on Saturday. For the *Roquefort and Cream Cheese Balls*, cream 1 3-ounce package of cream cheese. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of mashed roquefort cheese and thoroughly blend. Form into balls and chill. In preparing the salad on Sunday, arrange thin slices of orange, cut crosswise on the lettuce, garnish with the cheese balls, and top with mayonnaise or French dressing as preferred.

Easy—When You Know How

In the fourth Sunday dinner menu, eggs and asparagus are combined in a delicious main dish—*Eggs Los Angeles*. On Saturday or early Sunday morning hard-cook 8 eggs. Also wash, scale, cut in 1-inch lengths, and cook until tender a bunch of asparagus. Shell the eggs and cut in halves lengthwise. Arrange half of them, yolks up, in the bottom of a greased casserole. Spread the asparagus over the eggs and then arrange the rest of the eggs on top. Store in the refrigerator until 1 hour before Sunday dinner. Then prepare 2 cupfuls of well-seasoned medium white sauce to which 2 tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion have been added. Pour over the asparagus and egg mixture, top with ½ cupful buttered crumbs, and bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

Also on Saturday measure and combine in a bowl the dry ingredients for the muffins, following the standard recipe. Complete the mixing half an hour before dinner on Sunday and bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for 25 minutes.

The *Jellied Beet and Cabbage Salad* should be made on Saturday. Soak 2 tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in ½ cupful cold water for 5 minutes. Add ½ cupful mild vinegar, 2 cupfuls boiling water, ½ cupful sugar, and 1½ teaspoonfuls salt, and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Set aside to cool, and when beginning to set add 1 cupful finely-shredded cabbage and 2 cupfuls diced, cooked or canned beets. Turn into a wet loaf pan or mold and chill until set. Serves 6.

The nuts for dessert can be cracked on Saturday, too.

In the fifth Sunday dinner menu, the Chicken and Vegetable Ring can be prepared on Saturday and baked Sunday. Follow the recipe as given in "Canned Foods with New Appeal" in the March GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. Turn into a greased ring mold or casserole and chill until 1 hour before Sunday dinner is to be served. Then bake as directed.

The spinach should be cleaned on Saturday ready for cooking.

The apple sauce should also be made on Saturday, and chilled or canned apple sauce may be used.

In the sixth menu for Sunday dinner a mixed grill has been suggested as the main course. The French dressing should be made on Saturday and chilled. Also the celery and strawberries should be cleaned. In arranging the mixed grill place 6 rib lamb chops, 6 peeled whole bananas dipped in melted butter or oil and sprinkled with flour, and 6 medium whole tomatoes prepared in French dressing as suggested on page 229 of this issue, on the broiler rack. Broil 12 to 15 minutes, turning the chops and bananas once.

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A Sailor Comes Home

(*Continued from page 87*)

the coastwise steamers, of fishing boats and sailing vessels—knew of Elvira's long vigil and the faith which kept that lamp burning. They would speak of it among themselves at times, shake their heads in a vague sympathy that was also vague pride in the steadfastness of sea-women.

Of this Elvira knew nothing. She worked—and waited. The sails on the *Sea Maid* rug were now completed, and it seemed that they quivered at times—especially as the dark, stormy days of autumn drew in and nor'east gales beat up the harbor into white foam. And there was one night when Elvira, unable to sleep and rising to pass an hour in work, felt the blue waves of the rug become strangely fluid. She stopped work abruptly, startled out of her thoughts of Everett by the cold wash of water, but the waves had already lost movement and life. They were again the solid familiar work she had known. Perhaps she had dozed, sitting over the rug—dozed and dreamed it.

But the next time it happened, there was no room left for doubt. Early in December she caught a bad cold, and the doctor made her stay in bed for a few days, arranging with a neighbor to come in and care for her small needs. As the pale winter sunlight faded, Elvira wakened from a fitful sleep to hear the sound of a gale blowing strongly from the north.

She sat up, listening. Must be a storm come up all of a sudden! But the house was still. There was no creaking and groaning of timbers. The chimney smoke, seen through the windows, was curling upward in a straight column. She glanced toward the rug frame which stood at the foot of her bed, and then lay staring—staring at white sails filling to the wind, at a ship heeling over to the thrust of waves, a ship flying swiftly and surely homeward!

For a long moment Elvira lay there, not daring to move, scarcely daring to draw breath, but at last she got feebly to her feet, crossed the room, and reached out shaking hands . . .

At her touch the wind ceased. The waves were still. They were again parts of an unfinished rug—bits of cloth holding up a ship whose white sails filled perpetually from a wind that did not blow!

It had been a dream, of course, just a dream, but still—

Lighting the lamp with trembling hands, Elvira put it in the window, then crept back to bed. It had been too real for a dream. She had *seen* the sails filling, had watched the *Sea Maid* straining forward, heard the hiss of breaking waves! Perhaps it had been a sign—yes, that was it, a sign. The vessel was starting home. Everett was thinking of her, and that was what had made the rug sort of come to life for just a minute.

She was certain of it now. After this the waiting would not seem long. Knowing the vessel was headed home, you could wait, and you could plan things—all sorts of things. Working on the rugs, you could make believe to be on the vessel—perhaps sitting in the cabin, mending Everett's clothes, while you waited for him to come below, when you would make hot tea for him, see that he changed his wet clothing . . .

SLOWLY the winter months wore to an end. April came, bringing milder weather, longer days, sunlight. Work on the rugs had gone slowly, for Elvira had been suffering from rheumatism—hot, torturing pain in hands and shoulders, pain that made it impossible to do more than tear up strips of cloth, wind them in balls, and put them away in readiness for the work her fingers were too stiff to do.

"A body would think my hands'd stay limber, workin' with 'em like I do," she told herself ruefully. "Still and all, now spring's here, they'll be all right. They've *got* to be all right for I'm away behind with everything."

It was true. Orders for rugs had piled up appallingly, but as soon as the pain eased up

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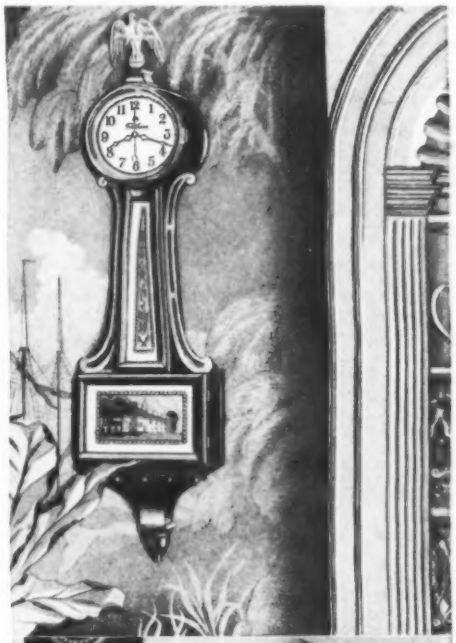
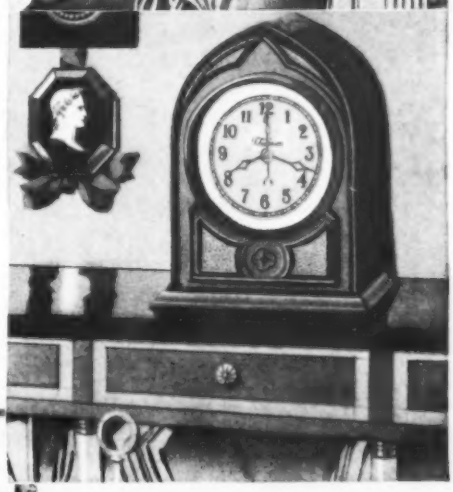
PLUG YOUR TELECHRON CLOCK INTO AN ELECTRIC OUTLET . . . ITS INFALLIBLE ACCURACY IS ASSURED BY THE TELECHRON MASTER CLOCK IN THE POWER HOUSE

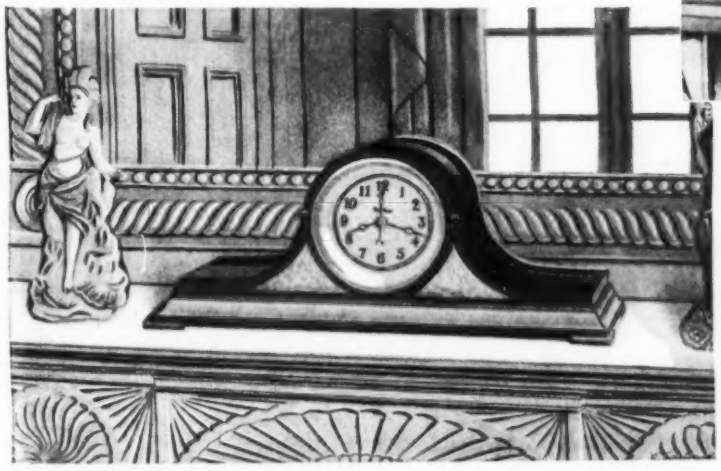
ADD TO THE OTHER WONDERS of this electric age, the accuracy of electric time! Over the same slender wire that now brings light and power, time will come to you . . . silent, precise, unquestioned . . . not for one day or eight, but for months and years . . . through Telechron Electric Clocks. ● You can connect any Telechron with an electric outlet, set it and forget it. Its tiny motor is driven directly by impulses of alternating current from an infallible Master Telechron at the power station. It eliminates completely the bother of winding, oiling, cleaning and regulating. Its word can't be questioned! ● Telechron time has been made as decorative as it is dependable. And inexpensive too. There are period and modern models for every purpose. Skilfully designed, richly wrought of fine woods and metals. Clocks for mantel, desk or dressing-table. Wall clocks, kitchen clocks, even alarm clocks. Three are shown here. There are many more at your dealer's. Prices range from $9.95 to $55.* Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.





Telechron
electric time-keepers

This is the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. Checked by radio with naval observatory time, it governs the speed of the giant generators that supply impulses of alternating current to regulate the Telechron in your home. These are the only master clocks used by power companies to furnish regulated time to the public.



top, above: *Madison, an attractive banjo clock in early-American design. Mahogany case with panels of colored glass. Six-inch silvered dial. Height 32½". Price $30.*

above: *Cathedral, an inexpensive clock for desk or dressing-table. Gothic design. Bakelite case with mottled walnut finish. Three-inch silvered dial. Height 7 3/16". Price $9.95.*

left: *Beverly, a popular model for the mantelpiece. Mahogany case with Spanish highlighted finish. Three-inch silvered dial. Width 13⅛". Price $20.*

**The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from $40 to $1200.*

In using advertisements see page 6

Style authority your boy approves

Saves your time in selection and satisfies the youngster who seems hard to please.

We've set our stylists to this problem of the boy's own preference. They have created smart styles that boys approve and which embody features to be had only in Kaynee. They tested countless fabrics for smartness, color and durability, and selected only the best. They insisted that buttons be sewed on to stay—that seams be extra stitched to prevent ripping. The result is—Style that your boy approves and quality you insist upon.

FREE BOOKLET

Send for latest edition of 28-page booklet, "Boy Types and How to Dress Them." It contains style facts every mother should know in dressing her particular type of boy. The tall boy—the short boy—the stout boy—the slim boy, each type is discussed by an expert, and the correct styles are suggested.

THE KAYNEE COMPANY, Dept. GH4, CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Oliver Twist Boys' Wear—Styled and Made Exclusively by Kaynee"

Shirt—Lustrous fine quality white broadcloth shirt—ask for . . . 3991.

Suit—Sleeveless suit of fine broadcloth in variety of colors and trims, sizes 1 to 8—ask for Style...725.

Suit—Broadcloth semi-sailor suit in variety of colors and trim, sizes 2½ to 8—ask for Style....5800.

Approved by the Boys

Kaynee

BLOUSES ...SHIRTS ...SUITS

A Sailor Comes Home

she'd get at them. Meanwhile she would wash out some of the old rugs; hot soapsuds would be good for her hands, and she would remember to rub liniment into them every night.

Gradually, as the sunlight gained warmth, the pain in her arms lessened. About time, too, for if the *Sea Maid* had started home in December, Everett would be home for his birthday, early in May. The more she thought of it, the more probable this seemed. He would get home that morning, perhaps, and she would have a birthday cake all ready and waiting—the kind he liked best, with thick icing on it—her work finished, and nothing left to do but go aboard.

If the orders weren't all complete, she would have to explain to folks how things were:

"I'd aimed to get your rugs ready for you—" she rehearsed what she would say to an audience made up of innumerable Mrs. Hollowayes and Mrs. Stevenses, "and they're a'most done, but not quite. If you've a mind to leave them over, I'll do them all up for you when I get back from this voyage we're makin'."

Yes, that was all a body *could* do. Meanwhile—getting up abruptly from the rug frame, she crossed to the wall where a calendar hung, and stood peering at it uncertainly.

Only two weeks now until his birthday! And look at the things she had still to do—take all her clothes out of the big chest, hang them in the sunlight to air, and then repack them for the trip; finish off such rugs as she could make out to do, and get the house all redd up and span-clean! Then make the birthday cake and hook in the last bit of border on the *Sea Maid* rug . . .

She rose at daybreak in the sweet, mild mornings of spring and worked until dusk—cleaning, repairing, shaking out rugs and blankets, then packing them carefully in the great sea-chest. Her wedding dress, the wool delaine with its innumerable ruffles, she did not pack. Folding it carefully, she hung it over the back of a chair, ready to slip on when needed.

No longer did she linger over showing rugs when visitors came.

"I couldn't take any orders now—no matter what," she explained over and over. "I'm expectin' to go away on a real long voyage, but if you want to wait till I get back home—"

ON THE morning of Everett's birthday she was busy with her cake-making long before sunrise. A cake had to be fresh-baked to please a man. It was a long time since she'd made one, and when the batter had been beaten to a feathery lightness and the layers were in the oven, she hung about the stove anxiously. Suppose it didn't turn out right? Suppose one of the layers burned or didn't rise evenly? But when they finally emerged, the layers were perfect—brown, even, and faultless.

Now to get the icing made and the cake put together, then set it in the middle of the table and lay places for two. When he got here, she'd cook the lobsters, do them any way he fancied, but until then there was nothing more to do but get dressed.

Turning away finally from the table—brave in the copper luster dishes which had been part of Great-grandmother Lundy's setting-out—Elvira crossed to the chair where her wedding dress hung. For a few moments she stood looking at it thoughtfully, wondering if she had better put it on now or wait awhile. Of course, she didn't want Everett to come and catch her in this old blue gingham she'd been wearing to cook in! No, it would be better to get dressed, be all ready and waiting . . .

Her head felt queer. Sort of light. And there was a strange, ringing sound in her ears. Perhaps that was because she hadn't taken time to eat any breakfast. She hadn't wanted any, didn't feel now as though she could manage even a mouthful. Still, when she was all dressed and waiting, it might be well to have a cup of tea. But just now there were other things to think about and to do.

DAGGETT *and* RAMSDELL

1890 dr 1930

McCLELLAND BARCLAY ● illustrator, and painter of smart people, says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are smart, with the utter simplicity that characterizes all good design. Their 1930 dress is in exquisite harmony with the fine scientific reputation of the products."

HELEN MARTIN ● Director of the Delineator Beauty Institute, says: "The users of Daggett and Ramsdell products should be grateful indeed for the added value you are giving them in these lovely containers which are as practical and useful as they are smart and decorative."

"What a marvellous way to celebrate forty years' success" say

FAMOUS FASHION DICTATORS

●

TERRY R. CRAMER ● anticipates the fashion demands of the chic women who patronize the fashion shop of Stewart, Fifth Avenue. She says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages are a perfect expression of all that is fine in what is known as 'modern.' They possess that exquisite simplicity in color and design that is the keynote of the smart woman's taste, today."

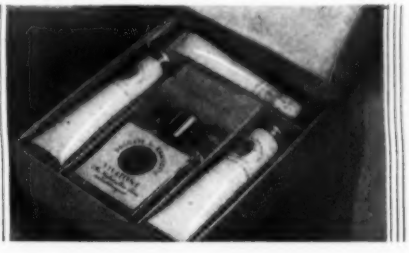
SEND the coupon below direct to Daggett and Ramsdell for the new Debutante Kit. It costs 50 cents and contains regular sizes of the three famous creams and Vivatone—enough for several complete facials.

HENRIETTE REISS ● an artist and one of America's leading authorities on modern design, says: "The new Daggett and Ramsdell packages designed by John DeVries are lovely; correct in color, line and design. Their chaste simplicity is at home in any good interior. They are fitting containers for the very excellent creams and lotion that come in them."

ALL Daggett and Ramsdell products in their new 1930 dress can be bought at the stores where you have been accustomed to buy. The products themselves have in no way been changed.

(Signed) V. B. Daggett
FOUNDER

The DEBUTANTE Kit



SPECIAL OFFER 50 CENTS

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. C-4
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find 50 cents for the Debutante Kit.

Name .....
(Print)
Street .....
City ..... State .....

In using advertisements see page 6

NOW REFRESHING SLEEP *for* MILLIONS

New—an Inner Coil Mattress for only $23.00

Years and years of restful sleep for less than twenty-five dollars. You haven't any idea what a refreshing night's sleep is like until you have tried the new Deepsleep. No hollows. No bumps. No hard-to-find "comfortable spots." And no matter how you move . . . the same solid comfort!

HAVE you heard about it? The new mattress Simmons have made for people who do a hard day's work?

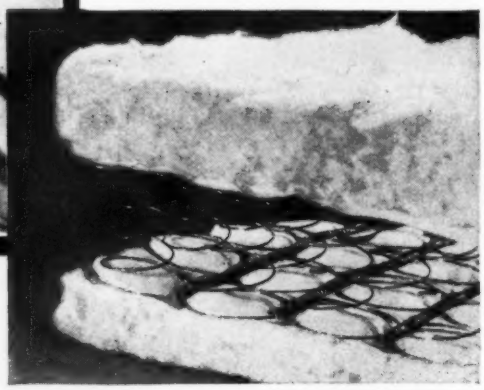
It's called the new Deepsleep. A big, soft mattress now filled with 299 springy coils . . . and with the price tag sewed right on it . . . only $23.00.

That means the deep comfort of an inner coil mattress isn't a luxury any more. Millions can enjoy it!

Go look at this Deepsleep . . . right now. Feel it. Press your hands down in it. It's *all* comfort . . . *built-in* comfort! And best of all . . . comfort at a price that everybody can afford.

Use it with the Simmons Deepsleep Box Spring or the Slumber King Spring. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50 · Deepsleep Mattress, $23.00 · Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50 · Slumber King Spring, $12 · Beds, $10 to $60
Rocky Mt. Region and West slightly higher



Springy, buoyant coils buried in soft upholstery! This luxuriously comfortable mattress made by Simmons can never pack down like old-fashioned mattresses.

The New SIMMONS *"DEEPSLEEP"* MATTRESS

. . . made by the makers of the famous Beautyrest Mattress

Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

A Sailor Comes Home

First off, her hair must be fixed. When Everett was home last, she had worn it in ringlets. They tell right to her waist and were held back from her face by a circular comb. Here lately she hadn't thought much about it, or bothered to do more than just slick it back and twist it into a knot, but today it must be dressed in ringlets . . . Have to hunt around for her circular comb, too, see what had become of that.

Slowly the gnarled, swollen fingers worked, twisting thin, gray strands into a pitiful semblance of curls. Real hard to do, when a body hadn't been keeping it that way right along. In the dim mirror her old eyes saw a girl, young and strong. They saw a mass of brown curls that were flecked with gold when the sunlight struck across them.

Now to put on her wool delaine wedding dress.

Queer, how slimsy the stuff felt, like as through it might fall to pieces most any minute! But that couldn't be true. Any one could tell you that wool delaine was strong, good-wearing stuff. Perhaps this piece wasn't really as firm as they'd thought, that day her mother helped her pick it out. Well, she'd just have to be extra choice of it. Only put it on for special best.

Buttoning the long, fitted basque with shaking fingers, she fastened the collar with her cameo brooch, then glanced searchingly about to see if anything had been forgotten. But the room was in spotless order. The last of her blankets and clothing was folded away in the big chest. There was just room enough left to put in the *Sea Maid* rug, and that only needed a few minutes' work to finish off. Better get at it right now. It would pass the time until he came . . .

HOW surprised Everett would be when he saw how changed everything was! New houses out here on the Cape until a body could hardly reckon them up. And so many folks had died or moved off to foreign parts. There was even a new harbor master, younger than Captain Winship but real nice and always ready to tell a body the ship news. But things on land had a way of changing the whole time, it seemed. For her part, she'd be kind of glad to get away from it for a while. They'd be China-bound, Everett had said. That would mean a long voyage . . .

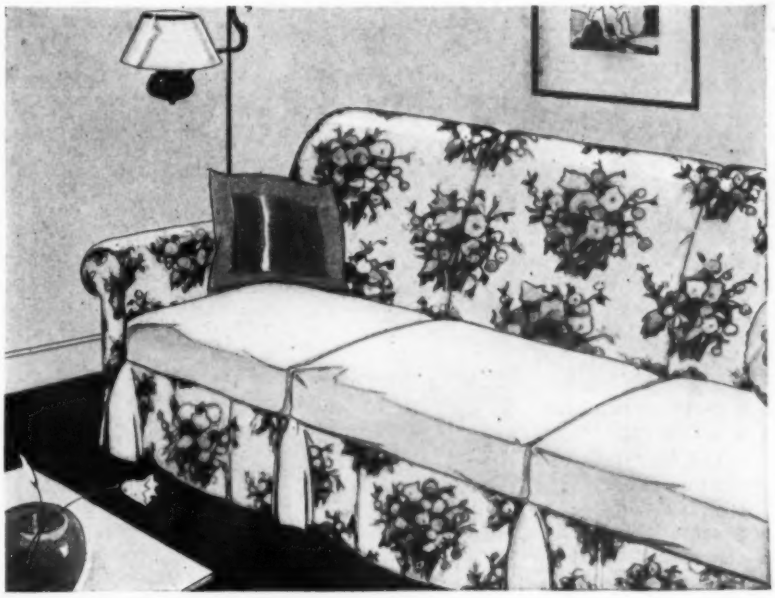
The queer, ringing noises in her head had grown worse. If he didn't get here by the time she had these last rows hooked in, she would lie down for a while and rest. But if she had some extra time, it would be better to fix over the shading in the mainsail just a mite. Not that it didn't look real natural now, but a body could always make a piece of work better, specially sails . . .

Feebly the old hands moved across the rug. At the end of each row the tired eyes would lift, glance toward the table, smile happily. Nice to be getting a meal ready for your man. Gave you a sort of warm feeling to know he'd be here most any minute now. Eating the victuals you'd fixed special for him. Telling you how good they tasted after so much salt beef and sea biscuit . . . If only that queer feeling in her head would ease up before he came! . . .

One after another the old mantel clock ticked off the passing hours. Slowly the sun wheeled again toward the west. The quiet room became a cup that evening filled with purple shadows . . . It might be better to stop and have a cup of tea now. Then, perhaps, lie down a little while, see if a rest would take away the queer ringing in her head and the numb prickling of her finger-tips.

But first of all she must light the lamp and set it in the window. Tonight he'd be certain to see it. He'd be standing out on deck with that easy way he had—young and tall and balanced just right, like he was the needle of a compass—watching for it as the *Sea Maid* came into harbor. For that was what he had said,

Drab davenports and chairs can be made inviting with cheerful covers of Puritan Cretonne.
In the illustration there is a delightful combination of plain and figured surfaces. Instead of the usual flounce, pinch plaits of plain fabric and deep scallops of Puritan Doulton Cretonne Dallas have been used.



Room Beauty Is Not a Matter of Money!

It is a matter of color schemes, of draperies, upholstery and all those little things which give personality to a room. By merely putting new draperies at the windows and slip covers on several chairs your room can be completely transformed.

Let An Expert Advise You On Color Scheme and Draperies FREE

Without a cent of cost to you, Rosalie Norton, decorator, will send you clippings of fabrics suitable to your particular room. All you do is check the description of your room on the coupon below. Her plans include clippings of the lovely fast color Puritan Doulton Cretonnes, glass curtain fabrics, upholstery and wallpaper. She also tells exactly how to use them.

PURITAN DOULTON CRETONNES GUARANTEED SUNFAST AND WASHABLE

They are sold in all leading department stores. Identify them by the name and the Sunfast and Washable guarantee printed on every yard of the selvage.

NOTE: For additional ideas on the use of cretonne and directions for making slip covers and draperies include stamps to cover the cost of one or both of the booklets listed below. The Room Plans are FREE.

Puritan Cretonnes

F. A. FOSTER & CO., INC., *Dept. G-101*, 330 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.
Sirs: Please send plans for rooms checked below at no charge ☐
I am also interested in booklet: "Cretonne Solves the Problem," 25c ☐
And 16-page booklet "50 Points on Making Draperies," 10c ☐

ROOM	LARGE	SMALL	MEDIUM	SUNNY	NORTH	HIGH	LOW	MEDIUM
Living								
Dining								
Bedroom								
Sunroom								
Kitchen								

NAME..... ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
If rural, in what town do you shop?.....

In using advertisements see page 6

ROOM AND BATH ROUND THE WORLD $1370.

Home Town to Home Town

A palatial Liner becomes your home for 20,236 miles.

You have a large outside room with twin beds, and your private bath. Delicious meals, interesting friends. Your living room window will look out upon the great ports of the world, which you will visit ... Yokohama ... Kobe ... Shanghai ... Hong Kong ... Manila ... Singapore, etc. ... And this acme of travel experience, a trip Round the World, is now yours *in luxury* at the rate of $16.11 per day. Room, bath, meals —and Round the World!

You are free to stop over where you like, as long as you like. Your ticket is good for two years—though you may make the trip in 85 days. Visit any land that interests you, continue your journey on another President Liner as you would on another train. No other plan of world travel offers you such freedom, such comfort, such consideration for your personal wishes.

Your ship is luxurious—spacious decks, outdoor swimming pool, a cuisine famous among world travelers.

INFORMATION—SAILINGS

Every week a palatial President Liner sails from Los Angeles and San Francisco—via the Sunshine Belt—for Honolulu, Japan, China, Manila and thence every two weeks to Malaya—Java nearby—Ceylon, (India by Pullman overnight), Egypt, Italy, France, New York.

Fortnightly sailings from Seattle and Victoria, B.C., for Japan, China, Manila and Round the World.

Fortnightly sailings from Boston, New York via Havana, Panama to California and Round the World.

($1370 fare provides First Class accommodations in twin bed stateroom, bath and meals, also rail fare from any direct line point in the U. S. to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle or Victoria, B. C., and back to starting point from New York.)

Write for a charming color booklet on Round the World travel. Address Dept 10-A nearest office.

COMPLETE INFORMATION FROM ANY STEAMSHIP OR TOURIST AGENT

AMERICAN MAIL LINE AND DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES

604 FIFTH AVE. . . . NEW YORK
25 AND 32 BROADWAY . NEW YORK
110 SOUTH DEARBORN ST. . CHICAGO
UNION TRUST ARCADE . CLEVELAND
177 STATE ST. . . . BOSTON, MASS.
514 W. SIXTH ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
ROBERT DOLLAR BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO
201 BROADWAY . SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
210 SO. SIXTEENTH ST. . PHILADELPHIA
DIME BANK BUILDING . . DETROIT
1005 CONNECTICUT N.W., WASH., D. C.
152 BROADWAY . PORTLAND, OREGON
YOKOHAMA KOBE SHANGHAI
HONG KONG MANILA
406 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND, CALIF.
909 GOVERNMENT ST., VICTORIA, B. C.
517 GRANVILLE ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.
32 VIA VITTORIO VENETO, ROME, ITALY
11 BIS RUE SCRIBE . PARIS, FRANCE
22 BILLITER STREET . E. C. 3, LONDON
4TH AT UNIVERSITY . SEATTLE, WASH.

A Sailor Comes Home

"I'll be watchin' for the light."

She tried to rise from her place at the rug frame, but her legs seemed heavy and cold, without any power in them to move. That was from getting into such a touse over his homecoming. She'd have to calm down, or the first thing you knew she'd be down sick abed . . .

Well, there was time, time to rest . . . She'd just sit here until the queer feeling wore off . . . then she'd get up . . . light the lamp . . . and put it in the window . . .

Slowly the gray head drooped forward until it touched the rug frame, rested there . . .

The blue strip she held seemed changed to salt water that washed across her fingers, salt water that was bitterly cold . . . and there was a great wind blowing!

"Everett!" she whispered, and with his name on her lips the quiet room dropped away.

Now there was only water around her, a great expanse of black water, foam-tipped, reaching to the sky . . . And coming up over the sea-rim, flying before the lift and thrust of giant waves, was the vessel for which she had waited so long.

"I knew you'd get here—to-day!" The words were only a faint sigh, the merest shadow of sound. "I knew you'd be here afore the dark come down!"

The fingers that had held the coarse hook quivered, then relaxed. The hook fell to the floor, rolled a little way, and lay still.

The Crowded Room

(*Continued from page 67*)

sound of it the mother's voice was faint.

"A miracle is something that one can not quite understand," she said. "It is something that passes—belief. It is *divine!* Oh, my child," there was despair in her tone, "leave me to my work. For a miracle," she finished, in a rush of words, "is the bringing of life where there was . . . death . . ."

The little girl raised a small hand to brush back the hair from her forehead. She sighed softly as she turned and went out once more into the garden. And as her feet took her along the path that led to the road, words—queer words—tangled themselves together in her heart. Death. Miracles. Queer words . . .

There, at the place where the roads met, she paused, and in the shadow of a tiny fig tree she seated herself—a slim, thoughtful young figure resting in a patch of velvet shade. The fig tree reached green, small branches down to her —idly she reached up and plucked a leaf from one of those branches.

"This leaf," she thought, as she broke the fragile stem of it, "is now dead. *Dead.* It has stopped. It won't dance in the wind any more —it won't be happy any more. It will just lie still by the path and turn brown, for that is death! And yet—" her face puckered itself into a thoughtful frown, "and yet I am not scared of the leaf. Even when it lies beside the path it won't scare me. *But it is dead.*"

The little girl put the leaf carefully down, for somehow the leaf had become more than a green, erstwhile growing thing. All at once it had become a sign. She raised speculative eyes to the other leaves that were still swaying on the branches of the tiny fig tree. What if she broke them all off? What if she stripped the whole tree bare of leaves? What if all the leaves were suddenly dead—what would then happen to the tree? *Would the tree also be dead?*

The little girl asked herself the question, asked it seriously. And then, all at once, she was smiling. Why—suddenly the thought was resting against her heart—why, she was being *silly!* For the tree wouldn't be scared. The tree would know—just as she knew—that other leaves were coming when the voice of a new season's sunlight called them into being. Somehow the voice of a new season's sunlight was like the voice of the Man who had called her back. Because the seasons and the sun and the

The Crowded Room

tree and the wind were all things that went on. Just as she had gone on. Just as—oh, she felt it!—the voice of the Man would go on . . . and on . . .

THE little girl had become reconciled to playing alone by the time the plague walked whitely across the countryside. She had become used to her father's sober face and to her mother's too easily roused emotions. But—even though months had passed—she didn't go often to the place where her father's path met the public road. And when she did go, it was not in search of companionship—it was, rather, to watch the leaves dancing upon a tiny fig tree. To watch the leaves that could so easily be killed—but that, despite their going, could be so easily followed by other leaves.

The little girl had grown almost sufficient unto herself (a sad state for any child to reach) when the plague came, and so she was unaware of the hush that lay on certain village houses. It was only when she sat at table—while she silently broke her unleavened bread and drank from her mug of milk—that talk of the plague came to her. And at first she paid no attention to that talk. It was only a stray word of her mother's, spoken to Jairus, that made the little girl pay sudden attention.

"Many homes," said the mother, "are sad this hour! Especially do I grieve for our neighbors who have just lost their smallest man-child. Such a sturdy, brown little fellow he was!"

The father sighed. "The plague!" he answered. "Who can tell whom it will touch? We, who have known—"

But the little girl took no heed of her father's reply. She was still, in her young mind, dwelling upon what her mother had said. The man-child—of their neighbor? *Lost?* Surely they could not mean the little boy whom she had hailed, with his sisters and brothers, one morning? She saw a swift picture of his round, puzzled face, of his mouth making an O, of his finger thrust pinkly into that O. Seeing the picture, she set down her mug of milk with a thud upon the table.

"I have seen that smallest boy," she said. "He was one of those who feared to play with me. You—" she appealed to her mother—"you remember the time? I came in to ask you why the children were afraid! I saw him then, the tiny lad. I thought him—sweet. And so he is lost—he has strayed away? May I not help to find him? May I?" Her words tumbled over each other, in their haste to be spoken. "May I not be one of the searchers who go out?"

But Jairus, the father, was interrupting. And his voice was kind and tender and finely drawn. "My child," he said to the little girl, "you can not bring back the wee lad with searching; neither you nor any of us! He is not lost as you know the meaning of the word. It is the plague that has claimed him."

The little girl raised high her mug of milk. Drinking, she looked across the rim of it into her father's face.

"What is this plague?" she asked, as she finally set down the mug. "And how could it claim a child?"

It was the mother whose low voice made answer. "The plague," she explained—"(God keep it far from this abode!) is a disease—a dread disease. When it claims a person, that person dies. The little boy is dead."

So the little boy was dead! For him—according to the maternal definition—sunlight had ceased, and life had ceased! For him everything had ceased. He was the smallest leaf on some tree—and the plague's hand had broken him from the branch. The little girl didn't have to ask any more questions—for once she knew the answer to it all! Sturdily, a curious light in her eyes, she rose from the table and, leaving her parents, her unfinished meal, she went out of the door and unhesitatingly followed the path that led from her father's house to the public road. Only, when

THE SACHET

Advice from Paris and London . . . on where to get your permanent wave

•

No advice could be safer . . . . No advice could be simpler . . . . Go to the hairdresser featuring The Eugène Method . . . . Find him by his display of the Eugène Trade Mark.

If yours is a genuine Eugène Waver he uses genuine Eugène Sachets, the essential feature of the Eugène Method.

IS THE SECRET

Eugène Sachets have patented perforated steam tabs that control and direct the steaming of your hair . . . . This control assures safety, certainty—and Beauty!

Pay the extra price for the genuine Eugène Wave—it is worth it! Look for the Eugène Trade Mark on each of the two to three dozen Sachets used . . . Meanwhile, write for a specimen Sachet and "The Eugène Beauty Book."

Eugène, Ltd., 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Eugene S. A. Paris: Eugene Ltd., London: Eugene G. m. b. H., Berlin: Eugene, Ltd., Sydney

eugène
permanent waves

In using advertisements see page 6

Those Youngsters of Yours Away at School

You can keep in close touch with them by telephone . . . give them the advice and encouragement they need . . . the cost is surprisingly low.

* * *

PERHAPS they're a bit homesick. Possibly some problem is worrying them that you could straighten out in a jiffy. Maybe there's a little school triumph they're just dying to tell you about.

Why not telephone them today, and have a little heart to heart chat just as you do at home? And then make it a practice to call them regularly in the future.

There's something intimate and personal about a telephone conversation. And, of course, every telephone conversation is a round trip.

Women more and more are using the telephone to keep up their out of town friendships, just as their husbands do at the office. It's quick . . . you get most places in the space of seconds. It's clear . . . you can hear across the continent as plainly as you can across the street. It's easy . . . all you have to do is give the operator the number, or the name and address, of the person you want.

There's someone, somewhere, who would appreciate a telephone call from you right now!

BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

LIBERTY PAPER BAKING CUPS

AND PAPER TABLE DECORATIONS

Liberty Baking Cups are made from a specially prepared paper which withstands heat and requires no greasing. Save labor —no greasing or washing of tins. They keep cakes fresh and attractive to serve.

FREE RECIPE BOOK
with your order for this
BIG HOUSEHOLD PACKAGE ★
Now 428 Pieces for only $1, postpaid.

Package contains 200 Liberty Baking Cups, tea cake size; 150 Baking Cups, muffin size; 2 Pie Collars, crowning touch for meat-pies, etc.; 20 Chop Frills for decorating chops, chicken legs, etc.; 20 Croquette Skewers, for adorning roast ham, etc., 36 paper Doilies. Please mention your dealer's name when ordering this big package.

WM. W. BEVAN CO.
Dept. 83, Everett, Mass.

Agents Wanted

The Towels that the well-dressed bathroom wears are

BOOTT LOWELL TOWELS MASS.

At your Dealers. Or send 25 cents for sample fast color guest towel. Orchid, Green, Blue, Rose, Maize, Peach

The Crowded Room

she had reached the road, she did not pause in the patch of velvet shade beneath the fig tree. She turned instead into the road and followed it swiftly in the direction the children had gone on the morning when they had run from her in fear.

It didn't take long to reach a cottage—and it never occurred to the little girl that the cottage she reached would not be the one she was seeking. There were only a few hundred yards of the public road, and a short hill to climb, before the neighbors' house came into view.

One could tell at the first sight of the house that something was wrong about it, for it had a chill, defeated look, and there was no sign of curling smoke to whisper of a pleasant fire within. At first glance the little girl knew that the house was stricken, and as she drew nearer —and the sound of wailing voices reached her— she was doubly sure. She could tell, from the sound of those cries, that the people inside of the house were more than sad—she could tell that they were frightened, and the knowledge made her slim feet hurry through the dust of the road. The people were frightened, but she was not—not of this strange menace, the plague, nor of the sounds of grief. And certainly she was not frightened of death—for she herself had come back from death!

Almost running, she went down the path that crept through a tattered garden to a door that swayed open. Almost running she came through the door and stopped short just beyond the threshold.

IT WAS the oldest child who was first aware of her—the same dark-eyed, dark-skinned child who had been spokesman for a group of singing youngsters. Only the child wasn't singing, now—she was sobbing softly instead, and wide tears made tracks upon her dark face. The soft sobs turned into a shrill, terrified scream as she glimpsed the little girl in the doorway—a scream that was followed by a swift torrent of words.

"It is Jairus' daughter," screamed the oldest child. "It is the girl who returned from the tomb. Why has she come here now? Why has she?"

People turned sharply toward the visitor, their eyes unnaturally bright, their faces keen and tense. All at once the little girl was conscious of echoing screams, of shouts and deep-throated exclamations. Suddenly she could feel that the people in the house were surging toward her—as if they were one body, instead of many. There was something menacing in that forward movement, for it was a heavy, hysterical time, but the little girl held her ground. Even when a man's voice growled, "It is an omen—a *bad* omen!" the little girl did not flinch. Instead her two hands—hands that had but lately been breaking the bread of a simple meal—stretched out to meet the rush of people.

Even when a woman cried, "She, too, should be white and still—as is my tiny one!" the little girl did not falter. Instead—

"Peace!" she said simply. "Peace! For—" who shall say what inspiration gave her the healing gift of words?—"for I have come to lend you *understanding!*"

Perhaps it was the slightness of that little, brave figure, perhaps it was the transparency of the two outflung hands, perhaps it was just native superstition! For the man's growling voice became only a murmur, and the woman cried no longer, and—through the sudden silence—the little girl spoke.

"Once," said the little girl slowly, "once I was dead. I lay still—and I could not rise. And I have no doubt they wept for me, as you are weeping for the wee man-child. And then —it was a miracle that happened. And all at once I rose, and walked and played again. It was because, for I asked my mother, of the Man whose voice called me—the Man Jesus. *For I have asked my mother—*"

The little girl paused. And, as she paused,

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

Under Germ-Laden Film Decay Begins

FREE . . . *a supply of Pepsodent to remove it*

You must remove film to be better protected. Please accept a free supply of the special film-removing dentifrice

BEING asked to accept a free supply of Pepsodent tooth paste will be of greatest interest to you *if your teeth decay —if teeth are stained, discolored—or if you are threatened with pyorrhea.*

You will be interested, because Pepsodent tooth paste is made especially to combat these three conditions most effectively.

Pepsodent removes germs from teeth

Germs cause tooth decay. Germs and tartar produce conditions that foster the development of pyorrhea.

To fight germs and better safeguard teeth and gums you must remove a slippery, stubborn film that glues bacteria to the tooth's enamel. This film covers and protects germs from antiseptics you may use. It imprisons germs in crevices and clings so tenaciously that the most vigorous brushing fails to dislodge it successfully. And your dentist knows too vigorous brushing may bring harmful results.

The SAFE scientific way. Acts differently

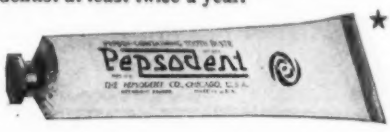
Today dentists are urging patients by the millions to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way. You will feel that difference the instant it touches your teeth.

First Pepsodent curdles film and then REMOVES IT SAFELY. No pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a scientific action that recommends it for the most sensitive teeth and gums.

Do not delay

There is only one Pepsodent. We believe it is the finest tooth paste dental science of today knows how to make. You will want to try it. Please write today to the nearest address.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.
Only one tube to a family 3387 A

In using advertisements see page 6

To Protect your pocketbook

Good Housekeeping

gives you this Guarantee

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S policy is to make its advertising pages a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy source of information.

Before it accepts the advertising of any product, Good Housekeeping carefully investigates its merit. Products which come within the testing scope of Good Housekeeping Institute or the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health must be tested and approved before they may be advertised in Good Housekeeping. These products are marked with a star (★) in the advertising pages.

Good Housekeeping, further, examines every advertisement offered to it for publication and makes every effort to assure itself that essential claims are justified.

AND THIS IS YOUR GUARANTY: If you purchase a product advertised in Good Housekeeping and find it unsatisfactory, we will carefully investigate your complaint. If the product is defective it will be replaced or your money refunded.

GLADS Direct From Our Farms

Thousands secure their Gladiolus Bulbs this safe, sure, economical way. Convince yourself. Write for our *free* catalog of "Extristrong" Bulbs. Then order. We are eager to prove to you that our values are the best that you can obtain anywhere. Write today.
WATERLOO BULB FARMS - Waterloo, Iowa.

Good Housekeeping's GARDEN CALENDAR

Practical, expert advice on the planting and care of growing things. Suggests month by month ways of enjoying gardening the year 'round. Decoratively bound. Price 50c
Send stamps, check or money-order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City. Print name and address clearly on order.

GIANT CALIFORNIA ZINNIAS

OUR new 1930 combinations are selected from 24 of the best of our giant mammoth and balloon types grouped into separate shades including several new varieties. Fraser's California Grown Zinnias are admired the world over for their size and coloring. Mail now for this special introductory offer of 5 big packets, prepaid, for $1.

Mammoth and Balloon Crimson-Scarlet Shades, Mixed (Large Packet) ... $1.00
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All Five Packets ($5.00 Value) for $1

FRASER & SON, Dept. 2 Fraser Bldg., Pasadena, Cal.
Growers of Specialties in California Grown Flower Seeds

Dreer's Garden Book

"AREN'T they beauties! They come from Dreer's and the Garden Book told me how to grow them." You, too, can say that this summer if you choose your Flowers and Vegetables from our 1930 book.

A copy free if you mention Good Housekeeping

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Crowded Room

there came a question. It was the oldest child speaking, the oldest child who had once run away. The child asked a question that folk still ask at dark hours.

"You were dead," said the oldest child—"and you are no longer dead! But my brother is dead—and he remains so. You were dead—and the Man Jesus made what folks have called a miracle. And you rose, and grew strong and played in the sunlight. But here—" her voice broke— "there is no miracle, and my brother does not rise and play. And—" the oldest child's voice was oddly bitter for one so young —"*and where is the Man called Jesus?*"

THE grown-ups in the room were forgotten, and a little girl who had longed for a playmate looked into the eyes of a child who had denied that longing.

"I will try to explain it," said the little girl—"to *you*. I will try to tell you, just as the knowledge came to me. Why, I mean, that there is nothing to fear—in death. Why, I mean, that death does not stand for just stopping. Oh," she smiled, "it is—like trees. Though the leaves are plucked away from them the trees go on—and new leaves come when the next season's sun wakens them to life. It is like the hours. Though the dark slips down at night, there will be more sunlight with a new day, for the light is not dead—it has only stopped for a space. We—we are like the trees, like the hours. We go on, as they do. And—" the little girl was speaking, but perhaps another voice spoke through her— "and somewhere He is calling. The Man Jesus, I mean. Somewhere He is calling to us always! He can't come, each time, into a room—as He came bodily into the room where once I lay. He can't always speak so that His voice is heard. But ever and ever He is in *some room*. And always He is calling . . ."

The crowd, held by the spell of the little girl's voice, was very still. And across that stillness, in a strange, singing tone, the little girl's voice went on.

"There is no death," she said, "not if we believe that His voice can waken us. There is no stopping—not while green new leaves can come to trees . . . We must believe that day will ever follow night, that night will follow day, that season will come after season. We must know that the voice of each new season is like the voice of Him who called me. For just as the seasons go on, as the leaves and the light go on, so will the voice of the Man Jesus go on. And it will always be calling, somewhere . . ."

The little girl paused. All at once she felt young and small and weary—all at once she wanted her mother. But despite her tiredness she smiled—with a queer, speaking radiance—into the eyes of the oldest child.

"Don't you be afraid," she said, "for there's nothing to be afraid of, not ever. Don't you be afraid," she turned to go— "because the Man Jesus has shown, through me, that death can not *last*—"

CHURCH

By Elizabeth Shinn

THE SCARLET *tulips pouring out*
Their beauty to the Lord,
Were as a great hosanna shout
That none but my heart heard;

AND WHERE *I saw the lilacs reach*
Their hands, I felt a prayer
More potent than impassioned speech,
And knew that God was there.

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

WINDOWS NEVER HELD MORE FOR SHOPPERS

Metalware Guaranteed

Hand Dipped

in pure molten zinc and made of

COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

Any store featuring Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware invites you to save on the values which these household necessities now offer. Nothing has been spared in making them superior in appearance, usefulness and long life.

While their price is reckoned in pennies, into them has gone exacting craftsmanship with a copper alloyed sheet steel, COP-R-LOY, and each article has been dipped by hand in pure molten zinc. All this is added quality without the least extra cost to you. No similar line offers so much in trustworthy return for small expenditure.

Better stores display Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware in valuable window space that you may shop and save. On many articles of necessity to the home—tubs, pails, ash and garbage cans—look for the Wheeling "*Hand-Dipped*" Registered Trademark.

Wheeling
CORRUGATING COMPANY
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GUARANTEED
Hand Dipped
IN PURE MOLTEN ZINC

Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.

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Branches: New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Richmond, Chattanooga, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Detroit, Columbus, Ohio

EXCLUSIVELY WHEELING RAW MATERIALS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERY PRODUCT

In using advertisements see page 6

The Favorite Dish of All the Family

ANGLO CORNED BEEF

Prepare it any way you like! A delicious, flavory meal of Anglo is on the table in no time at all. All ready-cooked in the original tin, waiting on your pantry shelf to be served in hash, croquettes, cold cuts, or as a tempting old-fashioned New England Boiled Dinner.

Other delightful dishes are suggested in Sarah Field Splint's recipe booklet, sent you free on request.

Sold by good dealers throughout the U.S. and Canada

THE TUPMAN THURLOW CO., Inc., 154 Nassau Street, New York

★ **ANGLO CORNED BEEF**

You'll want this!

A Golden West Coffee Maker (6 cup capacity) and A 2-lb. can of the famous Golden West Coffee

BOTH FOR $2

Mailed postpaid anywhere in the United States

OR SENT C.O.D.

For many years Golden West, the famous vacuum packed coffee of the West, has been the choice of coffee loving Westerners; and if you are finicky about coffee, that's the reason you should try it.

You'll declare it the finest ever, especially when made with the all-aluminum Golden West Coffee Maker, a real "French Drip" system without filter papers or cloths. Its delightful flavor, its richness, will likely cause you to make some arrangement with your grocer to have a future supply.

Send your name and that of your grocer today! The two-pound can of Golden West and Coffee Maker complete, packed in strong cardboard carton, will be sent through your grocer or direct, by return mail on receipt of price. Or, if you prefer, we will send C. O. D. and you can pay the postman a few cents additional. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Dealers, write for information!

CLOSSET & DEVERS, Portland, Oregon

Mothers

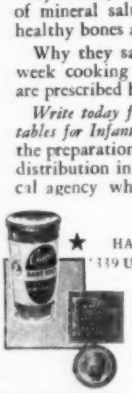
When your babies are about six months old

Your doctors will advise Strained Vegetables to supplement the milk diet.

Now is the time to find out why babies love Clapp's Strained Vegetable Baby Foods, which increase the supply of mineral salts necessary to produce healthy bones and teeth.

Why they save mothers 24 hours a week cooking and kitchen time, and are prescribed by over 5,000 specialists.

Write today for booklet "Strained Vegetables for Infant Feeding," telling about the preparation of these foods and their distribution in glass jars through a local agency whose name we will send.



Ask your Doctor

★ HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.
339 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Clapp's STRAINED VEGETABLE BABY FOODS

Baby Soup, Wheatheart Soup, Liver Soup, Seven Different Vegetables and Three Fruit Pulps

Stars for Your Dreams

(*Continued from page 50*)

Year's Eve, and then on past Molde *gard*, the great manor house that had stood on there for so many generations, and down the long hill that was lined on either side with elms, with the hills rising on the left, and the fjord stretching into the distance on the right."

"Well, Maren?" old Magnus ventured at last, his inscrutable smile upon her. "They be needing you at home, I see."

The girl shook her head. "No. I'm going to America."

Magnus clicked his tongue in amazement, and the horse set up a gallant gallop in obedience.

For a moment the conversation was halted while Magnus pulled at the reins, and the horse reared and plunged and then slowed down again. Maren smiled in spite of the heaviness that lay so blackly on her. Magnus had got into many a scrape by letting that expressive click of his get the better of him when he was driving.

"It'll be costing something, I'm thinking," he ventured when the horse was trotting sedately again.

"I know." Again that little fear of the future held her. "I have enough saved."

She turned from him, and her eyes brooded on the water that lay below. They passed little red boathouses and flat, gray stones covered with seaweed. The fjord had always been there, and yet to Maren it was always new and always strange.

THE few days at home had gone with a rapidity that was almost frightening. Again Maren was riding over the road that ran between Strande and Molde, her painted box on the floor of the cariole. Old Magnus had taken the cowhide trunk and her loom that morning on the milk wagon, though her mother had protested.

"They'll be laughing at you in America. Taking a loom to a fine country like that, where they have machines and big factories to do their work."

But Maren could not leave it behind, and she had packed her wool with her few clothes and whispered to the princess that she must not be afraid of the long journey.

"Maybe your prince will be waiting for you there," she had said, and again the pain around her heart was like a flame.

Her father held back the horse, as they came to the long hill leading up to the village, but when they got to the top he went faster again. Maren tried to look away when they came to the Dahls' house, but somehow she couldn't. There it was, white and inviting in the morning sunshine, with its garden stretching down to the green water of the bay. The Herr Professor sat under the pear tree reading the morning paper, and Maren caught a glimpse of her cousin, Maria, stooping to set down a saucer of milk for the cat outside the kitchen door.

It had never looked so friendly, so beautiful, as it did now, and she was leaving it forever.

She couldn't speak, as the horse jogged patiently on to the little pier where the Bergen boat was waiting. Again that fear of failure seized her, and she pressed closer to her father. There were little groups standing all around her; there were good-byes and laughter and some tears. She was not the only one who was going to Bergen, and from there on to that strange, new world.

Then some one took her box from her, and when she looked up, she saw it was Rikard.

"I met Magnus this morning, and he told me you were going."

Maren looked at him breathlessly. There was so much she wanted to say, but just then the boat whistle blew, and there was a mad scurrying toward the gangplank. Rikard held her hand tightly. She felt him drawing her to him, away from the crowded gangplank and the waiting boat.

Then her father gave her a little push and whispered, "Hurry, Maren," and Rikard ran

BRAND NEW—

A MORE CONVENIENT WAXED PAPER PACKAGE

REGAL
PIC-WAX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
40 SHEETS - WHITE - EXTRA STRONG
HEAVY WAXED PAPER
SIZE 12 X 13½
PACKED BY THE REGAL PAPER CO. PULASKI, N.Y.

More than ever before women are using waxed paper to protect foods. To prevent drying out in modern refrigeration—to guard against exchange of flavor or odor. And, of course, for other things such as wrapping sandwiches, cakes, or candy; for capping preserve jars; for lining baking tins.

Now, at last, a real improvement in waxed paper to save time and trouble. A package that is more convenient, sanitary, easier to use; that lies flat wherever you put it; that means true economy, where EVERY sheet is held fresh and smooth until you use it.

Pic-Wax—a liberal supply of extra strong white paper, heavily waxed. In most convenient size for regular uses. Pic-Wax—named for its easy use. Open like a book. PICK OUT ONE SHEET at a time. Every movement with one hand.

Get a package today—only 10 cents. Ask for it wherever you buy waxed paper. If dealer cannot supply you, send 10 cents for full sized package.

REGAL PAPER COMPANY, INC., Pulaski, New York

A PIC-WAX ROLL, TOO

In new roll box with specially prepared edge for tearing off desired lengths. Safe . . . sanitary . . . and economical.

REGAL PAPER CO., INC., Pulaski, N. Y.
Enclosed 10 cents. Send prepaid package
☐ Pic-Wax Sheets ☐ Pic-Wax roll
(Check package wanted—send 20c for 1 of each)

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

This store is where I usually buy waxed paper

In using advertisements see page 6

Safe Refrigeration —*plus*

New refrigerator provides big margin of safety over that specified by U.S. Government—*at no extra cost!*

They'll tell you at the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, that the average temperature in a refrigerator should not get above 48.4° with a room temperature of 75°.

The new Alaska betters these government specifications by a margin so wide that food and milk are kept safe beyond any question of doubt!

Tests recently conducted by experts at Columbia University showed that Alaska No. 966 maintained an average temperature well below the 50° average recommended by the National Food Preservation Council.

Think of the additional safety that means. This ideal temperature not only assures you fresh, *safe* food, but food at its natural full-bodied flavor.

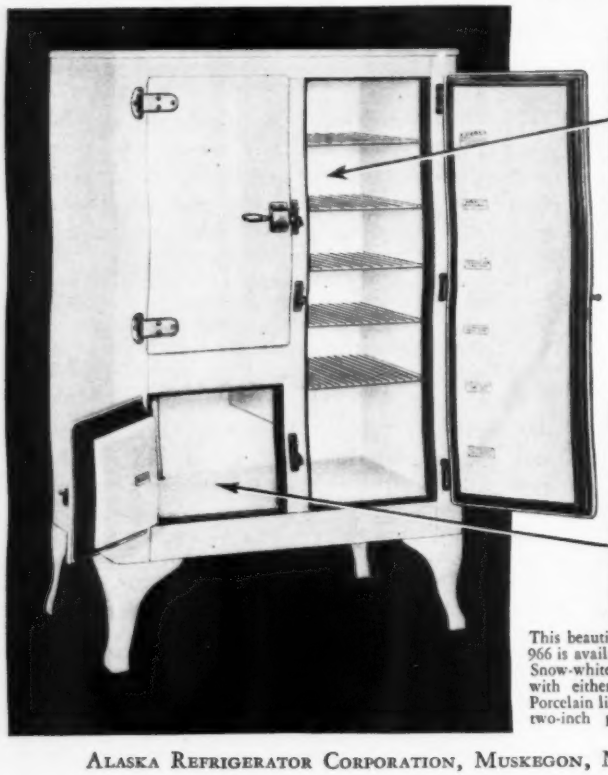
Of course, every Alaska Cabinet contains the famous *exclusive* Foodex, on the door. A glance will tell you just where to place each food for proper refrigeration! This valuable guide is found only on Alaska Cabinets.

The Famous Cork Wall Window Shows the Cork Insulation

Alaska Cabinets are a contribution to the economy of your kitchen, because they positively reduce refrigerating costs by holding low temperatures! Genuine cork insulation assures that. You can see the cork through the famous Alaska Cork Wall Window.

Every home can afford Alaska convenience, Alaska perfected refrigeration, and every home needs Alaska economy. Alaska Cabinets meet every refrigerator need, at the price you want to pay.

All Alaskas are suited to artificial ice, also practically all types of electric refrigeration.



Food compartment

U. S. Bureau of Home Economics specification not over 50° F.

Alaska No. 966 produced 47.15° F. in laboratory test.

Milk compartment

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Alaska No. 966 produced 40.7° F. in laboratory test.

This beautiful new Alaska No. 966 is available in Apple Green, Snow-white and Alaska Gray and with either White Enamel or Porcelain linings. Steel exterior, two-inch perfected insulation.

ALASKA REFRIGERATOR CORPORATION, MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

★ ALASKA
REFRIGERATORS

Stars for Your Dreams

with her to the boat and helped her up the gangplank and put her box beside her on the deck.

Her father pressed in on them and kissed her clumsily, wiping a tear away with the back of his hand, and Rikard gave her a little package and then stooped and kissed her forehead.

She stood at the rail as the boat pulled slowly away from the pier. Her father was waving frantically, and Rikard stood beside him, his hat raised in farewell. The little steamer backed down the bay, and Maren saw the Professor look up from his paper, and she waved to him, but he did not see her and resumed his reading. They headed for the open sea, and the crowd on the quay was just a black, indistinguishable mass. Maren held the box of chocolates Rikard had given her to her heart, and a tear splashed down on it.

The long journey had begun.

IN THE after years Maren always thought of that first year in America as something she had seen in a kaleidoscope. The streets full of hurrying people, the tall buildings, the automobiles, and the shops with such fascinating things in the windows, the subway and streetcars, and the letter that kept getting in the pattern as a dull-colored piece of glass will sometime mar the effect of the bright reds and yellows.

A social worker who helped her after she left Ellis Island brought Maren to Mrs. Mahoney's. It was a huge boarding house, and there was much to be done, taking care of the upstairs rooms and answering the doorbell.

The day the letter came, Mrs. Mahoney was on the top floor, getting a room ready for a new lodger. Maren recognized the familiar stamp in the corner of the letter and her mother's writing with a curious thrill. She tore it open hurriedly and ran down the back stairs to the kitchen, where she could read it undisturbed.

It was full of gossip about all the every-day things, and sometimes Maren chuckled as she read. Svarta, the black cow, had calved, and old Magnus was painting his barn. Her mother had worn to church the black silk kerchief Maren had bought out of her first week's wages, and no one could believe that Maren was really getting forty dollars a month. People would be fools to give that much to a serving wench! Her father had caught a lobster in his net and had thrown it back in the water, for decent folks around the countryside wouldn't eat such scavengers, for it was said they fed on the drowned, but Byfoged Sundersen had groaned when her father told him about it, and had given him one crown and the promise of another for the next one he caught.

Her mother had been in Molde, helping Maria in the kitchen, Friday a week, for the Dahls were giving a dance in honor of young master Rikard's betrothed, who was visiting them from Oslo. People said they had been engaged for a year or more, but master Rikard did not seem very happy. Some people were hard to suit, for the young lady was the most beautiful she had ever seen . . .

Maren stopped reading, and the letter fell to her feet. For minutes that crowded into an hour she sat without moving. Somewhere a bell was ringing, but it could not reach her. Then the dead stillness and the peal of the bell again.

The sound of Mrs. Mahoney's heavy steps made her look up dully. She cringed from the other's angry tongue, and although she couldn't understand what she was saying, she knew she had lost her position. Mrs. Mahoney was short-tempered on days the boats came in, and there were scores of immigrant girls to be had for the asking.

There was the dreary trudging to employment offices and then another place to work. Maren held her new position until spring, when the family went to Europe.

She had learned a little English, and the

Stars for Your Dreams

woman who singled her out from the others in the employment office on Lexington Avenue felt curiously drawn to the slim girl with the eager eyes and the soft, hesitant voice.

A new life began for Maren that first day she came to work for her. Mrs. Brandon lived in a studio apartment in the East Sixties, and the northern girl had never seen anything so lovely as the eastern hangings that fell from the balcony rails, and the glowing rugs on the dark floors. When she dusted the carved Florentine furniture, her hands lingered over the task, and sometimes she sang as she worked in the tiny kitchen with its colorful Italian pottery and curious glass bottles.

The pear tree was far away, yet sometimes it bridged the land and sea that lay between, and came to Maren with the old sorrow. When it came, Maren closed herself in her room and tried to lose herself in the bright wools she was always weaving on her loom.

Cornelia Brandon followed her there one day. Maren looked up and saw her standing at the doorway, slim and vivid in her cherry-colored smock streaked with paint.

"Why, Maren, you're an artist, too, and I've been hiding you away in my kitchen!"

She stepped lightly to the loom, her expressive hands moving over the deep blue of the background and over the three wild geese winging their way across it.

"It's as lovely as a poem," she said at last. "Show me some more. I want to see everything you've done."

Maren brought out her painted box and, kneeling beside it, lifted one after the other of the tapestries she had made. Miss Brandon exclaimed over each—old Norse sagas were depicted here, and queens long dead lived again in Maren's wool. A blackbird and his mate sat together on a branch of a rowan tree, and Maren's land of stars loomed silver against a cerulean blue that was the color of the Virgin's gown.

But none was so lovely as the princess. She stood slim and dark in her bower in the gown that was like mist on the sea, and her eyes looked to the east. Cornelia felt tears in her throat.

"Maren," she said softly. "This princess—is you."

The girl looked up, startled, and then, she did not know just why, everything came tumbling out of her lips, the pear tree and that night in spring and Rikard. It was sweet to say his name again, to tell of the hidden hurt. Then, fumbling in her apron pocket, she brought out a crumpled letter.

"My mother writes me he has come to America. He is here in New York—he is in the same city with me—and I don't know where."

Words of comfort rose to Cornelia's lips, but because she knew how empty they would all sound, she took the girl's hand instead.

"Maren, I can't have you working for me any longer—but won't you stay here and keep on with your weaving until every one else can see your tapestries as I have? You're going to be successful, Maren, and I am glad I can have a little share in helping you."

MAREN could not believe it was all true, even after the tea Cornelia had given when she was the guest of honor. It was all so picturesque, Maren dressed in peasant costume sitting at the small loom, showing them all how it was done, while Cornelia went from one to the other, pointing out the beauties of the glowing tapestries hung all around the room.

Maren was something of a vogue, that winter. But it seemed unreal to her, even after the first furore had died and she had so many orders to fill that she had to keep at her loom until late at night.

It was strange to share the apartment with Cornelia, to have a maid waiting on her and doing all the things for her that she had always done for others. Then, as time went on, it came to be the routine, as the other had been

This Abdominal Belt is adjustable in tension and position, from the outside, after the garment has been fastened. A patented feature.

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In using advertisements see page 6

For Your Money Needs—Join Our Rainbow Club

For every woman, no matter how fully occupied your time—no matter for what purpose you are working—our Rainbow Club offers you an agreeable way to add to your Fund, or to your own income.

Of course you need some new spring frocks? Perhaps you are a business girl wanting some of the little luxuries which your income does not permit? Or are you a busy mother to whom some extra dollars for the children's needs would mean much?

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Good Housekeeping Magazine
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Comfy Crib No. 54-E.
Beautiful and sturdy.

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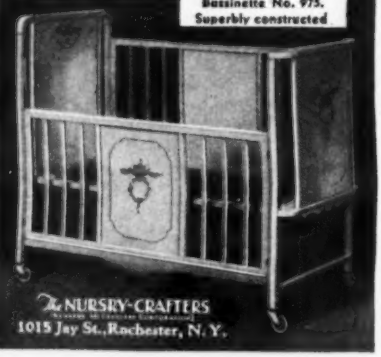

The NURSRY-CRAFTERS
1015 Jay St., Rochester, N.Y.

Stars for Your Dreams

before, and it didn't seem out of the way that she called Cornelia by her first name and went to concerts and theatres and dinner parties, and sometimes had breakfast in bed.

It was after one of these late mornings that she went walking in the park. Ideas for her tapestries sometimes came to her that way, but this morning her mind rejected them all. Trees were blossoming. Maren thought of a pear tree that had blossomed early one spring, and something inside of her was saying,

"Dear God—take all the rest and give him to me again."

Her eyes left the trees and sought the gravel path. But she could not shut out the memory. She made herself look at the earthly things, at stones and the gravel on the path, at the horses' hoofs flying along the bridle paths, at the feet plodding along around her.

Only a few years ago her mornings had centered around shoes like those around her. She smiled, as she remembered how she had thought they resembled the people who wore them. It was like playing a game to guess the owners of the shoes around her. Those broad, comfortable ones must belong to some hurrying housewife whose feet were kept so busy they crowded against the sides of the shoes and crumpled the leather. And the slim, buckled slippers and brown brogues keeping step with each other could belong only to a boy and girl who were finding spring together.

Suddenly she wearied of the little game. It saddened her. For while there were plenty of happy shoes, and ones that were almost shouting in their air of self-importance, there were so many more that were unhappy and that had lost all courage. She turned suddenly to go home to get away from them all.

Then she saw the pair of tired ones dragging toward her. They were dusty and worn, and she thought, "I could polish them, and who knows, they might find hope again."

She smiled at the thought of it and lifted her eyes, and the smile faded from her lips.

"Maren," Rikard said slowly.

SHE knew now that she had always known that one day she would see him again. But not like this—never—never like this. Coming out of the opera, perhaps, or in a restaurant, or walking on Park Avenue with a gardenia in his buttonhole . . . but not shuffling along in the park with clothes that needed pressing and worn shoes, his thin, unshaven face trying so valiantly to smile.

Maren tried to smile in turn, but couldn't. She could only whisper his name and try to choke back the sob that came at the sound of it and at the sight of his staring eyes.

Her hand caught at his arm, and she led him to a bench. There was so much to say, but neither could talk. Their words were lost in the things that had gone forever. They could not recapture them.

At last Maren turned to him.

"Come, Rikard. I am going to take you home."

A quick protest came then, but Maren would not heed it, and at last he was walking beside her. Once he laughed.

"The gold on the streets—you have found it, Maren? Or even the streams spilling nectar and the cake the hills were made of?"

Maren shrank from the bitterness in his voice. "Have you tried to find them, Rikard?" she said softly.

The boy nodded briefly. "At first I looked for the position I thought was due me. It isn't easy to find an architect's office all ready and waiting. I found they didn't want a draughtsman, and then in turn even an office boy or a stoker for their fires. And my money went, but when the snow came there was work for a day. How fast the snow is gone in New York, Maren, almost as fast as money goes! Today I was thinking of the cream our cat has every morning back home."

Maren stopped before the studio apartment. "This is home, Rikard."

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Millions of careful mothers are heeding this medical warning by equipping their bathrooms with health-protecting Scott Tissues.

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They see that each child, starting off to school, carries a few sheets of these softer, more absorbent tissues.

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Scott Tissues

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Stars for Your Dreams

"This, Maren?" His eyes questioned her.

"I—I work here," she equivocated at last. She could not chance the risk of losing him again. It would be easier to explain later.

It was Norah's afternoon out, and she had left early. Maren was thankful for that, as she busied herself in the little kitchen, making coffee. She set the table as the bacon was broiling, and put out a plate of crisp rolls and creamy yellow butter and turned away as Rikard began eating.

She had never disturbed Cornelia before when she was working, but now she knocked at the door of her studio breathlessly. In another moment she was inside.

"Cornelia—I've found Rikard."

She sat on the model stand, her words tripping over themselves in her eagerness. And when she had finished, Cornelia smiled.

"Of course, I'll help you, Maren, and I'm sure Norah will be glad for an unexpected holiday, but haven't you thought of what will happen when he finds you have misled him?"

But Maren was smiling behind a veil of tears. "In time he will understand, but I can't let him see I have succeeded while he has had only misfortune. And I must help him. That's what comes first, Cornelia."

Rikard had finished his lunch when Maren returned, and she told him Mrs. Brandon had invited him to stay until things would be going well for him. He wanted to refuse, all his young pride rebelling at the thought of it. But the struggle had been so unequal, and he was tired, and after he had yielded to Maren's suggestion that he take a warm bath and rest for a while, he fell into a deep sleep. He woke to find his suit pressed and his shoes polished, and Maren was raising the window shade and letting in the late afternoon sun. A coffee tray stood on the stand beside the bed, and never before had anything tasted so wonderful. He smiled as he turned to Maren.

"Father was wrong, Maren. It's coffee that is flowing in the streams, and how much better it is than nectar!"

LIFE was good again. It was fun to tramp the streets now, looking for something to do, because Maren was waiting at home to hear all about it, the old feeling of failure had gone, and men listened with interest when he asked for work. Then came the day when he actually got a position—as a draughtsman in an architect's office, too! It was like winning the Beaux Arts award.

After Maren and he had finished dinner that night in the bright little Italian kitchen, and he had helped dry and put away all the gay pottery, he told her about it.

"Let us celebrate, Maren," he cried, and the girl smiled to see the old Rikard in his eyes again.

They walked in the park, following little paths that led past flowering trees and through the gardens. Rikard smiled and tucked Maren's hand under his arm.

"It's beautiful, Maren." His voice was soft with remembered things. "But I know a little garden that is lovelier."

She was in his arms. She felt his kisses again, and his little whispered words against her hair.

"The garden where love first came to us, Maren. Do you remember? I had known you all my life, but you came to me that night as though I had never seen you before.

"I talked of love, and I did not have the right to tell you I loved you. All that night I lay awake thinking of you, and I wanted to go away with you to America. But I couldn't run away.

"You see I was to marry Agatha. Our mothers had been chums, and they were so happy about it. It all seemed so natural until you came. I loved you, Maren—only that night I could not tell you."

The girl turned to him breathlessly. Overhead the stars had come. Maren had never seen so many before in a city sky, and suddenly

Stars for Your Dreams

it came to her, the little lost stars of the north had found her again—they had all come to give her her land of stars for this one night.

Perhaps tomorrow they would be gone again. She must hold them to her while they were still hers, while Rikard's arms were about her, while his lips were on hers.

"Maren, I have the right to tell you now," the boy's voice was jubilant. "Agatha broke our engagement when I left for America, and I was free. So listen, dear, I love you, I love you, I love you, to-day and to-morrow and forever."

His lips found hers again, and Maren yielded with a happy little sigh. Then she stirred in his arms, and a little fear broke through her happiness . . .

"Rikard—first you must listen. Maybe you will be angry when I tell you how I've deceived you."

"You little sham of a masquerader, Maren. But you see I knew all the while. I played the little game with you. Thank you for that, my sweet, for not wanting to hurt me. Oh, Maren, your success did not hurt me—it's the only thing that kept me going on, even though it held me from going to you and saying, 'Maren, we will fight this new country together!' I used to stand outside your house, for your father gave me your address, and I used to watch you going in and out. I made friends with the doorman just to get him to tell me little things about you, about your kindness and sweetness. The day you went to the dinner where you were to be the honored guest, he told me you wore a gown of cloth of silver. I loved America that night, Maren, because it had given you silver for your raiment and stars for your dreams.

"When I was cold, the sight of you was like a fire to warm me; when I was hungry, your smile was food and drink. But always I dreamed of the day I could come to you and say, 'I love you, Maren, and I am carrying you away to my palace.' Even when that day seemed farthest away, I promised myself, 'Some day I shall buy silver and turquoises for her throat.'

"And then that day I followed you to the park—I had done it so often before, but you turned unexpectedly, and before I could get away you saw me. You saw me for what I was when I wanted to be your prince."

"But, Rikard, you are my prince, you are—you are."

Maren's voice was like a song singing in his heart. His arms, holding her, trembled.

"There will be a waiting time yet. But we shall be together. And you will wait, Maren—you will wait for your laggard!"

"Forever," she whispered, but the word was stilled by his lips.

Over them waited the stars, and the lost stars of the north seemed very near.

The Versatility of Eggs

(*Continued from page 93*)

Add all the ingredients except the cheese to the hot white sauce. Pour into a well-greased casserole dish and top with the grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven of 450° F. about fifteen minutes, or until brown. Serves six.

Huevos Rancheros

2 onions, minced
1 green pepper, minced
2 tablespoonfuls butter
¼ cupful chili sauce
2½ teaspoonfuls chili powder
1 tablespoonful flour
½ teaspoonful salt
5 drops—½ teaspoonful tabasco sauce
½ cupful water
6 eggs, scrambled, fried, or in omelet

Cook the onions and green pepper in the butter until slightly brown. Add the chili sauce. Mix the chili powder and flour and add a little of the water to make a smooth paste. Add this to the onion mixture and stir until smooth. Add the salt, tabasco sauce, and the rest of the water. Cook for a minute or two longer. This is a South American recipe. The sauce itself is called *Salsa à la Ranchero* and is served with scrambled or fried eggs or omelet. It is also excellent with cold meats or meat loaf.

Zesty! *like the buttered juice of rich broiled* Porterhouse Steak

Savita, 3¼ *oz. jar,* 50c.
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Savita aids digestion and assimilation by stimulating the stomach to pour out its juices. It is a real boon to the busy housewife. Prepared in a jiffy, it may be used as a "meat" stock in soups and gravies; mixed with butter for "meaty" sandwich spreads; added to fresh vegetables for its alluring meat-like flavor . . . Savita fills a place at every meal. It is excellent for children because of the high content of growth-producing Vitamin B.

Another surprisingly good health food is Protose. It is a vegetable "meat" that looks, tastes and smells like meat. It is free from tissue waste and uric acid. Because it excels in a fine quality of food iron, and contains seven times the lime found in meat, it makes an ideal sandwich for school luncheons. Served with Savita gravy, it is a surpassingly fine dish for meatless meals. Your family will marvel at the flavor.

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LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes, as well. Latest modes designed to conceal condition and provide expansion. New Style Book, picturing latest fashions in Coats, Dresses, Skirts and Corsets for Maternity wear; also Apparel for Baby. Sent free. *Write for it today.*

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The Original and Only School of its Kind in the World

In using advertisements see page 6

IT was the *Marvel* of Our Town . . HOW *young* Mrs. *Randall*

Managed

To *DO* without a Maid

HER luncheons and dinners were always so successful. Invitations to her bridge parties were always eagerly accepted. I really believe I'd be perfectly safe in saying, Sally Randall was the most popular hostess in our set.

I'll confess, I envied her. Usually after preparing a party or dinner, I was so thoroughly tired out that I had very little energy left to do any entertaining.

One day I asked her to tell me her secret. Sally laughed. "You know," she said, "I used to have a positive horror of parties—that is, if I was giving them. I used to dread them. All the rush and fuss, and last minute hurrying—the fear that I had forgotten something. Worst of all, by the time my guests began to arrive, I felt like going to bed. Well—you know how difficult it *can* be without a maid. One evening after a particularly miserable party, I decided there *must* be some easier way.

"The next day I went down to The Stevens Furniture Company, and I happened on to a display of Mutschler Porce-Namel Kitchen furniture, and breakfast sets. I saw instantly that here was the solution of my problem. Here was kitchen furniture that was convenience personified. It couldn't possibly be better if I had designed it myself.

"It gives a place for everything—right at my finger tips. It saves me hundreds of steps every meal. And—it's easy to keep clean. All the handles and knobs and hinges are rust-proof. The smooth, satin finish seems to shed dirt. The drawers are easy to pull out, and they're absolutely dust-proof. Really, I believe this PORCE-NAMEL Furniture has cut my kitchen hours in half.

"You can see for yourself how good looking every piece is. How the perfect proportions, and dainty designs make my kitchen a thing of beauty. And—there's a delightfully bewildering variety of color combinations to choose from—cool greens—exquisite ivories—crisp blues—or, if you prefer, satiny white. In fact, it seems as though you can obtain this furniture in almost any color scheme you desire."

You'll find that Mutschler PORCE-NAMEL Kitchen Furniture is good looking—that it is well built—and that it will help to cut your kitchen hours in half.

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April 1930 Good Housekeeping

A Man Cooks With French Dressing

(*Continued from page 94*)

dressing, by the way, can be used in broiling or frying lamb chops. The only difference is that you cover the chops with the dressing before cooking, and finally, when you remove the meat to the hot platter, you put a teaspoonful of the dressing on each sizzling chop.

Meat Loaf

This inexpensive meat dish can be blessed with a new flavor by the French dressing treatment. Here is the way to do it. Put your ground meat in a large mixing bowl. I prefer these proportions—one pound of beef, one-half pound of veal, and one-half pound of pork. Blend half of the following mixture with the meat: One teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, three-fourths teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of garlic vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of oil, and one tablespoonful of catsup. After you have combined the dressing with the meat, dust in two tablespoonfuls of flour, mixing well. This acts as a binder. Now mold the meat into a loaf and dust it with flour. Put the loaf in a pan and bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for forty-five minutes. When the meat begins to brown, baste frequently with the remainder of the dressing to which has been added one-half cupful of hot water. If the surface of the loaf breaks open, patch the crack with a little flour and some of the dressing. Finally, make your gravy with the liquid in the pan, to which you can add a tablespoonful of catsup.

Baked Shad

If the bones in shad make you shy of having it, baste the fish with a French dressing made by combining the following ingredients and you'll forget all about the bones: one-half teaspoonful each of salt, paprika, and mustard, one-fourth teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoonful of garlic vinegar and one-half cupful of oil. This is really a gorgeous dish, for the combined flavors of your dressing permeate into the texture of the fish. First, arrange the cleaned shad in a baking pan and then brush the entire surface generously, inside and out, with the dressing. Bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for twenty to thirty minutes or until the fish is tender but still moist. While baking, baste frequently, inside and out, with what you have left, winding up with a tablespoonful poured over the fish as it rests on the hot platter.

Broiled Steak

To get the best results you should have a thick porterhouse steak. Put your meat in the broiler oven which has been preheated for ten minutes. Broil five minutes on one side, turn and broil ten minutes, and then turn and broil five minutes longer. Meanwhile combine the following ingredients and beat well: one-half teaspoonful each of salt, sugar, and paprika, one teaspoonful each of mustard, garlic vinegar, and catsup, and six tablespoonfuls oil. Every time you turn the steak, brush the steak generously with your dressing. When the meat is cooked to the degree you wish, put it on a hot platter and then spread a tablespoonful of the dressing over the entire surface. You won't need any other sauce.

Incidentally, filet mignon is delicious cooked this way. And don't worry if you haven't a broiler. Just heat your skillet very hot, grease lightly, and then put in your steak or filets. When you turn the meat, brush the newly exposed side with a dressing made by combining one-half teaspoonful each of salt, sugar, and paprika, one teaspoonful each of mustard, garlic vinegar, and catsup, and six tablespoonfuls of oil. In using the skillet, you will have better results if you pour off the fat as it accumulates. Never let a steak stew in deep fat!

A Man Cooks With French Dressing

Cooking Vegetables with French Dressing

The value of French dressing in the cooking of vegetables was apparent to me after I made my experiments. I first tried out the idea on tomatoes. Firm tomatoes of uniform size and shape were washed, and a cavity was made in the top of each. Then I made a French-type dressing by blending together two teaspoonfuls of sugar, three-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and four tablespoonfuls of oil. To this I added two tablespoonfuls of finely minced onion. Then in each hollowed tomato I put in as much of this mixture as it would hold. The tomatoes were already in the baking pan and when each was filled, I put them—pan and all—under a moderate broiler flame and broiled about ten minutes or until tender. Two or three times during the cooking process I added a little dressing to each tomato. The result was great. For variety, I sometimes top each tomato with a teaspoonful of cracker crumbs which have been tossed around in melted butter. These crumbs are added two or three minutes before I take the tomatoes from the heat. If you haven't a broiler, you can bake the tomatoes in your oven at 375° F. but it will take a little longer—about twenty-five minutes.

Asparagus

If you like chilled asparagus with a zestful French dressing, I am sure you will like hot asparagus served this way. When the asparagus is tender, drain and then pour this mixture over it; one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt, mustard, and Worcestershire sauce, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of oil. Let the asparagus heat in this for two or three minutes, then serve. If you prefer, you can put your asparagus in your serving dish first and then add the dressing which has been warmed.

Beets

If you ever see some tiny young beets with their tops unblemished and glossy green, buy them before any one else does, and hurry home. Wash the beets and their tops with the same care that you prepare spinach. Then put them on to cook together. When the beets are tender, drain off the water and remove their skins. Cut the beet tops as they lie in the saucepan with a knife so they can be easily served. Then nestle the skinned beets among their tops and pour over all a French dressing made by combining one-half teaspoonful each of salt, sugar, and mustard, two teaspoonfuls of plain vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of oil. After adding this dressing place the beets over the heat and simmer gently, so that the dressing can do a good permeating job. Once you have tried this dish, you will always be looking for young beets with glossy green tops.

When winter vegetables are in market, variations of the preceding recipes can be used with ideal results. For example, tender cooked brussels sprouts can be heated in a mixture such as you would use for asparagus. I'd suggest that you leave out the Worcestershire sauce. And if you ever bake hubbard squash in the shell, baste it frequently with a dressing made of one-fourth teaspoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and six tablespoonfuls of oil. Squash is so bland in flavor that this mixture helps snap it up. I find it worth while to pierce the surface of the squash with a fork so the dressing can permeate it.

Since tastes vary, there is no reason why any of these preceding suggestions can not also be varied as to the content of salt, sugar, oil, mustard, or vinegar. As a matter of fact, I sometimes vary them, depending upon my craving at the moment for a certain flavor. In such instances, however, it's a good plan to taste the dressing before you use it. Tasting gives you an opportunity to determine just what the dressing needs.

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Please send me the details of your plan without obligation.

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REGAL PAPER CO., INC., Pulaski, New York

On the Slope of a Hill

(*Continued from page 47*)

are thrashed out between owner and architect, and if, before the final drawings are made, the people are frank about their tastes and the way they prefer to live, there should seldom be extras.

The house faces almost due west on a very wide street, which slopes about ten feet on the 100-foot frontage of the lot, down toward the north. The slope of the lot and the exposure sunwise determined the location of the garage and service portions of the house. The garage floor is but two feet above the cellar floor and opens into the basement through a fireproof door. The maid's room and bath were placed over the garage, and a few steps down is the kitchen and first floor of the house. This arrangement provided desirable privacy for the maid. Although really on the first floor of the house, she is completely isolated from the family. She has her own bath and can use the kitchen as a private entrance.

The layout of the rest of the house follows the simple Colonial plan—a central hallway, center fireplace, and a simple, straight-run stairway. The little study at the end of the hall is one of the most popular rooms in the house; it is used as a flower room and a radio room, and as it has a lavatory adjoining, it makes a convenient reception room for men guests. The arrangement upstairs makes economical use of the space. The owners' bedroom has a private bath, a large dressing closet, and a smaller one. The two guest rooms are served by the bath which opens into the hall.

A disappearing stairway in the ceiling of the second-floor hall gives access to a large attic space extending over the main area of the house. It works perfectly and does not clutter up the hall as would a fixed stairway. The choice of this stair was one of the many little points taken up with the owners in the first discussions and settled to the lasting satisfaction of all of us.

A Happy Color Scheme

The design of the exterior is New England Colonial, built of shingle and whitewashed brick, with a slight overhang to the second story. A study of the photograph will show that it fits the site very well. This did not happen by accident, but is the result of much forethought and study over the grading, the handling of the walks and garden walls, and the preservation of the trees.

The color scheme is rather unusual. At an early stage in our planning we decided to have a quiet scheme, harmonious with the wooded surroundings. We selected for the walls rough shingles in slightly varied soft tones of weathered gray, and for the roof dark, almost black shingles, in order to give the mellow look of age. The whitewashed brick for the front under the overhang and for the garden walls provided sparkle and served as a foil for the green of the planting and for the dancing shadows cast by the foliage. Then, since the gray walls would, of course, be rather somber, we decided to paint the window sash canary yellow. This seemed to startle some of the neighbors, for several of them telephoned to ask if the painters had not made a mistake! But later, when the shutters—painted "wash-tub blue"—were hung, there were no more objections. The color spots had become acceptable, even pleasing. Color, although dangerous, can afford great pleasure to the eye; the eye responds as the ear does to musical melody. The hue and tonal quality must be good; the colors must be clear; muddy browns, bilious greens, ghostly whites should be avoided. Generally a neutral background with spots of clear color gives the best results, as the red head of a woodpecker or the brilliance of buttercups in a summer meadow will exemplify.

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You must see the NEW Maytag. You have never seen a washer like it. Above all you must wash with it. PHONE for a trial home washing. If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it. Divided payments you'll never miss.

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All the King's Horses

(*Continued from page 29*)

of an enduring flame, because he hadn't anything else to give. Not to her, or Kay Heinemann, or anybody in the world. And yet—his quick, wild, thrilling ways of gayety, his sudden tragic depressions, his laughter, that queer rocking walk that was so characteristic—it all was close to her, hurting her, making her want Tommy, just the same as if he had been capable of courage and steadfastness and honor and love.

Meanwhile, thank goodness! there were other, personal problems to take her mind from herself. She had to find a room to live in. She couldn't and wouldn't stay with the Delamaters longer than was necessary for appearances' sake. She had to make her salary stretch over more than before, for, as she had said to Tommy, she had paid Nina only what she actually cost her. Also she was beginning to think of trying for work in some other place. A fresh start in new surroundings, instead of this loved, hated place called Kingsway!

She found herself a little room in a day or so. She knew the people. They "accommodated tourists" all summer, and there was a small, clean, impersonal bedroom they let her have, along with breakfast and supper, for twelve dollars a week.

The merciless, impersonal curiosity of a country town focused on her was agonizing. For she had loved her leadership, her court of admiration, more than she had known. She hadn't realized it was anything more than common friendliness, before. Now—now that she was sensitively registering every word, every expression of all the people around her—she knew how lucky she had been in popularity and admiration, and how much it meant to her to have it gone.

"I hadn't realized I was such a vain person," she told herself valiantly, and went on with her work.

She did not realize, of course, either, that the watching and questioning were inevitable, and that in spite of them she was still liked. The blow seemed to her to have taken everything. There was no fun to things any more. And there wasn't anybody to turn to. She had always been the one Jessica leaned on. (If she had let Jessica go in a hole about the money for the red coat, if she'd refused to loan Jessica the money last time, she would be married to Tommy now. That didn't bear thinking about.)

THE first Sunday she spent writing Nina in care of her French bankers, writing Jessica, and last of all writing Tacy, and curiously enough, only in the last letter did she say any of the real things she felt. Tacy was as close-mouthed as a tomb, and looking back now, Helen could see that she had never approved of Tommy. She had seen the essential irresponsibility of him.

Tacy came over to see Helen. The day after she received the letter, she was rocking grimly in Mrs. Birch's little, gaudy, tidy parlor, waiting till Helen came home from work.

"I'm having supper with Emma Birch and taking the trolley home afterward," she informed Helen. "I came over to see you. There isn't much of anybody you can talk it out to. You can to me if you've a mind to. I been through trouble myself, an' I'm safe."

Yes, Tacy was safe . . . They went up to Helen's little room, and Helen found herself talking it all out. Stonily at first, but toward the end with flooding, relaxing tears.

" 'F I was you I'd try for work somewhere else," was Tacy's advice.

Helen stiffened, all her pride coming to her rescue. "No, I'm going to see it through here—anyway, for a while. I won't run away like Tommy!"

"Then I got to say one thing, Helen, though I hate to add to your worries. Don't you trust Mrs. Delamater. She's goin' to try to spare Tommy at your expense."

All the King's Horses

"But does it spare Tommy," Helen said. wonderingly, "to let people think I broke it off, not he?"

"To folks that know what honor is, maybe. She don't, an' he don't. It must be hard on the old gentleman, except that most men don't look fer honor or decency in wives much. They expect their sons to ketch it like smallpox, seems if, out of the air."

Helen shivered. It didn't seem to her she could stand much more. She held Tacy tight, and Tacy patted her shoulder.

"Now, there, you poor child. It's been a shame. You've had a dreadful time. But it's nothin' to what you'd had if you'd married him, believe me. There's good things round the corner for you; you're young an' han'some. You may be glad of this yet."

"No. There's nothing I can want," said Helen.

Presently Tacy went away. But Helen felt comforted. She was not quite alone. She went to work next day a little buoyed up, a little more the laughing Helen she had been. But the morning tired her; and she began to realize that what ailed her was more than the blow of Tommy's treachery. She had overdone, as Tacy had warned her for a long time before the thing had happened; her high spirits had been partly nervous excitement. She worked more desperately hard; she couldn't be ill; why, she had to have money! She went the round between her little room and the bank, the lunch-room near the bank, and home again. She strove to talk and laugh with the other men and girls; she even went on with the cinema-club work.

But she missed it horribly just the same, Tommy's wild gayety, his sudden, furious, resentful tempers when nobody had done anything, his charm, his power of sweeping people along with him. She missed, more than anything else, though she did not know it, some one to give love to. Doris Milliken was the only friend she saw much of. Doris would not let her go. She needed Helen still and hunted her out in the little room, taking her for long walks and talking about Ronny. And Helen found herself telling Doris (Doris, who was so silent that nobody ever thought of asking her not to tell anything!) the truth of the matter. It seemed queer to be telling Doris you were unhappy, instead of consoling Doris for her troubles.

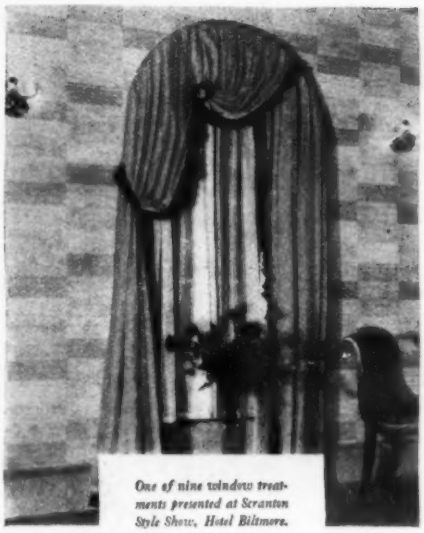
"I HADN'T realized I was such a weak sister," she told Doris, trying to laugh, one evening.

They had picnicked down in the little wood. She was trying not to avoid all the places where she had trysted with Tommy.

"You weak!" said Doris awedly. "Compared with me you're a perfect rock of Gibraltar. And you don't realize, Helen, that everybody loves you just as much. Of course, they're all wondering and fussing about it. I think you ought to have told on Tommy and let him get the blame! As it is, of course, every one's guessing and *guessing*. You see, you and Tommy ran the crowd. And when you said you hadn't time just now to finish up managing the picture, titling and all, they *would* wonder, because they were all crazy to see themselves. But I don't care, because Ronny isn't in it," ended Doris mournfully. "It needn't ever be run for all of me!"

She looked at her small, pale face, with its carefully painted mouth and carefully sleeked, straight, light-brown hair, in her vanity glass.

"I do hope Ronny won't think I've changed. You know, Helen, I used to worry about you. I thought Ronny must love you, being in the house with you and all that. And he told me once that he did fall for you awfully hard, when you first came. But he saw it wasn't any use, and he was too crazy over having you fond of him the way you are—you know, like his sister—and then Tommy came along. Ronny always said everybody was in love with you. Of course, Ronny likes me more than anything in the world—he's just *desperate!*" said pale little



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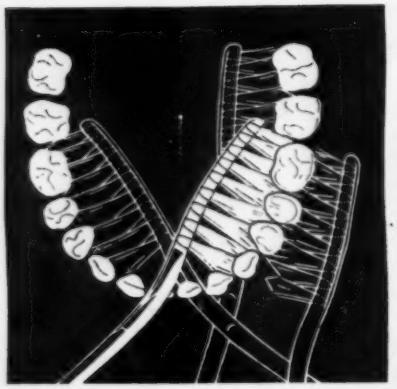

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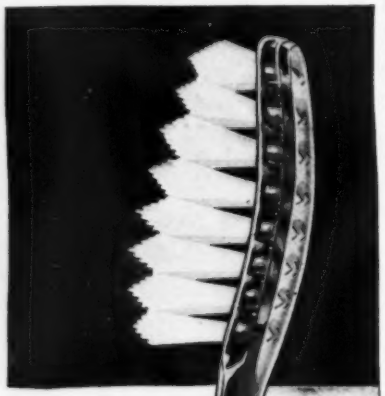

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All the King's Horses

Doris proudly. "But he has a high opinion of you, Helen. And I'd take Ronny's opinion of anybody over anybody else's."

Helen laughed a little, tenderly. It would have been funny to the old Helen. But so sad was she in her mind, these days, that it comforted her to remember that Ronny—whose brains she had always admired, but of whose judgment she thought less than nothing—that Ronny had a high opinion of her.

"I'm glad," she said, staring out over the coolness of the little stream's silver water.

"And Ronny says—" Doris went on—

Ronny had written her what he thought about modern poetry; Ronny had ideas about how the world was run, and worried about it—Helen let her talk on.

"And I know that Allen Rainsford is wild over you, and Bill Dean nearly died last year when you wouldn't marry him."

"But I couldn't marry either of them, because I don't love Allen, and Bill's in Buffalo!" Helen said lightly.

But it all was increasingly as if she existed through a veil, under a glass shade, anything which cut her off from the old warm feeling of love and contact with every one.

FINALLY, one day, as she was sitting trying to take dictation from Mr. Delamater, everything went blank in her mind. She sat staring at him blindly. His words meant nothing at all to her.

"Why, my dear child," she heard him say with concern, "what is the matter?"

And she answered, staring at him, pallid and frightened. "I don't know. The words—I can't make them mean anything."

Mr. Delamater's heavy, ruddy, kind face went far off, and his booming voice, with its note of concern, seemed to have nothing to do with her.

"Here, drink this," he was saying, making her take some water with spirits of ammonia in it, which surprisingly he kept in his desk. For Mrs. Delamater's vapors, it occurred to her as the stimulant made the world steady down around her. She sat back and tried to smile at him.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said. "I think I can go on now. I didn't mean—"

He patted her hand. "My dear child, you're worn out."

He looked at her with a look of compunction, as if he were personally to blame for everything. He seemed to feel more guilty about the whole thing today than ever before. Probably because she had shown she was not well. Men had to see things concretely before they realized them.

"You've had a good deal of strain. Now I want you to do me a favor. Let me give you a little trip somewhere—a vacation—just as if you were my daughter, as I hoped you would be. You are not at all well."

She sat more erect in her chair, erect and vivid in the moment's excitement, almost as she had been before all this happened to her. "I couldn't, Mr. Delamater. I appreciate more than you can know the splendid way you've seen me through all this. I didn't know anybody could be so good and kind. But I couldn't take—Tommy's father's money."

She did not realize that she had been cruel till she saw him wince. But even then, with her horror of hurting people, she could not take back what she had said.

"I can not tell you how much it would please me if you could feel like doing it," said Mr. Delamater, almost humbly.

"Will you let me think about it?" asked Helen, her old desire to make people happy coming to the front. (Though she didn't really intend to, in her heart. She somehow couldn't.)

"You are seriously in need of rest and change," Mr. Delamater said in his weighty voice. "You are very nearly ill."

She looked at him with terror in her eyes. Did it seem so bad as that?

All the King's Horses

He made her go home, after that. She went slowly. She couldn't be ill—she couldn't. That was all there was to that. She was shivering all over. And she wished—oh, how she wished!—that she was going home to her pretty bedroom at Nina's, with Nina's casual orders to the maids for her comfort, and the maids' affectionate running hither and yon to see that Miss Helen, whom they adored, was comfortable and resting properly and had a pretty tray with the right food on it, and a spray of flowers, and—

Helen pulled herself up. There was the little, ugly room with its golden oak dresser and white-painted iron cot, and a good, nourishing, dreary supper, and there was no use thinking about what she couldn't have. At least she could lie down and read some foolish book about gay, conscienceless people who had lots of money and lots of fun. She needn't stay at the table after she'd eaten some soup. She didn't really want anything to eat at all. After all, it was only about four o'clock. She could take one of the long walks she used to take—only not alone, then! Walk till she was so tired that she could sleep, perhaps.

SHE came home and picked up her mail mechanically from the oval-mirrored walnut hatrack as she passed through. It was only a letter from Tacy and a couple of circulars. She looked at them idly—one was an advertisement of furniture. Some enterprising list collector who had seen the note in the paper about her engagement, for it began, "If you are thinking of furnishing your nest—" She dropped it into the wastebasket as if it had pricked her fingers. The next she dropped wearily into the red-flowered pasteboard thing without even looking at it. Then she opened the letter from Tacy. It was kind, it was worried. But Tacy was saying something—what was this about its being on her conscience to tell Helen the truth?

"You ought to know that that old cat of a Mrs. Delamater is telling it all around that you hounded Tommy into getting engaged to you, and he had to go off to the West to break it. I should have told you when I saw you, but I hadn't the heart."

So that was why poor old Mr. Delamater, sole honorable member of a dishonorable family, had felt so guilty toward her; why he had wanted her to go away.

She tried to be detached about it. She read the rest of Tacy's letter, full of good counsel about not minding it. She tried to remember that after all people weren't all going to take Mrs. Delamater's say-so; that she was known to be a gossip and, except for a small group of people who accepted her gentle and purring ways for real, was not an especially loved or trusted person. But it did no good. It was a final blow, just at a time when Helen was too nearly ill to stand anything more.

She sat still in the uncomfortable pine rocker by the window, the letter on her lap. There didn't seem any way out. She couldn't—oh, she couldn't!—accept even work from Mr. Delamater after this. And she couldn't seem to feel well enough even to go and find work somewhere else. And there was nobody she could turn to; not little Jessica, in her Baltimore flat with the baby coming, and the husband crowding it; not Tacy, living with her sister-in-law; not Nina, who hated having her comfort disturbed, and was lost in France or England or somewhere vague, and certainly would not return just to house Helen. If young Ronny Higginson were here, he'd want to help her, but Ronny had only an allowance, no money of his own till he was twenty-five, by his father's will. Nina had been given full powers by her adoring old husband. No, no way out.

There was a letter from Jessica, too—full of fury at Tommy and a little annoyance at all men. Lester was so cross because she bought such a beautiful layette, as if you could do too much for a baby!

Suddenly the room became unbearable to

Every Home should have a Feathered Guest and every Feathered Guest should have a Hendryx Home

THE MAYFLOWER
Cage No. 1620
Stand No. S1620
Finished in Colonial Ivory or Green and Brown. Decorated with silhouettes of The Mayflower, Governor Brewster, Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, and an Indian—stand to match.

THE GOTHIC
Cage No. 2035DB
Stand No. S2035
Finished in Green, Red or Blue with brass trimmings or in Polished Brass — stand to match.

THE CANARYCOTE
Cage No. 2060DB
Stand No. 63
Finished in Green, Red or Blue, with Brass Trimmings or Meadow Green, or Tangerine and Ivory, or Polished Brass—stand to match.

YOUR guest room is the best room in your house. When you invite a little golden canary to be your guest, you should select his home with equal care. Many things that seem quite insignificant to human eyes may cost a little canary his health, his happiness and even his life. You therefore should not select a bird cage simply because of its price.

There is considerable scientific knowledge of the daily habits of birds involved in designing living-quarters that will meet every requirement of your bird, down to the minutest detail. Two cages may look something alike but a cheaper construction and less permanent finish may be used in one or wires may not be accurately spaced or secured by enough cross rails to keep the bird from crowding his head through between the wires and injuring himself. These are only two examples of many things which might escape your notice when you examine a cage.

Hendryx cages are made of the finest materials available, the wires are rigidly held in place by an exclusive riveting process that makes it unnecessary to use bulky materials that shut off light and air and partly hide the bird from view. Even the little perches have been scientifically proportioned for the "grip" of the bird's feet.

The Hendryx name on the cage is your protection. For more than half a century the Andrew B. Hendryx Company has specialized in the making of bird homes. They make a variety of designs of great beauty, and in all of them they have "kept faith with the birds", applying the same principles of scientific construction which consider, above everything, the well-being of the little feathered guest who is to live in it.

The better pet shops, florists, seed shops, hardware, house-furnishings or department stores are featuring the newest Hendryx designs in the smartest color combinations. These progressive merchants will take pride in pointing out the points of superiority that have given Hendryx cages a nation-wide reputation for quality.

Each of these cages is equipped with the Hendryx patented drawer base.

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1869

THE ARIA
Cage No. 2050DB
Stand No. S2050
Finished in Green, Red or Blue with brass trimmings — stand to match.

THE LIGHTHOUSE
Cage No. 2055DB
Stand No. S2055
Finished in Red, Green or Blue with Polished Brass trimmings and in Meadow Green or Tangerine and Ivory—stand to match.

THE BOWER
Cage No. 250DB
Stand No. 63
Finished in Red, Green or Blue with polished brass trim; also in Meadow Green or Tangerine and Ivory, Polished Brass or Satin Dipped Brass—stand to match.

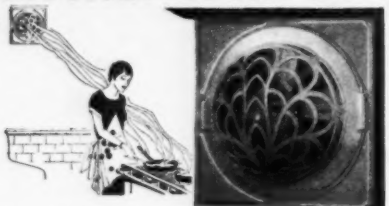
In using advertisements see page 6

BANISH SPRING CLEANING

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE has long advocated the abolishment of the semi-annual domestic upheaval known as Spring and Fall Housecleaning. You will see that it can be done successfully if you use the modern methods and equipment described in the Institute's new bulletin — "Easy Methods in Cleaning." Your house simply won't need it! Its price is only 25c. To order, send stamps, check or money-order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Print your name and address clearly.

See Page 262 for other Good Housekeeping Bulletins on cookery, the selection of equipment, interior decorating, child care, personal loveliness and other subjects of interest.

WHERE DO *YOUR* KITCHEN ODORS GO?



Why permit your hair, your clothing, your home to be filled with disagreeable smells, greasy fumes, smoke—when the touch of a button will whisk them outside? Enjoy a clean, wholesome kitchen with the new Victor IN-BILT Ventilator. A winter necessity and a summer comfort. Beautiful dome shaped grill conceals sturdy fan. Outside shutters automatically closed weathertight except when fan is running. Quiet, no radio interference. Can be installed in any type of wall. Write now for free descriptive literature and name of nearest dealer.

Victor IN-BILT CLEANAIR

PERFECT VENTILATION *at Low Cost!*

Here's a model that is quickly installed in window or transom. Does not interfere with raising or lowering windows or screens. Self-sealing weatherstrip prevents wind or insects from entering. The CLEAN-AIR Ventilator can completely change the air in the average room once a minute. For use wherever fresh, pure air is desired. A postal brings the whole story and dealer's name. Write today.

Dealers! These products offer you a great opportunity—write for complete facts on this Victor line today!

THE CINCINNATI VICTOR COMPANY
716 Reading Road ▫ Cincinnati, Ohio

and it is

You'll enjoy the feel of the new EDLUND Egg Beater. Give it a spin—round it goes with the quiet rhythm of a top. No effort at all, no slipping of gears, no harshness or chatter. Easy and comfortable in your hands, too. Each grip a natural one that "just fits and feels easy." The job is done so soon you'll almost wish it took longer.

—And you'll notice something else when the EDLUND makes its first trip to the dishpan. Gone are all those hard-to-reach places for food to lodge. Every surface so accessible that a spin in the water chases all but the most stubborn stickiness.

Really, you must try an EDLUND Egg Beater. Built to last, without getting out of order—yet only 75c. At all good dealers. A fit companion of the popular Edlund Jr. Can Opener—also 75c. If your dealer is not supplied we will mail, either or both, postpaid, with our guarantee of satisfaction.

EDLUND CO., Burlington, Vermont

Edlund Egg Beater

All the King's Horses

Helen, and she rose desperately to go out. With the instinct which makes a proud woman snatch every weapon to hide her trouble, she took her best coat, the long, smart, furred, red coat Jessica had sent her, and put it on, adjusting it carefully over her rose-red georgette. She pulled a close red felt hat down over her curls, and, bending toward the little wavering mirror in its golden-oak support, above the bureau, she put on rouge enough to hide the whiteness of her cheeks and pulled out the little, glittering curls around her cheeks. She looked proud and lovely and untouched, as she walked swiftly and aimlessly down the village street, wrapping her red coat close around her. The red coat . . . If it hadn't been for the red coat! But she pulled up the high collar and walked faster.

She found herself, without knowing how she had come there, passing through a pair of wrought-iron gates; and found that she was in the Kingsway estate, the beautiful grounds fashioned amazingly after the landscape gardening of late seventeenth-century England. Yew horsemen rode at her in the wind, their round heads nodding; yew peacocks stood in pairs along the narrow winding path she followed. It was like being made suddenly secure in an enchanted garden.

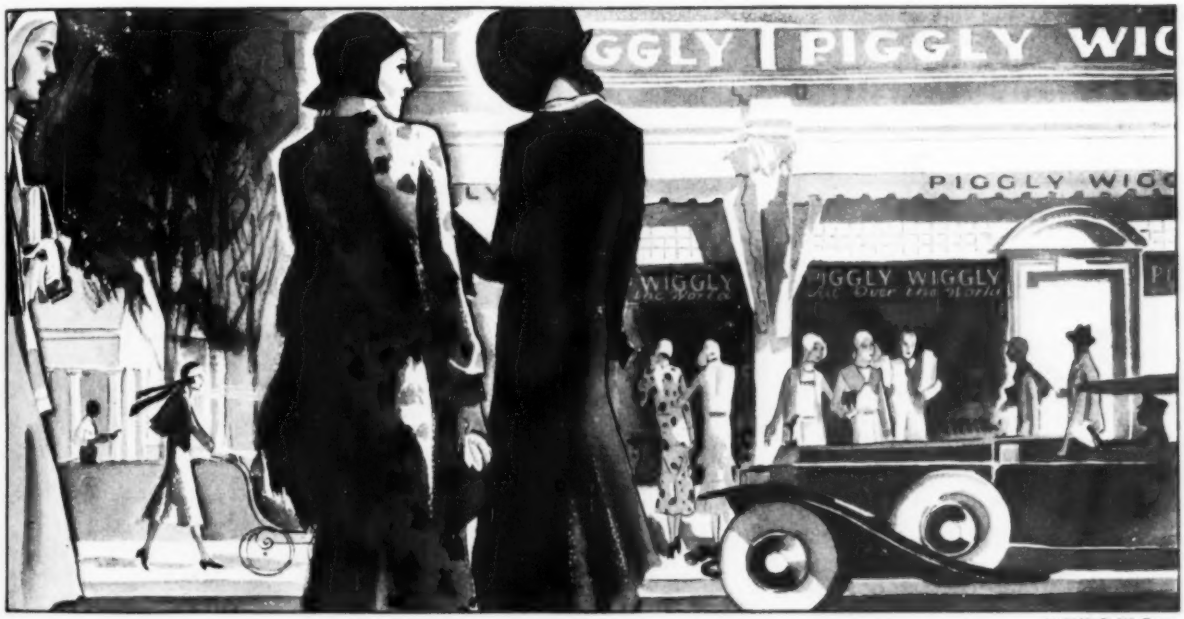
It so happened that Helen had never seen the grounds by daylight. She had gone to dinner there with Nina once the winter before, but the orbit of her young set and that of the set in the thirties rarely crossed. She followed the winding path down, found herself between six-foot hedges that were a maze, winding, crossing, with now and again a strange figure cut of the yew in a crossroads. Why, this could be a show-place. And nobody ever seemed to come here. Like Ethan Kingsway! . . . Well, he would have to let Nina use it as a social asset when they were married. Thank heaven, it was a safe hiding-place now. And with Ethan in France, unless she met a gardener Helen could be blessedly alone, blessedly unseen and unpitied. There was a feeling of old-worldliness, of knightly days, about her. Solitude and spaciousness. It was like medicine to her unhappiness. She was not Helen, hurt and bewildered, any more. She was a forlorn lost princess whose sorrow had dignity. She was following a clue to her lost happiness in an enchanted garden. If she wandered long enough, she would be led home . . . Her golden curls bare to the lessening wind, with its scent of wood smoke, one hand out, Helen followed the clue as if she were a child playing a happy game. The walls of the maze were too high to see over. She might find herself out on the road again, or by the beautiful old brick house she remembered, or in the rose-garden.

THE path she had been following ended in a windbreak, a semi-circle of high box cut into an S-shaped wall. In one of its curves was a seat, and she sank into it thankfully. She had not realized how tired she was, until in the seclusion and safety of this place she let herself relax.

She lay back against the high seat, her hands in her lap, and she must have fallen asleep—she had not slept very well the night before—because she was awakened by footsteps—a man's and a child's. She leaned a little forward to see. It was Ethan Kingsway, whom she had thought somewhere in Europe, enjoying himself with Nina in the intervals of arranging for contracts; Ethan Kingsway, his tanned, thin, distinguished face bent a little toward the little girl by him, a slim, upright, blonde thing in a blue sweater and knickers, with a beautiful, impish, little face. The slim hand he raised to point something out to the child should have had a lace ruffle falling from the wrist; there was something about him of the young steel-and-velvet Cavalier. Quiet, low-voiced, slender, she realized suddenly that there *was* steel under the gentleness, the unchanging courtesy. She wondered how Nina would meet it.

Proud Peachtree Street

where *old Atlanta* lives and *smart Atlanta* shops



© 1930, P. W. Corp.

A "club town"... they call Atlanta. Yet when the wife of a President of the United States, or a distinguished French essayist, or an Italian diplomat comes to town, the doors of the white-pillared mansions on Peachtree Street and Pace's Ferry Road swing wide in welcome!

Days before a party . . . careful preparations. Willie or Lovie or Nora, one of Atlanta's famous colored cateresses, is summoned. The menu is written. The car is ordered 'round. Off goes your hostess with her grocery list to Piggly Wiggly!

Just her charming Southern way of showing her guests the greatest honor. Making *sure* of the foods she sets before them . . . by choosing for herself at Piggly Wiggly.

Women who set the social pace

Women who lead were the first to launch the Piggly Wiggly vogue. Now clever women everywhere instinctively seek out Piggly Wiggly, where they can be sure of quality foods at low prices . . . enjoy the freedom of choosing for themselves.

Over 2,500,000 women shop at Piggly Wiggly daily. Delighted with Piggly Wiggly's wide aisles, well arranged shelves. Pleased with the opportunity to compare prices on the big swinging tags . . . to save money.

The same Piggly Wiggly features found in 3200 stores in over 1000 cities and towns in the United States!

A $2,000,000 grocery bill! That's what Atlanta pays annually to Piggly Wiggly. 38 Stores attract Atlanta's famous hostesses from Ansley Park, Druid Hills, Peachtree Street, and Pace's Ferry Road... In 1000 other cities, discriminating women save money week in and week out at 3200 Piggly Wiggly's

PIGGLY WIGGLY
STORES

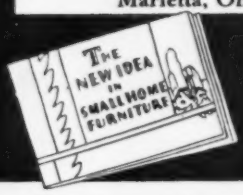
Unusual opportunity to own and operate a profitable local business with the merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been established. Open only to men who control sufficient capital to finance a number of stores. Address Franchise Department, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In using advertisements see page 6

The PATRICIAN

A charming dinette by Marietta ...

Created by a famous designer of furniture, properly proportioned for the small home or apartment. Built of beautiful Everlasting Oak trimmed in Australian Lacewood and Birdseye Maple. Table has extension top, one-operation folding, disappearing leaf; electric outlets for three table utensils. Ask your dealer to show you The Patrician. Send post card for a free copy of "The New Idea in Small Home Furniture" showing other Marietta Dinettes and Breakfast Furniture. Address Marietta Chair Company, Marietta, Ohio.



Marietta

Quality furniture for the small home

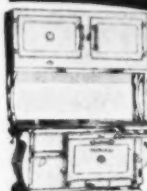
The MYSTIC MARVEL

★ CLEANS POTS & PANS

Almost miraculous! 21,547 magic, continuous coils of pure copper chase hardened grease away like lightning! Cannot rust or splinter off. Rinses readily and thoroughly. At leading chain stores or send 10¢ for sample to The Mystic Mit Makers, West Orange, N.J. 10¢

SAVE 1/3 TO 1/2

FACTORY PRICES



New FREE book quotes Factory Prices, Reduced Payments, FREE FREIGHT. 200 stove, range and furnace bargains. Porcelain enamel ranges, choice of 5 colors. Oil, gas stoves, furnaces. Cash or terms. 24-hour shipment. 30-day Free Trial, Satisfaction or money back. 5-Year Guarantee. 29 years in business. 750,000 customers. Write today for FREE book.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs. 441 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo Michigan

★ Ranges $79.80 Up "A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

A CEREAL YOU'LL ENJOY

"U-m-m!" It's the children's response to Malt-O-Meal. They love this wheat cereal flavored with caramel malt. Grown-ups prefer it, too. As nourishing as it is delicious. Recommended by physicians. Cooks quickly. Try it at our expense. Send your name and address and grocer's name for generous sample.

Malt-O-Meal

CAMPBELL CEREAL COMPANY
Northfield, Minnesota.

For HOT STARCH *without boiling!*

ELASTIC STARCH

This modern way to HOT STARCH *offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Elastic Starch—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Try it for smooth, easy ironing—just feel the difference.*

All the King's Horses

The child was speaking in a high, clear, sweet voice with a slight foreign accent. "Cousin Ethan, what makes the little town be called Kingsway, and this estate, and you, too? Were they all named after you?"

"That's several stories, Patricia! Which do you want? Where the town got named, or my ancestors, or the place?"

His voice was gentle and gay. Helen wished she were a child, so that somebody would be good to her that way.

"Well, I suppose the place was named for you or your father. So you needn't tell me that. Tell me the others."

Helen saw them move out of her range of vision and remembered that there must be another seat in the other curve of the S. She heard the child scramble up by Ethan Kingsway and settle herself, rustling the box boughs behind her; heard Ethan strike a match to light something. The scent of his cigarette came to her faintly.

"To begin with, my dear, a long time ago, I had an ancestor who lived in England. His King was in a good deal of trouble. But my ancestor said that whatever happened, he couldn't be disloyal. He was going the King's way. And his King won. So he made this ancestor of ours a rich and powerful man, and he was always called 'of the King's way,' and his children after him."

"What happened to all the money and power? Has somebody belonging to you got it now, in England?"

"No; because, you see, a long time afterward there was another King. King Charles the First—he's in your history books. And the Kingsway alive then—his name was John—said the same thing, 'I go the King's way'."

"And did he?"

"Yes, of course. So they killed him, and took his money and estates, and his son had to come to America."

"It's on the ring," Helen heard the child's voice saying. "What queer spelling! 'I goe the King's waie.' Cousin Ethan, how can you go the King's way in America, where there isn't any king?"

"My father always told me there was a way," the man's voice answered quietly. "You'll learn, when you get older, little Patricia. It doesn't mean just following a man who happens to be King. It means always being loyal, and fair, and steadfast, no matter how much easier the other thing would be."

There was a graver note in his voice. Even for Ethan Kingsway, then, that hadn't always been easy? . . .

"Father never told me stories like that," the child said wonderingly. "He said: 'You'll be a charmer when you grow up, petite! You'll break men's hearts.' So I intend to be."

"That's what most of your sex think," said Ethan, lightly. "And they are probably right."

WHY she did it, Helen never knew. Perhaps it was that unconsciously Ethan Kingsway's creed had comforted her, who had been so near to believing that men were what he said women were, and that his sudden hardness of voice made her feel as if she had suddenly had a friend snatched from her. But she found herself flying around the turn of the windbreak and standing before the quiet man and surprised child, crying out:

"It isn't true! We aren't like that. There are women who are loyal and decent. It's men who aren't. You don't know. You haven't any right to know."

He rose quickly, concern in his eyes and in his outstretched hands, while the child watched wide-eyed. But Helen was at the end of all self-control—frightened, she backed away from him, and tripped.

"Look out—you'll hit the tree!" Patricia cried, too late.

Helen had gone straight against a tree behind her; she felt the violent impact at the back of her head, and that was the last she knew . . .

Listen in! Ballard Chefs and their inimitable Jug Band, WHAS, every Monday at 8 P. M., C. S. T.

"Only in the South," Say Derby Day Visitors to Kentucky, "Do We Find Cake Like This."

Each year hundreds of visitors to the Louisville races discover at Derby breakfast and Derby dinners the delight of Southern cooking. No other flour is used in as many Louisville homes as is Ballard's.

This beautiful Ribbon Cake, with its creamy Creole filling and icing, was made by an old Southern recipe which will be found in Ballard's Baking Book. See coupon below.

The ingredients you use in baking and those used by expert cooks of the South ARE ALL ALIKE . . . *Save One*

Every flour sold under the name of Ballard comes from June-ripened wheat. With a shelf of Ballard flours in your kitchen, you have always on hand the particular flour with which you can make, with greatest ease, delicious cakes, pastry, biscuits, pancakes, waffles, yeast breads.

Over and over again you hear it . . . that nowhere in the world are breads and cakes and pastry so beautiful and so delectable as in the South. You hear it from countless men and women who visit in the South. You hear it, too, from famous Southern cooks, away from home, who find their hands have lost their cunning. Examine the recipes . . . they are the same. Check the ingredients. One by one, you find them the same . . . with one exception. The flour is different. And in this difference lies the explanation of the fame of the South for baking.

The flour used by Southern women possesses wonderful qualities of lightness and delicacy, qualities imparted by June-ripened soft wheat . . . a wheat that Ballard and Ballard Company, through long experience, have learned to recognize and choose.

Look at this flour made by Ballard . . . Note its delicacy, its snowy whiteness. Rub it between your fingers . . . have you ever felt such silky smoothness? Use this flour in your baking, and what do you find? Your breads and cakes and pastry will be delicious in flavor because of the richness of the special type of wheat that makes this flour. They will be beautiful in color and texture, because this flour is so white and soft. They will be fluffily light, because this flour expands so easily. You will be delighted to discover how easily and quickly you can make good yeast breads with this flour. Rolls, for example, require a rising time of only one hour and forty-five minutes. You will be delighted, too, with the length of time your breads and cakes will stay fresh—because of the moisture-retaining qualities of this flour. Do you wonder that, with flour like this, Southern women have no difficulty in making the breads and cakes and pastry for which they are famous?

Until now, this remarkably delicate flour, milled by the special Ballard process, has been available only in the South. Soon, however, it will be offered to women everywhere. Ballard's Obelisk which has been, for fifty years, the outstanding flour of the South . . . Ballard Cake Flour, so finely milled that it insures, even for the inexperienced, cakes of the highest degree of lightness and tenderness . . . Ballard's New South Flour, a worthy companion to Obelisk as an all-purpose flour, though somewhat lower in price . . . Ballard Biscuit Flour and Ballard Pancake Flour, so simple to use that, with them, anyone can make delicious hot Southern biscuits and fluffy pancakes.

As a promise of the new ease and deliciousness in baking which are in store for you, we will send you generous packages of Ballard flours to try in your kitchen, together with a new baking book of tested recipes. Use the coupon.

BALLARD AND BALLARD CO., Louisville, Ky.
INCORPORATED
World's Largest Millers of Soft Winter Wheat Family Flour
FOUNDED 1880 . . . CONTINUOUS MANAGEMENT FOR 50 YEARS

A Shelf of Ballard Flours For Your Kitchen

For $1.00 enclosed, trial packages of four Ballard Flours will be sent you, together with a one-hand flour sifter, a biscuit cutter and a copy of Ballard's Baking Book. The flours are: *Ballard's Obelisk, Ballard Cake, Ballard Biscuit, Ballard Pancake Flour.* Satisfaction guaranteed. ★

Name_____

Street and No. _____

City and State _____

In using advertisements see page 6

A new living room suite in five minutes with

Sure-Fit*

Furniture Slip Covers

With Box Pleated Flounce (Not mere ruffles)

—and what a delightful difference a set of these covers will make in your living room this summer. Beauty . . . charm . . . protection . . . tailored fit . . . yet

—cost a third of made-to-order slip covers

Sturdily made of "Thorowear Eversmart" Fabrics to smartly fit all standard livingroom suites. Three piece sets with separate reversible cushion covers . . . and for odd chairs. Many striking color schemes . . . stripes . . . plain or floral design. At department and furniture stores—or write us.

*(Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping)

[See Page 309]

Sure-Fit

PRODUCTS COMPANY

New York Office
1270 Broadway, New York

Main Office and Factory
1730 N. 5th St., Philadelphia

Big Profits in Candy Making!

Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "APPROVED" Home-Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment, boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money *1st week*. Profits double the fee or money back! Write today for free "work sheet" on *FUDGE*.

American School of Home Economics, 822 E. 58th St., Chicago

Spare Your Knees When Waxing Floors! ★

No more waxing on hands and knees. The new Durham Waxer makes it so much easier to keep floors in perfect condition. The Durham spreads the wax, then polishes it—does a better job in half the time, with half the wax.

TRIAL OFFER—1 LB. WAX FREE

Test the Durham Method on your own floors. Durham Waxer, with pound of wax free, sent on 30-day trial. Don't keep it unless you want it. Write for details of this special offer, and for free booklet "Making Floors Live Longer." Donald Durham Co., 220 School St., Des Moines, Ia.

The DURHAM
the Waxer with the Cup

Wanted—Capable men for sales service work.

This NEW! Cleaner leaves NO RING

SUCCESS is assured when you remove spots when used according to directions with this remarkable new cleaner. For it *leaves no ring*. Now you can clean all kinds of fabrics—at home—quickly, safely, surely. *Send 10c for sample.*

NO-RING CORPORATION
227 Borden Ave., Long Island City, N. Y.

There's a New All-Wool Blanket in Your Rag-Bag!

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OLD NORTH STATE MILLS
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All the King's Horses

"SHE'S coming to," said a soft voice across her.

She opened her eyes, conscious first of a violently aching head; next, that the head was on a linen-covered pillow, and that she was undressed and in the middle of a wide sleigh-bed. She moved the head—which shot sparks inside as she did it—and saw the pile of magnificent red hair, the irregular-featured, kindly face, the slightly bent, slim figure of Mrs. Kingsway, whom she had seen driving by now and again, but never known. She leaned on a cane lightly and spoke to some one across the bed, who came into view, a known figure also; gray-haired, pleasant Dr. Gaynor who came to dine at Nina's as often as he could manage it. He said with professional cheeriness:

"Well, well, Helen, what have you been up to? Bumping your head on Mrs. Kingsway's pet tree, eh? Here, my child—" to Patricia, whose restlessness made Helen perceive that she had also joined herself to the party, "never sit on an invalid's bed without an invitation. How do you feel, Helen?"

"As if I'd bumped my head against a tree," said Helen ruefully, "and rather silly."

"She'll be all right," said the doctor, prying Patricia off the bed, which she took as calmly as she did most things. "Keep her there, Mrs. Kingsway; I know you like petting young things."

She had suddenly returned to an environment of friendliness and kindly ways. "I'm not tired," she said. "I must get up and go back."

She turned gratefully to Mrs. Kingsway.

"Thank you ever so much for being so kind. I must go now."

Mrs. Kingsway paid no attention, beyond saying: "My Marietta is always complaining she hasn't enough to do. She adores bringing people trays, and I think one's on the way now."

She smiled down on Helen, about her face and whole personality a sweetness and charm that won Helen irresistibly, and smoothed out the wide, old-fashioned lace collar that was on Helen's nightdress, a garment of soft, transparent linen.

"You're so much taller than I am that I had to put a nightdress on you out of my mother-in-law's trousseau," she remarked irrelevantly.

"She looks like the godmother in Cinderella, with the cane and all," remarked Patricia, who never liked to be long out of a conversation and was not delicate in her consideration of feelings.

Mrs. Kingsway only laughed. "And my nose, too," she added cheerfully. "I inherited it from the wrong side of the family. Now I'll go back and reassure Ethan, who doubtless thinks he has murdered you, and leave you to Marietta's trays."

SHE bent and kissed Helen in a motherly fashion, and was gone more lightly than one would have thought it possible to any one crippled with rheumatism. Marietta Clarkson, the wife of Andrew, the handy-man, who lived at the little lodge outside the gates, entered shortly with the tray Helen had heard of. It was worth hearing about and recalled Mrs. Birch's only by its difference; a beautiful, old, oblong, japanned tray all bright, iridescent patterns, such as Nina had bid high for at the last auction they attended, and failed to get; but more perfect. On it was set a large two-handled bowl, blue and white, with a pine-cone pattern; beside it lay an embroidered napkin and an oddly-shaped, clumsy, silver spoon.

Helen cried out, "Why, they're all museum pieces!"

She knew a good deal about old glass and silver and china. She'd had to get it up for Nina, and besides she had a natural love for such things. She loved everything that was beautiful. And these were each lovely of their kind.

"Yep, heirlooms," said Marietta with pride. "The soup's good, just the same. The Kingsways is queer that way. Ef Ethan was livin' down suller where nobody sees him, he'd use this sort of things just the same. And there was

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in this scientific product which *cleanses, bleaches, removes stains, disinfects* and *deodorizes* all in one easy operation

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In the Danger Spots—Use a Clorox solution regularly in bathroom and kitchen cleaning, and in the refrigerator, garbage containers, and drainpipes. Use it in washing sick-room equipment. It *kills germs*—doesn't merely wash some of them away, but *kills* them—and at the same time destroys odors.

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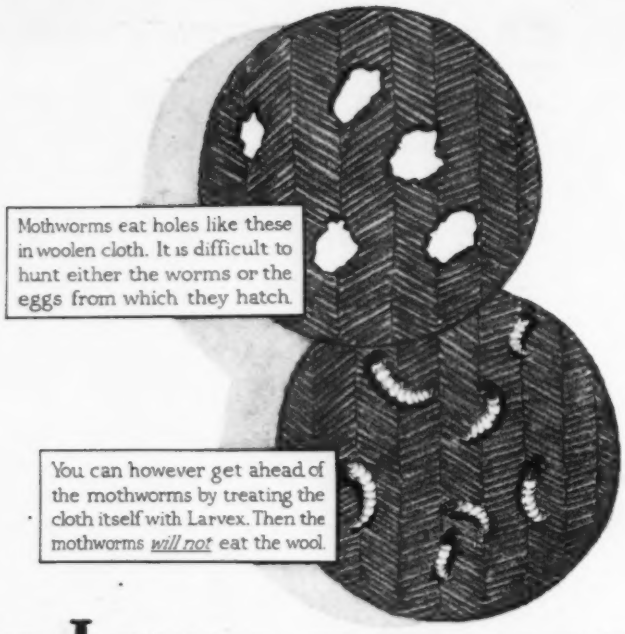

Mothworms eat holes like these in woolen cloth. It is difficult to hunt either the worms or the eggs from which they hatch.

You can however get ahead of the mothworms by treating the cloth itself with Larvex. Then the mothworms *will not* eat the wool.

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Larvex does not depend upon either locking the moths out or driving them out with bad odors. Larvex goes to the heart of the problem and *treats the cloth itself*. Result: the mothworms *starve!* They starve right on the wool.

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Larvex in "spraying" form is used for coats, suits, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. Simply spray it on the cloth. It is very economical, only $1 for a full pint. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit of clothes actually costs less than a single pressing. And you can let the suit hang just where it is. No wrapping or packing or fussing of any kind.

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Both forms of Larvex—Spraying and Rinsing—are odorless, non-injurious and non-inflammable. They represent an entirely new principle in dealing with the moth problem. Don't confuse Larvex with moth-*killing* devices. On the contrary, Larvex has nothing to do with moths or mothworms, for it moth*proofs* the cloth itself. It is a real mothproofing agent. Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. The Larvex Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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SPRAYING
For coats, suits, upholstery, rugs and other fabrics not washable.

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For blankets, sweaters, stockings and other washable woolens.

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All the King's Horses

a time he could have used the money the stuff brought. Here, le'me take the lid off."

She set the tray across Helen's knees and propped her up. Helen found herself really hungry; she rarely took more than a glass of milk for luncheon, and this morning hadn't wanted much breakfast. She dipped the oddly-shaped spoon in the old Worcester bowl and found the food good; a perfect cream-of-mushroom soup, the kind Nina never had because it was fattening.

Marietta scarcely waited for her to be through before she began to ask questions.

"How'd you get in?" she demanded. "All I know is, Mr. Ethan came in with you in his arms like a big doll—he's strong's a horse. And that imp of Satan he brought home from France after John Kingsway died, dancin' around him all the time askin' questions, so I never got time to find out *anything*."

There was a note of defraudment in Marietta's voice, for times when Marietta Clarkson didn't find out anything were said in the village to be rare. Helen hastened to tell her.

"I thought the family were away, and the gate was open. Then I got excited, talking to Mr. Kingsway, and tripped and backed into a tree."

"Mrs. Kingsway's pet walnut," Marietta checked up. "Well, you couldn't have hurt it none."

PATRICIA, who had been swept out by the doctor, slipped in again the minute Marietta was gone.

"Are you through being stunned?" she demanded.

As she stood over Helen, her startling blonde beauty was more manifest than ever. She was like a small Valkyr, it occurred to Helen; her features, clear-cut in miniature, her thick blonde hair, her slim erectness, all giving an uncanny feeling that here was a grown woman masquerading as a ten-year-old child.

"Yes, I am. Why does Marietta call you an imp of Satan?" demanded Helen lazily.

"Because there isn't a soul on earth can manage me except Cousin Ethan, and he's away a lot," stated Patricia with complacence, smoothing down the close-fitting sweater which was just the blue of her eyes. "You simply can't reason with me, and punishments have no effect!"

"How do you know?" asked Helen.

"I've had four governesses in six weeks, and this one's leaving," said Patricia blithely, "and they all said it. To Ethan's mother. She's laid up with art—something like Arthur—most of the time. Sometimes I get so bored, hearing about myself." Patricia sighed a little, but with an imp of excitement gleaming in her eyes.

Helen decided on a line. "I should think people would have been bored hearing about you," she said, at which the child seemed not only surprised but shocked. The idea that she could bore any one was evidently new. "Why don't they send you to school?"

Patricia looked a little embarrassed for the first time. "Father's ideas of education were different," she said. "He said education ruined women's charm. He always talked to me like that. We were each other's favorite friend."

She caught her lip in her teeth suddenly, and her eyes filled with tears. "But he left me fab-fab'lously rich," she gasped defensively.

Helen reached over and caught her in her arms.

"You poor baby," she said. "I understand."

The child pulled away, haughty and erect. "*He* said Kingsways never cried," she said. Then she spoke to Helen with an assumption of courteous patronage which closed any possibility of further sympathy: "You're still feeling stunned, aren't you? I'll go let you rest."

Helen, left alone, found her mind taken out of itself for the first time in months. Patricia was interesting. Helen remembered vaguely now hearing of a John Kingsway, very wealthy, "higher-headed than the most of the Kingsways even," Tacy had said, whose wife had left him

and who had then buried himself in Europe. Evidently she had also left the little girl, and her father, embittered and whimsical, had made her a confidante and plaything, half-older, half-younger than her years, caring little what he did to a plastic, sensitive young mind.

She was suddenly awed by the strength of the Kingsway tradition. Even this impish girl-child was held by it—"Kingsways never cried." She began to understand Ethan Kinsgway's character better. He had the hand of a dozen generations of "steel-and-velvet cavaliers" on his shoulder. No wonder he wouldn't stop being responsible for the Village, no wonder he wouldn't turn the Kingsway place into cheap building lots, no wonder he expected such terribly high standards from people! She thought of the high walls, of Mrs. Kingsway's kind, merry face, and turned over and went to sleep.

She woke to face what she thought at first was a painting of Ethan in fancy dress hanging on the wall at her bed-foot. Then she realized that it must be the ancestor of whom he had told Patricia, the first American Kingsway. The same air of quiet, smiling certainty that yet somehow held a challenge; the same fair hair, allowed here to curl to the shoulders; and under the plumed hat the same steady gray eyes. Only the Cavalier was a little gayer, a little less thoughtful; a redder and fuller mouth under the longer mustache, a less firm hand, though as long and slender under the lace ruffle. She dreaded, somehow, meeting Ethan again, among all these things that explained him.

Marietta entered in what Helen began to regard as her normal tray-bearing state. This tray had more on it; fragrant coffee, hot rolls with butter and raspberry jam, small brown sausages in a row. And she said, smiling with obvious pleasure at feeding somebody:

"Now, you set right up and eat this. You must be slept out. It's two in the afternoon!"

Helen ate with appetite. The food was so much better than Mrs. Birch's—she almost said so, then she remembered that Marietta was her sister-in-law.

Marietta took the empty tray, surveying it with approval. "Now do you think you could dress and go talk to Mrs. Kingsway? This is one of her down days."

"Of course, I could!" Helen sat upright and put one foot out of bed.

"All right. Your clothes are on the chair, and there's always lots of hot water in this house since we got the new water-heater. The bathroom's there."

She pointed to a door and left Helen to dress.

SHE found, when she was dressed, that she had been brought a flight upstairs. Her door fronted on a wide hall, and a door opposite, half-open, must be Mrs. Kingsway's. She could see a canary fluttering up and down in his bright wire cage, and a piece of the cretonne curtain, patterned with baskets of roses, bellying in the air of the window. A bar of sunshine lay across the floor. She knocked, was asked to come in, and entered.

Mrs. Kingsway's bright hair made a startling spot of color as she lay against the linen cushion of the chaise longue. "Oh, how pretty you are when you're standing up!" was the first thing she said. "I do love pretty people because I never was. I can't get up or move, because of this silly pain that insists on being embowered in hot water bags and electric pads. Won't you sit down?"

She indicated an old-fashioned wicker rocker, kept for sentiment evidently, and smiled, in spite of her pain, with unaffected gayety as Helen obeyed her.

"I have an offer to make you, from Patricia," she went on, laughing at the idea with Helen. "No, really. The child suggested it herself, and if you knew—"

"I do know," said Patricia herself, entering with entire dignity, "and I think I have a right to be present."

"Imp of Satan!" was what Helen thought,

The towel repeats the morning glory note of the chintz curtains

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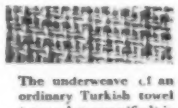
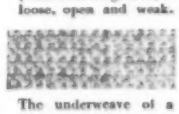


The underweave of an ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open and weak.



The underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and very durable.

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All the King's Horses

but she looked at Patricia with entire seriousness.

"To begin with," said Mrs. Kingsway more seriously, "Dr. Gaynor says that your present work is too confining . . ." (Helen winced. She wondered if that was all he had said. "Confining" was a small matter compared to how humiliating it was to work for Tommy's father!) "He is sure, for I asked him, that Mr. Delamater would accept your resignation. And Patricia wants you to act as her governess—Wait," as Helen was about to speak, "Patricia's governesses have a hard time. You are not a good little girl with them, Patricia, you know."

"I didn't like them," she said. "I do like Helen Heather!"

Mrs. Kingsway cast a half-laughing, half-despairing look at Helen, and Helen took a hand.

"Patricia, if you want me for anything at all, please go downstairs until Mrs. Kingsway and I call you."

Patricia took one look at Helen, decided she meant it, and went.

"Good heavens," said Mrs. Kingsway. "We simply must have you, if you can do that sort of thing!" She went on more gravely: "You can see the child is a problem? You are the first person she has seemed to care for, except Ethan, since she came. It was her own idea. We have found that a regular governess won't answer. You'll have to be on the footing of an older sister with her, teaching her not so much out of books as how to adjust with the world. You'd have to make the hours longer, coming here from nine to six, I think; but there would be less teaching than playing with her, in them. I have only just met you, but I have heard a great deal about you from my friends, and you seem to have an especial gift for adjusting—"mixing" people call it. If you can give this poor child a little affection, and incidentally what reading and writing and arithmetic she'd get from an older sister or an aunt—"

Mrs. Kingsway looked at her and paused.

HELEN half-rose from her wicker rocker excitedly. "Mrs. Kingsway, are you sure you're not doing this just to be kind, just because you know how heavenly it would be to me to change and do this?"

Mrs. Kingsway looked puzzled. "It was Patricia's idea," she said. "I am glad it seems kind, but it is our last hope. Patricia was outrageous to Miss Fletcher, who has just gone. 'I don't want any more governesses,' she said. 'But I'd like to engage Helen Heather to be my aunt!' So Ethan and I have been simply quivering with anxiety till you woke up."

It was all so gracious and light and natural that Helen should have accepted it, but she didn't.

"You didn't know that Tommy Delamater broke his engagement with me and that his mother is boasting all over town that she did it, because I'd entrapped him?" she said desperately. "And that I had to go on working for his father because I felt too ill to make a fresh start somewhere else? And that I was simply desperate about it?"

Mrs. Kingsway smiled with something of the disdain Helen had seen in Ethan.

"Julia Delamater was never a person one paid much attention to, was she? Her own perfectly worthy origin has always worried her, poor woman! Defense reaction, I think they call it nowadays. She was such a pretty little thing, like a wind-flower. She cooked for Amos Delamater's mother!"

Helen looked at Mrs. Kingsway and suddenly found she could laugh gayly, irrepressibly. So that was why she worried so about caste! Mrs. Kingsway dismissed it all, laughing with her, her head dropped against her pillows. And it all seemed casual, somehow—behind Helen. Sometimes a chance phrase will alter all one's values, and Mrs. Kingsway's had set Helen's trouble in its right light; something that in at least the last phase one could laugh about!

Patricia clattered up the stairs and burst in

"I never used as fine and pure a powder as this marvelous new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder" says beautiful actress Miss Margarett DeCoursey, 57 W. 84th St., N. Y. C. "It absolutely banishes nose-shinyness."

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MELLO-GLO does not clog the pores—The face powder that stays on longer.

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Use Mello-Glo and see your skin take on the lovely tint, the delicate bloom of youth!

MELLO-GLO *does not clog the pores!* Made by a marvelous French process, it *will not* irritate the skin or leave that pasty flaky look that bespeaks clogged pores. Instead it spreads more smoothly, protecting the skin and keeping it soft and young, banishing shiny noses!

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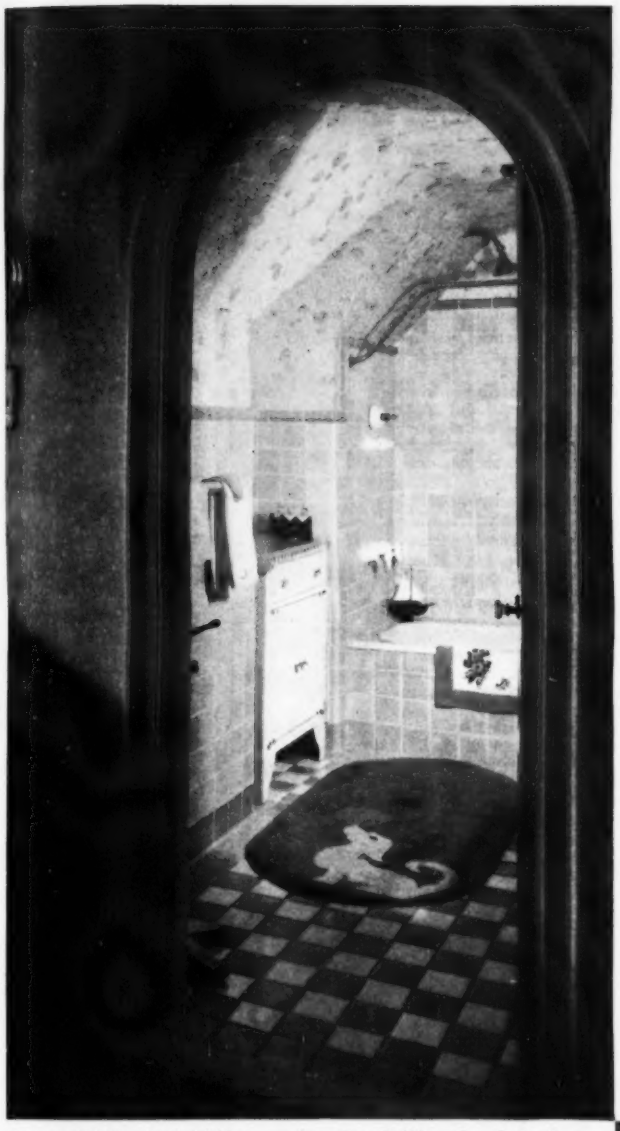

Creamy pink tiles mixed with blue... a ceiling of soap bubbles makes a bath to dream about! This one is real, and it belongs to a real young man, aged four, who sails a boat in his tub. You would find Zalo here, because it's safe enough for a baby's skin.

THE BATHROOM IS NO LONGER THE STEPCHILD OF THE HOUSE

Bathrooms once were humble rooms . . . satisfied with plainest equipment . . . bare, white walls . . . frigid, tubs with Dachshund legs. Fixtures were chosen for service alone.

Those charmless days are past. Today gaiety . . . sweet imagination . . . thoughtful care for quality . . . glow in every appointment. One regularly hears a hostess say, "We are as proud of our bath as we are of our living-room."

"Women are learning to make bathrooms beautiful . . . exquisite down to the last detail," said a famous editor who watches the ways of her readers closely. Such women will welcome these two "fluffed" bathroom tissues! Like lovely bath linens, Zalo and Zee are an unassuming mark of quality.

ZEE "FLUFFED" IVORY TISSUE—*Zee is a soft, ivory tissue with 100 extra sheets on every roll. Most similar rolls give you 650 sheets . . . Zee gives 750. Now, break the gay wrapper and discover what exquisite softness . . . what firm, pleasant tissue . . . has been made at this low price. Notice, too, how carefully it has been rolled. Then, a tucked-in, dust-proof wrapper protects the pure tissue until it reaches your bathroom.* SINGLE ROLL, **10c**

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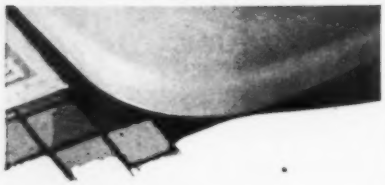

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There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a delightful softness. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; many blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt *in solution*, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET *is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at all drug and department stores.*

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_____

_____

All the King's Horses

at the door. "Is it all right? Will she be an aunt?"

"I think she will," said Mrs. Kingsway.

There was a little more talk about terms and hours and business generally. Then Helen rose to go.

"Oh, you'll come, you'll come!" said Patricia. "I think it was one of the brightest ideas I ever had!"

"I'll be here at nine every morning," Helen said. "It's only about fifteen minutes' walk from here."

"And I'll meet you at the gate posts! I'll meet you at the gate posts!" chanted Patricia, leaping up and down wildly. "Look, I'm being a kangaroo!"

Ethan waited for Helen at the head of the stairway. She spoke to him happily, forgetful of their feud.

"Oh, I think your mother's a darling. And do you know, I've found out something! All you need to do to be comfortable is to find people who think the same things are valuable, and the same things are worthless, that you do. Did you know that?"

"It took me a long time to learn it," he said soberly, "and I want to apologize to you, if you will let me. I have misjudged you," said Ethan forthrightly. "Will you forgive me, Miss Helen? Even—" his eyes lighted with amusement for the moment, "even if you've tried to make me misjudge you?"

Color and light flew to Helen's face. "Why, of course, I forgive you!" she said. "If you thought I was horrid, you couldn't help it, could you? And I did try to shock you, when I found you did," she added honestly.

"Thank you, Miss Helen," he said.

It was only when she was back at Mrs. Birch's, sitting down to sort out her ideas, that she remembered something. Not a word had been said about Nina. Possessed with a curiosity which she felt was equal to Marietta's, she ventured to ask Mrs. Kingsway, two days after she had begun her duties as Patricia's professional aunt, if Ethan had seen her cousin when he was abroad.

"Nina never wri es unless there is business to be attended to," she was able to say truthfully, "and I'd be glad to hear from her."

It was Patricia who answered, glad of an excuse to abandon her copybook. They were all three in the library by the hearth-fire.

"If her last name is Higginson, she telephoned twice. But Ethan didn't have time to see her. He had to hurry home with me."

(To be continued)

Longer Life for Delicate Fabrics

(Continued from page 91)

moving the blotter or cloth underneath to bring a clean surface under the spot after each stroke, and continue sponging until the spot disappears.

Other spots may be sugary or starchy in nature. These are usually removed in the washing process. If you do not wish to wash the garment, sponge the spots with w. rm water. If the stains are from fruit or beverages, sponge them with cool water as soon as possible after they occur. Persistent spots may be soaked in warm soapsuds if the color of the garment does not run.

Water spots are removed by washing or sponging the garments. An occasional spot often may be removed by rubbing it with another portion of the fabric or the dull edge of a knife.

Fresh grass stains are removed with cold water. Denatured alcohol will remove a stubborn stain or one from a garment you do not wish to wash.

Most stains on these washable garments are first treated with cool water. If more vigorous treatment is necessary, remember that borax and ammonia are the safest alkalis to use, that oxalic or other acids must be in dilute form, and that all traces of these substances must be thoroughly rinsed from your materials.

The Detecto Charm Box contains the simplest possible method of making over your figure! A unique card-a-day course of diet and exercise with special directions for taking off weight in spots, also a ten day course for those who want to gain . . . given FREE with every Detecto Scale!

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FIGURES cannot be bought ready-made but the Detecto scale and Charm Box will help you make over your old figure! For Detecto is really a beauty specialist, physical trainer, or physician according to the needs of each individual member of your family—for mother, dad and the youngsters—as necessary as a clock in every well-regulated household!

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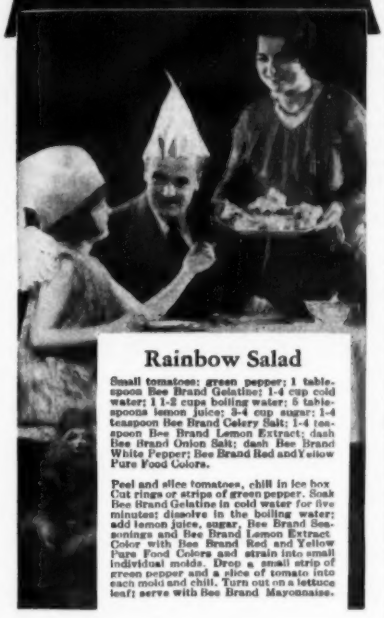

Rainbow Salad

Small tomatoes; green pepper; 1 tablespoon Bee Brand Gelatine; 1-4 cup cold water; 1 1-2 cups boiling water; 5 tablespoons lemon juice; 3-4 cup sugar; 1-4 teaspoon Bee Brand Celery Salt; 1-4 teaspoon Bee Brand Lemon Extract; dash Bee Brand Onion Salt; dash Bee Brand White Pepper; Bee Brand Red and Yellow Pure Food Colors.

Peel and slice tomatoes, chill in ice box Cut rings or strips of green pepper. Soak Bee Brand Gelatine in cold water for five minutes; dissolve in the boiling water; add lemon juice, sugar, Bee Brand Seasonings and Bee Brand Lemon Extract Color with Bee Brand Red and Yellow Pure Food Colors and strain into small individual molds. Drop a small strip of green pepper and a slice of tomato into each mold and chill. Turn out on a lettuce leaf; serve with Bee Brand Mayonnaise.

A SPECIAL SALAD

Joins the Festivities

The birthday party is over, but now Daddy's home for the evening and it's time to start celebrating all over again. Lucky that mother has saved some of the festive food, including the biggest treat of all—Rainbow Salad.

Rainbow Salad, with its sparkling color ensemble of green peppers, ripe red tomatoes, and brilliant Bee Brand pure food colors, livened with wonderful Bee Brand Spices and Extracts. It's the Spice that makes the salad, that lends the touch of distinctiveness and rarity of real cooking art. Bee Brand, world's largest selling packaged spices; Bee Brand Extracts are famous everywhere for their high standard of purity and quality. Tested in McCormick's own kitchen-laboratories. For quality, Bee Brand is *your* brand.

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Bee Brand
EXTRACTS AND SPICES
ALSO FOOD COLORS

Stars and Scissors

(*Continued from page 37*)

he did the following year. I was six years at the Metropolitan—four years under Stanton and two years under the new Italian *régime* with Abbey, Schoffel, and Grau. There was a great difference then. Under Stanton almost everything was German opera, wonderful epoch-making years they were, and Wagner then enthroned with the public.

Now I must tell you of one of the sensational events on my horizon at the Opera—the coming of Patti, at the closing of the season. Abbey leased the Metropolitan for this great occasion—nearly thirty years after Patti's début as a prodigy. She came for six special performances of opera with a big company of her own.

It was a tremendous success. Fashion turned out *en masse*, and the country folks, too, came to the Opera in business coats, bonnets and shawls, even mittens and galoshes, and paid as high as $10 a seat—a big price at that time.

Now for Patti herself—that's the main thing. The opera she was in and her company never meant so much to the public. It was Patti, then as always, that they wanted.

She was a wonder child. She sang before she could speak. Born in Spain, of Italian parents (both opera singers), and brought up in New York, she made her début in opera at the old Academy of Music, in 1859, when she was sixteen, in "Lucia." But she'd already made a tremendous sensation as a child when the Patti family, completely stranded, put forth the little Adelina at her first concert at Trippler's Hall (yes, there was such a place), hoping to bring in the golden shekels with their little prodigy.

She was so tiny that they stood her on a marble-top table so the audience could see as well as hear her. She created a furor, and the story goes that the tiny creature was cool and collected, and sang and trilled like a nightingale, with perfect ease, the great operatic arias. Also, most important, she refused to sing at this concert until they bought her a big box of candy! Yes, my dear, even then she had a head on her shoulders. And I've a candy story (a better one) of my own to add to this.

One of the singers in the early days at the old Academy often regaled me with her Patti stories. She had been a poor child and lived in the same tenement with the Patti family, and she said that even at that age little Miss Patti had a great business sense and knew exactly what she wanted. The two children would often go to some shop together, and Adelina would instantly pick out the most expensive article in the place, point her tiny finger at it, and say:

"I want that! Please give it to me."

When the surprised shopkeeper would say, "Yes, little girl, can you pay for it?" she'd answer,

"I'm not a little girl! I am *Adelina Patti*, and I'm going to be the greatest singer in all the world, so you must *give* it to me!"

And the poor hypnotized shopkeeper would humbly hand it over to her without a word!

SHE was always singing. She'd run up and down the old tenement house stairs trilling like a bird. All the children in the block would beg her to sing, but never a trill would she trill—unless she was paid for it! And can you think what she wanted? *Four big brown sugar coconut cakes!* Yes! Now, if anybody reads this who's as old as I am, they'll remember those coconut cakes. Adelina loved them, and that was her price. (She had her price even at eight years!) When the children had only pennies for two cakes, Adelina was as stony-hearted as in her later years. Unless the *four* coconut cakes were put down, not a note would she pipe, but when the required number were laid at her feet, she'd sing all the operas she knew, the children standing round, fascinated, like all her public.

It was so easy for Patti to sing. Nothing was hard for her. What a voice! Such perfect tones, such brilliant execution—the most difficult trills and cadenze, why, she just opened her mouth, and the notes came out like

The WORLD OVER·

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G. H. 4-30

In using advertisements see page 6

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Stars and Scissors

showers of gold and silver! *Ach*, I never heard anything like it.

"The child is father to the man." You put it all in a nutshell. Patti as a child was the same as Patti, the queen of song, who ruled the world of opera through fifty amazing years. But my experiences of her were when she returned, in the height of her glory, for these special performances at the Metropolitan. Her engagement at that time was for three weeks, and she sang only twice a week. She hated matinées, she once confided to me, because there were more ladies than gentlemen at matinées, and gentlemen always sent more beautiful flowers and presents!

Although Patti brought always a splendid wardrobe from Paris, she constantly wanted new things—that's where I came in. She adored crinolines, and all her hoop skirts were very big. She had a diminutive little figure, her waist so tiny you could span it with your hands. She never got fat like so many opera singers. She was exquisite and very particular about everything. Clothes were a passion with her. Such materials—laces, jewels, and furs—they were worth a fortune. She had a mania for flounces, ruffles, and frills to the end of her days—*ach*, she lived in them! She once told me no sound on earth was so beautiful as the rustle of silk skirts, and heaven knows her skirts rustled enough to give that beautiful frou-frou sound she adored.

WHAT memories I have of her! I can still see her, sitting in front of her dressing-table, everything laid out in perfect order. There was always a cooler of champagne at the side, and she took a few sips always, from a little thin glass, between the acts. She never was nervous before a performance, except about her *feet!* She suffered terribly from cold feet and always had a cushion, on which was a huge, tin bottle filled with boiling water, put under her dressing-table, for she said:

"Madame, if I have cold feet, how can I sing? It is impossible!"

Traviata was one of Patti's favorite rôles, and she sang and acted it better than anybody else; also she could wear in that opera her most marvelous clothes and jewels—diamonds, emeralds and rubies, the real thing—and they were gorgeous!

For the last act she used her own furs. She had a real ermine bedspread—a wonderful, huge cover—spread on the sofa. And there she died most gracefully in the midst of real ermine, lace, and diamonds! It all made a great sensation, for no singer before had used her *own* furs and jewels on the stage.

Two things she absolutely refused to do: go to rehearsals and wear a wig! No matter what the rôle, she refused the wig—always her own dark hair, which was very beautiful and abundant. She had a dresser—a man—who arranged it and stayed throughout the performance. She didn't like to have her hair, which was so artistically and elaborately dressed, upset, even one curl—so neither hat nor wig would she wear!

Patti made a very beautiful stage appearance, but she didn't use much make-up; just a white make-up—remarkable in those days, when everybody painted themselves like an Indian. Nowadays many artists use a white make-up, and Eleanora Duse used to go on the stage with no make-up at all. But in Patti's time she stood out from all the rest, and it was this interesting make-up that made her look so natural and charming.

She didn't create many new rôles at that time—always the same old things. She had a fine company with her, in which Brignoli, the great tenor, and Scalchi were the high spots. Scalchi was a great contralto. She was a big woman with strong, bold features, a good foil for the exquisite Patti. Nothing much to look at, but, my dear, an organ tone came out of her throat; when she opened her mouth, the whole theatre was shaking!

The reign of Patti—for such was her long

Stars and Scissors

career—a reign from start to finish. Her will, her wishes, even her whims, were law. No other singer ever made the demands she did. Her contracts were cast-iron, and all the world knows she never stepped on the stage, in her great days, until the five thousand dollars she received for every performance was put into her hand!

Now I'll tell you another of the famous Patti stories. *Ach*, there are so many of them, and all true! Mapleson (her manager for years) tells one of his many experiences with her about her salary *before* the performance. The house was packed, the curtain soon to go up, but—poor Mapleson was in awful financial straits and hadn't the five thousand on hand at the moment. He begged for mercy, promised the money in a few hours, only let the opera *begin!* The answer (through husband Nicolini) was that Madame Patti was dressed for the opera—all but her *slippers!* Mapleson knew what that meant, and somehow or other, through his directors, quickly scraped together twenty-five hundred dollars which was rushed to Nicolini, who returned immediately and said:

"Madame Patti's compliments. She has now put on *one* of her slippers!"

Ach, Mapleson knew then it was no use—five thousand dollars down, or no opera! So again he performed the miracle (for he, too, was a wizard), and within the next fifteen minutes the other twenty-five hundred dollars was found and rushed to the nightingale's dressing-room. Before you could turn round Nicolini returned, wreathed in smiles, and declared that Madame Patti had now put on her *other* slipper—the curtain could go up!

A nightingale, yes—but only golden grain could make her sing.

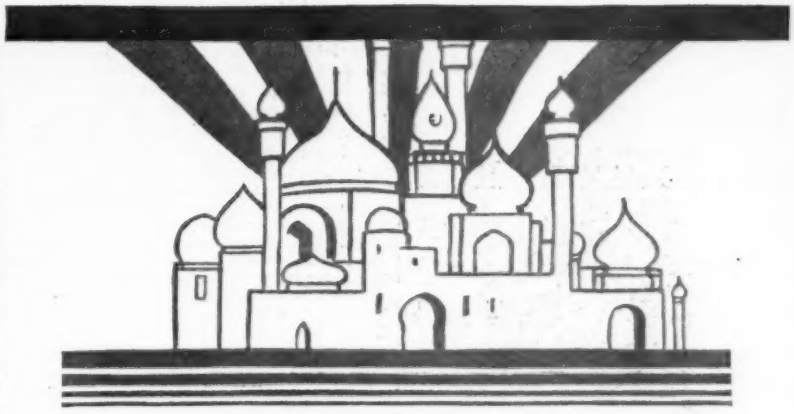
Mapleson also tells a story of Nicolini actually climbing up a ladder and measuring the letters in Patti's name on a bill poster. In the old days the great song-birds and actresses, too, always attended personally to their posters—they or their long-suffering husbands. Their names didn't go up in blazing electric lights, like now, but they certainly decided on the *size* of the letters on the posters! That was something they put up a fight for. It seemed that Patti's beautiful quick eyes had seen the poster as she rode by in her elegant carriage, and discovered that the letters were at least a quarter of an inch shorter than Christine Nilsson's, so poor old Nicolini had to climb a ladder and actually measure them! *Ach*, you know what happened. Down came the poster, and Patti was sick in bed with a cold until another was put up! My dear—my dear!!

Nicolini took care of her like the most precious jewel on earth, which indeed she was. She always got his opinion on everything, though she really didn't pay the slightest attention to him. She was more than a match for him, or the most wily impresario that ever lived!

EVERYTHING added fuel to the fires of her great popular appeal. Why, people stood in line all night in front of the box-office, a huge queue, and actually brought kindling and built fires, if you please, to warm themselves as they waited! When tickets soared to $10 and sometimes $20, four people would buy a ticket together, and each would listen to the opera in turn. *Ach*, I'd hate to think how they fought it out!

In addition to her operatic career, Patti also had years of concert singing as well. In fact, she went from one end of the earth to the other on her famous concert tours, many of which were known as "Farewell" tours, and went on for years!

The Patti concerts drew great audiences and were very popular. She sang always her great operatic arias, but without fail, at every concert, she sang "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and the famous old ballad, "Home, Sweet Home." No concert was complete without "Home, Sweet Home," and Patti's singing of it created



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Stars and Scissors

an absolute furore to the end of her days; she kept right on singing it for fifty years. *Ach*, my dear, in this humble ballad her voice was ravishing, and it never failed to create a terrific effect on the audience. My dear, it was unbelievable the way they acted. To stand in the wings, and peek out and watch the audience while Patti was singing "Home, Sweet Home"—that was something to see! *Ach*, they sat on the edge of their chairs, their heads sticking forward, their mouths open (yes, my dear, mouths *open!*), eyes staring, breathless, hypnotized, just hanging, as we say, on every note that came from Patti's lips. Such a sight! It still lives in my memory, for I often stood in the wings and saw the miracle happen! Her life was one long miracle.

Even in these luxurious days, surely we've nothing to compare with the private car this precious song-bird traveled in. First, stuck right on the side was her name in big gold letters (the size, of course, arranged by Patti herself), and that car, my dear, fit for a queen. Her suite was decorated in the most elaborate fashion; her monograms, intertwined with birds, flowers, and musical instruments, painted all over the walls. The salon was furnished with soft lounges and easy chairs of pale blue satin; the bedroom, in inlaid satinwood (the fashion in those days), with a brass bedstead, a plush counterpane with her monogram at the four corners, big enough to see a mile off! Wait—that's not all. A wonderful bath, my dear, long mirrors, electric lights, and—a grand piano. Enough said.

BUT to sum up: There was a *reason* for all this adulation, you say. Yes, and now I'm talking like a historian. Patti was a musical miracle. Her talent was so many-sided, her voice and art so perfect, her repose and her authority in singing were absolute—*ach*, she sang as a lark sings. And not to be overlooked—her musical intelligence, her ability as an actress, and her seriousness as an artist. All these qualities she had like no one else. To the end of her days Patti sat enthroned. Other marvelous singers rose up in the musical heaven, and flashed and waned, but Patti's voice and art remained supreme. For a whole generation of opera-goers, my dear, she set a standard, and it still lives.

It was old Verdi, the great Italian composer, I think, who, when asked to name the three greatest prima donnas then in the world, said,

"First, Adelina Patti—second, Adelina Patti—and third, Adelina Patti!"

"Patti's getting the lion's share of this conversation?" Yes, she is—your fault as much as mine. You've fallen under the spell like all the rest of the world. On the peak of her glory she remained to the end of her days. There let us leave her, for we've come to the end of our story, my dear—as all stories must end. Patti died in 1919 at her castle, Craig-y-Nos, in Wales.

"God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they may touch the hearts of men—"

But now away with the feminine ruffles, laces, and furs of prima donnas—and come down to the men singers, for there are *male* nightingales, you know, who sing our hearts away, and also wear satins and velvets and sometimes feathers. I've a word to say about them, my dear, for I've made as many men's costumes as women's, and I'm more proud of that than of almost anything else in my career as a costumer. Very few women costumers have made men's clothes—I do not know of one. It's a difficult job. But I began long years ago, and it's no harder for me to make *Lohengrin*, *Hans Sachs*, *Faust*, and *Rigoletto* than *Juliet*, *Marguerite*, *Salome*, and *Aida*. My faithful (and diplomatic!) scissors cut for one as well as the other, which has been the useful feather in my cap from the beginning.

Some of the men behave like prima donnas—though they aren't quite so exacting as the

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Stars and Scissors

women, for after all—you *can* convince a man—and you never can a woman! But in spite of difficulties I've costumed almost every great male rôle in the opera and theatre, too, including in his last years the *Hamlet* costume for your great Booth (yes, yes—later on I'll tell you!), Forbes-Robertson's first *Hamlet*—in fact, all the *Hamlets*.

The great idea in making costumes is to bring the character out, to give the artists *more* than they can give with their own personality, for that alone will not bring to the public the illusion. It needs the costume absolutely. We want them idealized. You are right, of course. Most people go to the theater to *escape* from their lives. They want something beautiful to look at if only for a few hours. Such is my feeling, too. We want always to have life bigger, more splendid, better than we see around us, as we dream it should be. That's the feeling of everybody. They can't all express it, but they like to see what is noble and beautiful and good, to escape from—*ach*, what is so hard in almost every life, and that is where clothes come in. Why, with the right costume you can transform the ugliest person that ever lived.

THERE is more to express than the acting and singing, important as they are. Imagine Lilli Lehmann thumping about the stage in her flannel petticoats, heavy boots, rough old coat, and little hat poked on over her eyes and looking like nothing on earth. Even if the most beautiful angel tones are coming out of her throat, can you imagine her as *Isolde*? I should say not!

To get the real thrill, the illusion, we must see *Isolde* in her long, white robe, her hair down, the scarf flying and the great torch in her hand. No, no; don't let any one ever say to me that clothes don't matter. You'll go me one better and declare that clothes in private life are three-quarters of a woman's life? Certainly, I agree. You affect every person you come in contact with by your clothes and your appearance. You succeed in life, and in business, as you have the power of attracting and charming people, and I may tell you that clothes go a long, long ways toward that. Even with a wonderful personality clothes still can help or hinder. I never change my mind about that. I've always thought if you want something in this world and you go for that thing looking charming in the right dress and everything as it should be to suit *you*—then what happens? You get what you go after, don't you? Nine times out of ten. And why? Because, first of all, you charm and interest everybody by your appearance, and that is the main thing.

"The cut is all-important—in literature as well as costuming?" I should say so. My faithful scissors have made that magic for me. I talk with them. When I have something to say about a costume, it is with my scissors that I say it. The feeling of materials must always be in the hands of a fitter (that is where the French are so marvelous), if the garment is to be beautiful. You must think with your hand. The brain is in the hand. *You* can not decide, I will do this way or that way; you must express it through your medium which is the material. When I'm cutting, I feel my scissors are alive. My hand and my scissors are one. It is the hand instead of the head I am using. How can I explain it? It's an unconscious thing.

Now, for instance, here comes an order for a costume. Well, you cut off the sleeve or dress at the point where that *character* should have it cut, not where *you* think it should be cut. It's the *character* that tells you how long it should be. If you had it any longer, it would be out of character; if it was shorter, you wouldn't have character enough in it. You have a certain length for *Portia*, another for *Desdemona*, another for *Ophelia*, and so on.

There has always been between me and my scissors an understanding. When I work, my brain goes into my hand to know when to stop

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Stars and Scissors

and what to do. I can't say, "Here I stop, here I cut," I only know that I take the material, and my scissors do the rest—they *think* for me.

Clothes, clothes, clothes! Clothes make the man. Strip the peasant and the king and stand them side by side, and who shall know the difference? "Carlyle said that," you say? No, it's not original with me, my dear; it only proves the point again—the all-importance of clothes, which all great people concede, even philosophers.

That wonderful woman, Ellen Terry—often her words come back to me. Years ago I made some costumes for her, and during the fitting we spoke about matters of the theatre, and Terry said:

"How important they are, these rags we are making! They're at least half of the thing you give to your audience. I used not to think that when I was beginning. I thought it was the great acting alone that mattered, but I've learned that's only a part; important, yes, but all the rest—the accessories—the clothes, etc. make up the full illusion. And never lose sight of the fact," she continued, while she stuck pins into herself here and there (and once in a while in me, too—she was such a mischief), "that one of the most important things in an actress's life is her *clothes*, for the theatre is a dream place, and a great part of the dream is the illusion we give."

Yes, my dear, it was my part in those years, as it still is, thank God! to make that dream come true. I did it all my six years at the Metropolitan—four years under Stanton then with the Italian régime (which brought to America that great galaxy of singers of which I shall tell you later) things went as before, only there was stricter discipline, and Grau kept things well in hand. He was the real impresario—very able and kind, liked by everybody. I must tell you something funny about him, a trait well known to every one. Grau was very generous in big things but, like many people, stingy and mean in little things. My dear, it was laughable! We always used to get plenty of clean towels in the dressing-rooms, furnished by the company, but in Grau's time, if a singer used more towels than he thought she should (and he always knew it), such a row! I could use as much as I wanted of the most expensive materials to be bought, and not a word said, but too many towels— Oh! Oh!

There is a well-known little story about Grau that Jean de Reszke loved to tell, that Grau would give you very affectionately the most expensive cigar he could buy, but—not the match to light it with! That was Grau.

AND now we come to the first break in my life in America. At the end of my sixth year a great change came, and as usual I brought it about, myself. To tell the truth, I was getting tired of working in the opera. I was anxious to get away, and do something for *myself*. Then came a great opportunity—the World's Fair in Chicago. I suddenly received an offer from Steele Mackaye, who had a wonderful idea for a stupendous spectacle—pageant—I don't know what you call it—the landing of Columbus in America. It was to be on Lake Michigan where the great boats were to pass. It was a colossal scheme. He'd worked it all out to the smallest detail. It excited me very much, and I right away signed the contract to do all the costuming. *Ach*, what a time! I made thousands of costumes. Hundreds and hundreds of people had to be dressed. Everything was put in my hands. I had *carte blanche* absolutely.

My husband also gave up the Metropolitan (for Stanton had decided to go to England to live) and he, too, joined forces with Mackaye.

I worked in Chicago from the end of June until the World's Fair opened. Then something terrible happened. Fate stepped in. Mackaye had a complete nervous breakdown, and everything stopped. No human being could carry through what he attempted—it was

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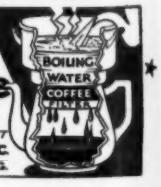

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too much—and he died under the great strain. So this gorgeous dream never came to a conclusion, and all those marvelous costumes were left in piles in the armory rented to display them. *Ach*, when the auction sales began, I was sick at heart.

It was all in a mess. Everything was abandoned when Mackaye died, for there was no head any more and no money, so this wonderful thing was all thrown away, as is often the case in extravagant America. I was crazy with disappointment and grief, for Mackaye was so kind to me. This word I say in his memory.

But, as always, I went quickly from one thing to another. Mr. David Henderson of the Chicago Opera House was putting on a wonderful extravaganza, as he called it. And right away I was engaged by him and began a new job. Whether it was New York or Chicago made no difference to me then.

WELL, I made this extravaganza for Henderson. And it was then he started little Eddie Foy—afterwards the great comedian. He was only a young boy, and I think he was funnier then than in his later days. He was a funny little clown in this extravaganza. He didn't have any voice, either—a hoarse kind of squeak—and his singing was always off the key! But he had something—what you call "IT"—some *connection* with the public from the minute he came out. *Ach*, the audience went crazy! He used to talk to them from the stage, and, my dear, it tickled them to death! Whether he was funny or not made no difference. He'd come out and say, "Don't laugh *now*—I'll tell you when to laugh," and *mein Gott!* the whole house was in shrieks and spasms! He was a great favorite with everybody from the beginning until his death last year. I never thought that such would be the case, when I made his first funny little clown clothes, years ago.

When I finished this extravaganza, I said to my husband:

"Now we return to New York! I must start on my own. That's settled! No more opera, no more Mackayes, or Hendersons, or anybody. From now on it's Freisinger and New York."

I realized then that New York was America as far as the theatre was concerned, and it always has been.

So back to New York we came. We rented a place in East Eighteenth Street, and right away I started in business. I got the machines and the girls and everything ready to go full blast. The next step was to get business!

Of course, I was already well known among the opera people—my husband, too—so we decided to go around to the various agencies and tell them that I had started on my own. Mr. Dazian of the famous theatrical emporium, who was always my good friend, had helped me with a fine recommendation to two young producers, Wagenhals and Kemper. To them I went and showed my designs, and they started me off with the first big production on my own. Blanche Walsh was their star and playing "Salambo," and I made her a gorgeous costume, a wonderful thing. It was a sensation when it was done. I still have her picture.

Right after this Belasco gave me the exclusive production of his "Darling of the Gods." Then I was made. Blanche Bates and George Arliss were in it. Belasco was then, as now, the wizard of the stage. His actors were always carefully selected for their parts. He paid more attention to this than any other manager. He was a regular martinet about rehearsals—always very kind and considerate of his actors, but kept them rehearsing all day and all night, if necessary. He believed that nothing was too good for the actor, but he showed no mercy at rehearsals. It made no difference to him if he worked weeks, or even months, to get an effect.

My connection with Belasco was very valuable to me, and I've been working for him ever since. My business was really established now, and I was getting more and more

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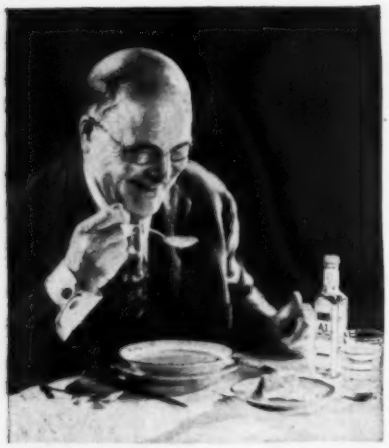

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Stars and Scissors

theatrical orders. Also I was drawing to my own place the great song-birds from the Metropolitan. They all came, and I realized I'd made no mistake in going in for myself. I now had two strings to my bow.

The theatre in New York at that time was very interesting. But how can I tell you even a little about it in these few minutes? For a great list of actors held the boards, to say nothing of the foreign actors who made fabulous tours through America, for then as now it was the Promised Land for them. And this brings me right away to the interesting experience I had in making—in the usual hurry, of course—a costume overnight for Sarah Bernhardt. She'd just arrived in this country, something had happened to one of her trunks, and she was without her costume for *Medea*. She was frightfully upset, swearing there was no one in America who could make her a costume with the proper lines. She must abandon the play. In the midst of all the excitement some one said to her,

"But there is a costumer here who can give you the lines you want—she performs miracles with her scissors.

"*C'est impossible!*" shrieked the golden voice.

But finally she was persuaded to see me, and I rushed to the Savoy Hotel to "the divine Sarah" and was ushered into her presence. I spoke French perfectly, to her surprise, so we immediately began arrangements. She was then very agreeable; told me exactly what she wanted—a long, heavy, satin robe with a great veil over it, tight-fitting mousquetiere sleeves down to her knuckles—just long lines. Lines—lines—that's all she wanted—or would speak about.

"*Bien, Madame,*" I said. "I shall do my best."

"But," said Bernhardt, "I can't have a long fitting. *Impossible!*" again she cried in her hoarse, golden voice.

"*Oui, oui, Madame,*" I agreed. "I need only *one* fitting."

Well, she was amazed at that, and pacified, for in France she had dozens of fittings.

"Madame," I said, "I can do without fittings, only I take your girdle measure and the skirt. The rest is easy. Any changes you require," I said diplomatically, "I can make at the theatre." (I was to go to the theatre for the fitting, you know.)

She was then all smiles and immediately offered me strong tea and a huge box of candy hastily snatched from the table.

As there were only a few hours to make the robe, I embraced the candy, bowed myself out, and dashed down to Lord and Taylor's for the materials. I cut and sewed the gown all night myself, like mad—and no other hand but mine was laid on it. Of course, there wasn't much finishing inside—no time for that.

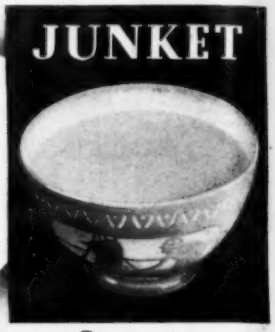
I WENT to her at five o'clock at Daly's Theatre, where she was playing. Everything was finished, and she was delighted, very gracious, and kept repeating over and over, with her most seductive gestures,

"*Charmante, charmante.*"

When she undressed, *ach!* it was like Lehmann all over again. She had a million clothes on, but unlike Lehmann everything was beautiful, and all silk. She wore no corset, of course. She was *very* thin. It was a saying at that time, you know, that Bernhardt made thinness fashionable—because she exaggerated and showed her bones, which nobody did if they had them, as thinness in those days was not a mark of beauty. But she "*accused*" her style, as the French say, which was really very clever of her. Apropos of this thinness of hers, a saying went the rounds—that an empty carriage dashed up—and Sarah Bernhardt stepped out!—so thin she then was, all bones.

Well, to go back to the fitting, she put on my gown—all was well, no alterations. The great veil was draped over her—the mirror turned on all sides so she could see everything at

It's so easy to make



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once—but although there was nothing to change, I fussed with her from five to seven until her dresser came to make her up.

"*Ravissante, ravissante,*" she murmured, as she turned and twisted and posed, and, my dear, gazed at herself till I really was ready to scream!

Thank heaven, the robe was really a great success! *Ach*, I shall never forget how she looked—one of the most fascinating personalities the world has ever known. Both beautiful and hideous she was. And she was no longer young then. At moments she looked old, and at other moments ravishing—beautiful and young. Yes, younger than the youngest girl. Her strange mop of red, frizzed hair (like the mice were in it, my dear, it really was!) adorned her head as no other hair has ever done before or since. She was artificial, yes, of course—gestures, movements, voice, smile, everything artificial—but that was Bernhardt—the incomparable—the great—

A wonderful and a grand woman she was—the greatest actress of the century. No, don't mention Duse now—that's another story. For her art Bernhardt lived and only that. Nothing defeated her from youth to old age. She was always marching on. With her leg amputated, her health failing, her powers waning, her youth forever gone, Bernhardt still went triumphant to the hour of her death. On that imperishable memory let me lay my little laurel leaf of tribute.

NOW we must spread our Magic Carpet and take a long, long jump—back to the American stage and Lillian Russell.

"It's a long jump from Sarah Bernhardt to Lillian Russell, as far as acting is concerned," you think. I should say so! But I've got to jump around a lot before we get through with this.

Both Lillian Russell and Lily Langtry were famous about that time—both Lillies, both actresses, both beauties. Lillian Russell was one of the headliners in the early days of Weber and Fields, though she began in the chorus years before and sang at Tony Pastor's, too, when she was a young girl. Russell was an American, what you call a raving beauty—no pose, no artificiality, but beautiful in face, figure, hair, skin, in dressing, everything. Yes, she was a natural beauty; famous in America, but not so famous throughout the world as the other Lily (Lily Langtry), though to my mind Russell was more beautiful than Langtry. Quite another type, all light and sunshine—even up to the time she died, a most beautiful woman, and a very kind one, too. She really never lost her looks, which was not the case with poor Langtry, who became heavy in figure and very different in every way; in fact, a completely changed personality.

Lots of famous actors were with Weber and Fields, that famous pair whose names go down to glory in the history of the American stage; two poor little Jewish boys, who started life on the East Side and fought their way up. They were both very, very funny, and together, my dear, inimitable. Who can ever forget them in their funny, broken German-English act—Weber, short and fat; Fields, tall and thin. *Ach*, they were a pair for you! Their parodies were inimitable. They burlesqued all the famous plays in New York. Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano," Viola Allen in "The Christian" were special butts, also "Zaza" and "Du Barry," and Olga Nethersole as the wicked *Sappho*. They were such a success, the regular managers always wanted them to see their plays at once, knowing their burlesques would help them enormously. All the big actors used to go to see themselves burlesqued and laughed themselves sick! Mansfield was always coming and even allowed Weber to attend his dress rehearsal of "Cyrano." Joe Jefferson was another who used to come to the music hall. *Ach*, my dear, I could go on forever.

Weber and Fields had a great company: Sam Bernard; Ross & Fenton, a killing pair;

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How to Get It All Out of Your System

The sensible way to deal with a cold is to "clean it out" of your sytem. Half-way measures only temporarily suppress a cold and invite its quick return. A good purging is indispensable.

Whenever the use of a physic is indicated, whether to break up a cold or relieve a case of constipation, the thing to take *always* is Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Physicians recommend castor oil as a standard laxative and Kellogg's is castor oil with the objectionable features eliminated. It's simply pure, fresh, castor oil, full strength, with old castor oil taste and odor removed by super-refining. It moves the bowels gently, but *thoroughly*, leaving no residue as do ordinary laxatives and without upsetting the stomach or causing after-nausea. It also exercises a healing effect upon the mucous membrane of the bowel, which is always desirable after a good purging and which does not follow the action of the ordinary laxative. Physicians recommend Kellogg's ★Tasteless Castor Oil. Children take it willingly.

Kellogg's is never sold in bulk, but always in the original *refinery-sealed* bottle which always comes in a carton. Both bottle and carton bear the full Kellogg label. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuine Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. At all good druggists. Walter Janvier, Inc., 121 Varick Street, New York City.
(Advertisement)

Stars and Scissors

the great Pete Dailey, the wittiest comedian ever; Fay Templeton; Bessie Clayton (don't forget her), the acrobat of the twinkling toes; and, my dear, Frankie Bailey who had the most beautiful legs in the world—so beautiful they were copyrighted—yes, and plays were actually written about them; Lillian Russell; and last, but not least, David Warfield, then unknown to fame.

Warfield was king-pin with Weber and Fields for years. He was a newsboy in San Francisco, and got on to the stage by his funny imitations which landed him first in a small traveling company—then in New York (with the usual two dollars in his pocket!) and—Weber and Fields. There it was Belasco picked him up and out, and he departed to headlines and stardom. So many things I've made for him. "The Return of Peter Grimm" was one of my biggest productions—mostly rags, my dear, as they were mostly ghosts in "Peter Grimm" and most ghosts have only rags for costumes—not so easy as it sounds.

So many actors must thank Weber and Fields for stardom. Sam Bernard and Pete Dailey were two great props in the music hall who afterward went on their own. Bernard was one of the funniest of the German comedians. He also had a hash language which always tickled the public—don't ask me why! "And Julian Eltinge and DeWolf Hopper—what of them?" *Ach*, don't dig up any more—not that we're digging them up, for they're still alive—DeWolf Hopper is going strong.

Eltinge, who made his début at the music hall, was the most famous female impersonator. No one like him, my dear, no one! The slogan for him was, "The most beautiful woman in the world is a *man*—Julian Eltinge!" Dresses? Certainly I made him dresses—gorgeous dresses!

With so many plums here we're stuffing our audience like Strasbourg geese. But there's still another coming—not a plum this time, but a tear, for the break-up of Weber and Fields. As is often the case, that great combination broke up and each went his own way. Like Gilbert and Sullivan, that wonderful pair who broke themselves in two through jealousy. Of the many things they accomplished, Weber and Fields were certainly the forerunners of the present Follies which followed close on the heels of the music hall.

WHEN I first came to this country, there were a number of famous places of amusement where you could get a glass of beer, hear some music, etc.—what we call in Germany "beer gardens"—Koster and Bials; Proctor's, and Tony Pastor's. Every one went to Koster and Bials—it was the fashionable thing to do. You'd sit at a little table and have a hot dog, a glass of beer, or order a bottle of champagne if you wanted to. A big basket of pretzels was always on the table, and you could eat all you wanted. Every one sat at these little tables, or, if you were very swell, there were little boxes you could hire, and sit there with your beau or lady love, as the case might be. There was an orchestra of ten people, and a tiny little stage, where out would come a fat woman and sing a wicked little song ('twould be nothing now), or some one would do a little sketch or a simple dance. Such was Koster and Bials.

They were the first to introduce a woman's orchestra, which was a great curiosity—it would be even today. These women were all big, strong creatures, regular Amazons, and looked ridiculous, as they were dressed in white muslin dresses with great blue sashes tied around their waists. They were a funny sight! I knew Mrs. Weber, the head drummer, and she certainly could play the drum! She had three or four drums, big drums and little drums, and it would make you laugh to see her in her little white dress and big blue sash, whacking away at those drums, like a prize fighter.

Tony Pastor's was another famous place (where Maggie Cline sang her great song hit, "Throw Him Down, M'Closkey"), Niblo's

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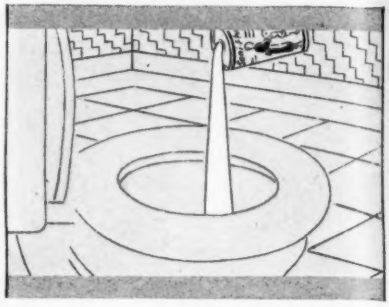

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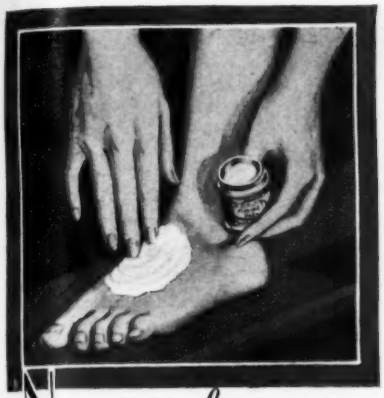

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Garden still another, and the Eden Musée was an institution. Everybody went there, and the children were scared out of their wits, though I suppose the modern child would see straight through the wax works. Then they fooled us all, young and old!

All these places were high spots of the town, not forgetting Proctor's, a vaudeville house, the first to give continuous performances. It was greatly advertised in those days, and the slogan was, "After breakfast go to Proctor's." People went and stayed all day.

Speaking of high spots, there are three figures (all my friends) that I can't overlook. "Diamond Jim" Brady, famous for his diamonds and being the greatest first-nighter of the theatre; Buffalo Bill; and—P. T. Barnum, genius and circus king. Say what you like, such personalities are of the greatest interest in any town and furnish an entertainment of their own. We've no such personalities today, sad to say, in this great foreign city New York has become.

BUFFALO BILL I knew well. A tall, wonderful-looking man, with his long hair and great sombrero. He always wore a big leather belt with cartridges in it, and great, high boots. He was the first to bring to New York cowboys and cowgirls and real Indians, too; also his famous bucking bronchos.

He always traveled with his company and had his own railway train of specially made steel cars to travel in. He was afraid of the wooden coaches on account of fire. They were like a big family together and even used to cook for themselves; everybody at the same table, including Buffalo Bill. He afterward went to London and made a great sensation there. Even Queen Victoria was crazy about him.

P. T. Barnum was the greatest showman that ever lived, I'll wager, and he didn't confine himself to his wonderful circus either. He it was who brought over the famous Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, to say nothing of introducing Tom Thumb and Jumbo to the world!

I knew Jumbo, though I didn't make any costume for him! Elephants do have costumes, you know—that is, banners and covers, etc., and I made a great many for Barnum's circus. Gorgeous they were, as elegant as any opera prima donna's, and they were just as difficult to fit!

We would first submit a sketch to Mr. Barnum. Then we'd take the measurements of the animals, which was something to do—the camel with his hump, the horses, and the elephants, all had to have their measurements taken by climbing up their sides on a ladder! This could be done only by their keepers, as naturally the animals were very much upset when you tried to measure them. And when it came to the fitting, why, they just shook the things right off! *Ach*, it was funny, but we had to have as much patience with them as the most temperamental songbird.

The elephants' covers were of velvet trimmed with jewels and golden spangles and were very beautiful. We had to make them very heavy so the creatures couldn't shake them off, so we put heavy weights all around. In fact, they were so big it took eight people to work on one cover. The elephant has a very small tail, and he's very nervous about it, too, and there had to be a little ring made in the cover, and at the fitting the tail lifted and put through that ring very carefully because the elephant hated it; and there was a jeweled rope to fasten the cover on. Also we made great, jeweled chains and plaques as big as platters to hang around their necks and fasten the covers. Each animal wore a front piece (a stomacher), especially the horses. Usually ten horses were dressed just alike—some in blue, some pink, some white, etc. Animals, we found, were much like people. Some of the horses, especially, just loved to be dressed up, and others hated it.

I was always present at the fittings, with one of my tailors; and sometimes I even climbed up the elephants' sides on the ladder. I remember the little baby elephant that came from India. I dressed him several times. He was powdered

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Stars and Scissors

with rice powder every night and cared for like a baby. He had the most exquisite *schrabrackhe* with great golden suns embroidered on it. Sky blue it was with great gold tassels and fringes. He was the Prince Charming of the circus. He was different from the other elephants—his skin was not so thick, didn't have so many crinkles in it. Really he was a darling!

In fact, I did the costumes for the big parade, a great feature of the circus in those days. We don't have it, alas! any more. There were hundreds of beautiful costumes for the bareback riders, clowns, tight-rope walkers, and acrobats, as well as the animals themselves, not forgetting the famous Cotrelli Sisters, who jumped through hoops on horseback!—a sensation of that time. Yes, indeed, these circus costumes were among the most beautiful things I made. There was no limit to what they'd order, and the most elegant materials, embroideries, and jewels were used.

All was grist that came to my mill, and I turned them out by the thousand. It was often a relief to work for the camels and the elephants, for no matter how difficult they were to fit, at least they couldn't *say* anything! No complaints or arguings in their case, which brings me back again to the stage and the stars in that firmament.

THERE were a number of famous singing comediennes about that time in New York, some still living and remembered by the public—Fay Templeton, Della Fox, Pauline Hall, and that clever little French soubrette, Anna Held.

Fay Templeton was one of the first women to wear a boy's costume on the stage—an innovation then. I made it for her. She, too, was one of the headliners with Weber and Fields and later starred on her own. Templeton was the finest burlesque actress, in my opinion, that America has produced. One of her most famous songs, "I'm a Respectable Working Girl," is well remembered to this day. She sang it at Weber and Fields, and she hated it so, she would only memorize the first verse, but it made such a hit that she had to sing the first verse over and over again, and then had to go on singing it for the rest of her stage life.

Della Fox—another charming little actress, who made the spit curl famous, and I may tell you that the spit curl was very fashionable at that time. It was a little, tight curl, crescent-shaped, stuck right in the middle of the forehead, and one on each side of the face near the ear. It was very becoming to Della Fox. She made it all the rage. I made many costumes for her, and she was very clever and daring and made a big reputation for herself.

And now for Anna Held. She conquered New York from the beginning. She was very talented, and though she had no voice, what couldn't she do with her songs! *Ach*, when she sang "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave" she was simply irresistible. She was famous for her marvelous clothes—such gorgeous things as she wore on the stage—they've rarely been equaled. I'm proud to say I made the "Little Duchess" costumes for her. She had the most perfect taste. She was the queen of the French soubrettes. It was she who suggested to Ziegfeld the costuming of the famous Floradora Sextette, which was the talk of the town. I made those costumes, too.

The Floradora girls were all beautiful, all the same height, size, and same kind of beauty. They were something to look at, I tell you, and still another sensation, every one of them married a rich man! One of their songs, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," made an awful hit, sung and whistled by everybody.

These fleeting figures—how many I worked for! Pauline Hall was another—an American, a great rage for many years at the Casino. Clever, chic, lovely figure, dressed beautifully on and off the stage, but best of all had a kind, warm heart which makes her ending all the more tragic, for when she lost her voice she came to terrible poverty. She sold soap and

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perfume in the dressing-rooms of the theatre where she'd once been a star. She once came to me for names of people to whom she might sell her soap. My dear, my dear, what life can do to us!

Our Magic Carpet is now turning into a patchwork quilt, you think? Yes, so many pieces—some bigger than others, some brighter, some more elegant. They all go to make up the pattern of my life. An endless procession, it seems, as we talk about them. For some, only a few words; they came into my life quickly—quickly they went out. For others, such a lot to say. Some interest you the minute they come in, and some, *Gott in Himmel!* you never want to see again. I don't know why, but the stage seems more like a passing show than the opera—perhaps because in the early years at the Metropolitan the great singers were my friends as well as customers. How they pass before me now—figure after figure—old and young they come—singers, dancers, actors, tight-rope walkers, elephants, camels, dwarfs—what a parade it is!

I've worked for them all; for each and every one the old scissors have made the magic. And still they come—on—on—and on. I—

"Not a syllable more— You're talking like an encyclopedia."

Of course, I am. They're all clamoring for a word—what can I do, my dear?

"Cut the Gordian knot!"

The Gordian knot?

"Yes, like Lady Macbeth crying at the feast—'Stand not upon the order of thy going—but go at once!'"

Ach, my dear, how clever of you to give me *that* cue! I take it! As they went—I go! Exit. Curtain.

(*To be continued*)

Feed Your Teeth

(*Continued from page 100*)

factor in the development of the stronger and more resistant teeth. Certainly the quantity of calcium (lime) and phosphorus which it adds to the diet must be important in this connection. If much of it was taken raw, as is quite possible in a milk-producing community, it may have added appreciable amounts of vitamin C. Most probably, however, its beneficial influence is to be explained on the basis of its mineral and vitamin D content."

But is this last conclusion justified? In Rochester, Minnesota, Dr. Kappes found, when he studied two groups of public school children (seventy-five in each group, divided on the basis of tooth decay), that the children with poor teeth actually drank more milk than the group with good teeth; but that the latter group consumed much more of fruits and vegetables, inferentially making these more effective than milk.

The belief that vitamin D is an important factor has considerable support in experimentation. The Mellanbys in England, working with children and dogs, reported that cod-liver oil and activated ergosterol (i.e., a high vitamin D diet) produce beneficial effects. Grieves, who worked over McCollum's experiments with rats deficient in vitamin D, reports the group as showing more caries. Ultra-violet irradiation, which creates vitamin D in the body, has also been reported beneficial for teeth.

Since vitamin D does control to a marked degree our ability to absorb lime into the blood stream and also its normal deposit in bone formation, it is probably sound logic to assume that, like good sources of lime (milk and vegetables) vitamin D in combination with these lime sources in the diet is of value.

During the past few years, however, the relation of another vitamin to tooth formation, health, and decay-resistance has begun to assume increasing importance, viz. the anti-scurvy factor, vitamin C. In 1919 Zilva, in England, and Dr. Percy Howe, in America, first called attention to the fact that the pulp

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Design copyrighted by Jones Brothers Co.

ALL the affection of a life spent together must find expression above that resting place. Your love can do no more than this . . . yet this will be your comfort.

Guardian Memorials are hewn from pure granite in the hills of Barre, Vermont. Into their making go all the talent of artists . . . the consummate skill of the craftsmen who carve them. Rain, sun, or storm will have no effect upon these memorials. Your tribute will stand forever . . . gracious . . . exquisite. A Guarantee Bond is your protection. . . . Though Guardian Memorials are as fine as you can buy, their cost is moderate.

We shall be glad to send you the booklet, "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever." *Guardian Memorials are distributed by reliable retail memorial dealers.*

THE JONES BROTHERS COMPANY, INC.
Makers of Guardian Memorials
Dept. C-4, 10 High Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of the booklet: "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever."

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Registered trade-mark

GUARDIAN MEMORIALS
of Everlasting Beauty

Feed Your Teeth

and dentine of teeth are severely deranged by omission of this vitamin from the diet. In 1926 Alex Hojer, in Sweden, claimed that the effect of depriving the guinea pigs' diet of vitamin C was so profound, so rapid of development, and so directly proportional to the amount of the vitamin eaten, that tooth sections of such animals could be used to measure the potency of foodstuffs in preventing scurvy. Goettsch and Key, in England in 1928, confirmed this, and also showed these changes to be quite independent of the vitamin D content of the ration.

Vitamin C Is Important

During the past year I have personally confirmed some of these observations and published data to illustrate it. My own studies have also shown that the dose of vitamin C necessary to normal tooth structure is at least twice that required to prevent outward symptoms of scurvy, and that the extent to which teeth are used also determines to a degree the extent of disturbance in structure when our diet lacks the vitamin C factor. I have also found that while depriving rats of vitamin C produces no external evidences of scurvy, the effect on their teeth is quite as marked as with guinea pigs.

Early impressed with the importance of vitamin C in building and maintaining caries-resistant teeth, Dr. Percy Howe has been advocating for some years higher C content in the diet. He has demonstrated especially that foods rich in the C factor, such as fresh fruits and vegetables, are the most important dietary elements in tooth health. During the past two years Dr. Milton Hanke has been accumulating similar data showing that high dosage of orange juice will actually work wonders in tooth health, and even suggesting that pyorrhea is really a type of scurvy and its treatment is best approached by building up the vitamin C content. Due to the skill of Dr. Chas. Bodecker, it has been demonstrated that a live tooth has a complete lymph circulation extending clear through the enamel, and that the composition of this lymph or derangement of its circulation by structural changes has a much more significant effect on its continuing resistance to decay than any amount of mouth washes, tooth brushings, and the other practices of oral hygiene.

As I review, then, this increasing attention to the rôle of dietary factors in tooth formation and tooth health, I see good reason for optimism as to salubrious conditions for both adults and children. Oral hygiene should be maintained by all means. Milk and other food sources of lime are indicated, because you can not build teeth without lime and phosphorous. Vitamin D should not be dismissed as of no value because of the increasing importance of vitamin C. Both have their rôle to play. The picture is not simple. Good teeth are the resultant of a whole series of contributing causes. The idea that the tooth is a living organism, that its ability to remain healthy, like a tree or an animal, rests fundamentally in the nourishment it receives rather than on its grooming; the amazing improvements in tooth and gum health through greater use of certain food factors; the tendency of the progressive students to concentrate on the evaluation of these food factors and determine their limitations and rôles—all these offer abundant promise of relief from dental troubles, elimination of exaggeration in the claims of some dentifrice manufacturers, and a new era in hygienic progress.

There are at present under way several extensive studies into the factors that produce and prevent decay in teeth. While these studies are highly scientific in character, their development should release new viewpoints which we can apply to tooth hygiene. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is watching these studies and will bulletin results to you as they become significant.

She uses
PLASTIC WOOD
[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]
Handles Like Putty
Hardens Into Wood

Cracks in the shelving—a runway for insects and a gathering place for dust. Plastic Wood will quickly put a stop to that. Fill the cracks with Plastic Wood—it handles like putty and hardens into solid wood, wood that you can wash or paint—and keep your shelving clean and sanitary. Use it wherever there are cracks or holes. Use it too for loosened furniture; in replacing casters and handles; damaged toys; loose tiles.

To thin Plastic Wood, soften it if it dries too rapidly, or to clean the hands or tools after using, ask for Plastic Wood Solvent. In 25 and 50 cent cans.

Tube 25c ¼ lb. can 35c 1 lb. can $1
At Hardware and Paint Stores
ADDISON-LESLIE COMPANY
522 Bolivar St. Canton, Mass.

UTILIVAR
THE UTILITY VARNISH

A clear spar varnish for all surfaces. Easy to apply. Dries over night with a waterproof, durable finish. Ask your dealer for Utilivar.

McDOUGALL-BUTLER CO., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Every Housewife

will be interested in the Silver Polish of 101 uses. Comes in creamy paste form—no dust—no waste. Ideal for silver, bath fixtures, cut glass, mirrors, windows, auto, etc. Ask your dealer for *Metalglas* or send 10c to cover postage and packing trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box K G, Marengo, Ill.

SAVE MONEY

In the long run guaranteed products usually are the least costly. Everything advertised in Good Housekeeping is guaranteed. *See page 6 for a complete list.*

it isn't a bit sticky and it leaves the hands so

soft

What! not sticky? Not even the first second or two?

Not even the tiniest second. For Pacquin's is the perfect hand cream. It does its work daintily and oh so well!

Instantly it smooths into the skin, becoming one with the hand it touches, imparting to eager fingers, that infinite charm we know as youth. Roughness, redness, fade before the secret of its gentleness.

Send 10 cents to Jane E. Curran, Inc. Dept. A-8 101 W. 31st St., New York for the Introductory Pacquin Jar—containing sufficient for two weeks.

★ Pacquin's HAND CREAM

For Youthful Hands
4 oz. jar $1.00 — 1¾ oz. tube 50c.
introductory Jar 10c.
ALSO MAKERS OF PACQUIN'S COLD and VANISHING CREAMS

Colorite
STRAW HAT FINISH
Makes old straw hats like new~
25¢ at Drug and Department Stores
50¢ in Canada
Also try Colorite Fabric Dyes
Made by CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY, *Boston, Mass.*

Liquid Silmerine
★Makes Hair Beautiful
Applied to finger waves, the permanent or marcel, makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain so for days. Helps remove dandruff and oiliness. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, orderly. Good for men, women and children. All drug & dept. stores.
PARKER BELMONT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Women and Misses

(*Continued from page 35*)

of it?" Gussie flared back. "I make a good salary. And I have—no one but myself."

Miss Claremont ground her heel on the sharpened pencil that had rolled to the floor. Chose a stubby one instead Cursed under her breath and wrote the verse.

Ten minutes later there was a knock on her door.

"Sophie Sokolsky? From Miss Reingold's department? Yes, that you, Sophie? Here take this poem and *run*. It's late."

The copy-writer, who didn't ever want to put the price on anything, handed Sophie Sokolsky the lover verse. Then she broke two pencils in pieces in her hands, because Gussie Reingold was paying twenty dollars for a humidor! With a *music-box* inside it! For a bum! Who wouldn't appreciate it or her. Who would make her miserable. And ditch her again. Bum!

But Miss Claremont was mistaken about one thing. J. Spalding Hammerstein was not a bum. He was a very nice man. But, of course, he was just as stupid as other men. More stupid, maybe. It was hard for him to evaluate the things of the spirit. Instead, he had made himself quite a fortune by evaluating the flesh. Flesh-colored, shadow-weightless stockings! All silk from top to toe, slenderizing heel, full-fashioned, and *un*guaranteed. Mr. Hammerstein himself was comfortably full-fashioned of the flesh, and inclined to be generous in disposition as well as in person.

DOWNSTAIRS in her office Miss Reingold was stamping to be gone, but Mr. Reiser *père* was there. He had talked himself out about the Louiseboulanger model for which he wanted her to cable to Paris, but he sensed a situation, and he was loath to leave.

Sophie had brought down the poem. Herman had brought up the humidor. The flame-colored Chanel hung over the back of Miss Reingold's chair. The spike-heel silver slippers were set on the floor beneath it.

Mr. Reiser's attention focused on the slippers. He was so psychic he could fairly *see* Gussie Reingold's short, round legs in between the flame frock and the silver slippers. Gussie Reingold must be in love again!

It was so much in the air that it shivered all over the small brown man. And that Chanel dress would cost her two hundred dollars! And make her look like the deuce! An import, with the landing charge on top of the Paris price!

"It's a mighty bad day," said Mr. Reiser. "An' you been out in the snow. Was you maybe buyin' dresses from Schlossinger and Mueller?"

Gussie Reingold opened the window; pulled in the oysters and the little parcel of parsley Sophie had put outside on the sill. She pinched a hole in the brown paper, so he could see the crisp, green leaves.

"Eh. Yes. Eh," he grunted, peering at the parsley. "Dinner home? Eh. Yes. Eh."

He started toward the door. "Well, I'll just take this Chanel model up to my room, as I go," he said.

She laughed. She read his thoughts as well as he read hers. And why not? They had worked together for twenty years. She was the first buyer in the tiny bandbox shop the great international merchant had opened on that same site twenty years ago. With nothing but his own genius and Gussie Reingold's spirit as his capital! And it had been enough. Reiser and Reiser was now one of the greatest women's wearing apparel establishments in the world.

Gussie Reingold pulled the flame-colored frock out of Mr. Reiser's hands.

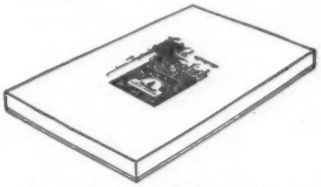
"Now, Mr. Reiser," she said, "you know this dress is just my size. You know Annice and I wear the same size."

"Yes," he whined, "you wear the same size as Annice. But you don't look a bit more like Annice than I do!"

HER LETTER

(The rest of what she wrote was his affair)

"So you noticed that I used Montag's Old English Crushed Bond. It was nice of you to send me that big box—envelopes and all. You say, 'It's such writing paper that proclaims a lady of taste.' To which I ups and answers, 'It's such thoughtfulness that proclaims the true gent!"



Montag's Old English Crushed Bond is a distinguished, heavy weight, large rag content, hand-deckled sheet. Its fine, two-toned, crushed finish in a variety of sizes and shapes, is appropriate for men as well as women. *Sold in quire boxes and by the pound with envelopes to match, at great savings.*

Fine stores everywhere sell *Montag's* Old English Crushed Bond. *Be sure it's Montag's!*

MONTAG BROS., Inc., Atlanta, Ga.,
New York Showroom: 200 Fifth Ave.

Montag's
OLD ENGLISH
Crushed Bond

In using advertisements see page 6

On Nose.. Chin.. Forehead...

The three places you must watch constantly for conspicuous face pores

Shrink Large Pores *to fineness with this wonderful soap*

IT'S the close-ups of life that count! Don't let big pores on your nose, chin, forehead, make your skin unattractive at close range!

You can keep your face pores small and fine by daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for Woodbury's actually *shrinks large pores to fineness*. The first time you use Woodbury's you will notice its astringent action on your skin; you will feel how much finer and smoother, how much more penetrating it is than ordinary soaps.

Formulated by a skin specialist who spent a lifetime studying the skin and its needs — Woodbury's makes lovely skin texture. It reduces the size of the pores by freeing them of hardened fatty substance that has caused them to enlarge. It contracts them to natural size and keeps them clean and active.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See what a wonderful improvement a few weeks' use will make!

Keep lovely skin texture by keeping your face pores small and fine!

To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

WOODBURY'S *is 25¢ a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*

. . . Formulated by a skin specialist, WOODBURY'S *makes lovely skin texture*

Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2907 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

© 1930, The A. J. Co.

Women and Misses

"Well," she retorted, "I look better with my every-day clothes on than Annice does with her every-day clothes on! Did you ever notice how uninteresting that girl looks unless she has on a good dress?"

"Yes, I have. I noticed her yesterday in a plain slip, while she was waiting for a dress from the sports shop. I thought she was a stock-girl! Nothing to her. Eh. Yes. Eh. That's one big difference between Women and Misses!"

He watched Gussie tuck the Chanel into a box.

"Misses is mostly the clothes they have on. An' Wimmen is mostly what they are in spite of the clothes," he continued.

And who knew better than this brown genii? He who for twenty years had made Misses into lovely snares to catch Life and send it on like a ripple in a flag. He knew the Women used his clothes to conceal what they really were! That the Misses used his clothes to conceal what they were not!

"Moonflower perfume," he sniffed and muttered to himself, as Gussie Reingold passed him to the elevator. "Twelve dollars a bottle for that *Fleur de Lune* perfume from Paris! And he won't appreciate it. Bum!"

Mr. Hammerstein's apartment was only three blocks from Miss Reingold's apartment. He walked over in the cold air and bulged comfortably into her small living-room. There was no doubt whatever that from that moment she made decided headway in his heart.

Miss Reingold had put only a couple of cigars in the humidor with which she presented him, knowing every man has his own favorite, having learned at least that much from the long line of J. Spalding's predecessors.

"Eh. I guess I'll just leave the humidor here," he said, emptying his cigar case into it. "Have my own cigars when I come."

Gussie's head was near his.

"You'll always come—as long as there are your own cigars in the humidor?" she said.

"You bet I will!" he answered.

In her heart Gussie Reingold thought the thousand and one nights had nothing on her. For every cigar he smoked out of the humidor, she would put in two!

HE PUT his hand on her head, and bent nearer. "You got beautiful hair, Gussie," he said. "The kind you love to touch!"

"Bad boys always pull a girl's hair," she said.

But she didn't budge an inch away. And he sniffed appreciatively. For Mr. Reiser had been mistaken about his not appreciating the *Fleur de Lune* perfume. There was enough of the sumptuous Oriental still left in the New York stocking manufacturer to make him restore his soul with amber and myrrh.

"Say, Gussie," he said, "that red dress is wasted on just me. What if I take you to the dance at Miss Goldman's a week from tonight?"

"Oh, I'd love to go," she said. "I'd just *love* to go."

"Well, keep the date," he answered; yawned a little after his excellent dinner.

"Come over here," she said, "and sit by the fire."

He put his arm around her and drew her over into the light from the fragrant wood logs.

"Eh," he said, looking down at his shiny, tight shoes. "This comfortable fire makes a man think of bedroom slippers."

"I—I'll get you some if you want them," she said eagerly.

His arm relaxed a little around her. "You mean you keep some man's slippers here?"

"No. But I could, couldn't I?" she answered, and his arm tightened again.

As he left, he put his hand on her lovely soft hair again, his arm across her shoulder.

"Funny how many different ways you make a fellow like I am like you, Gussie!" he said.

"How—how many ways?" she asked.

He laughed. He wasn't inarticulate, even if he did speak his English with an accent. "Well, you made me think of bedroom slippers a while ago. Hey? And now, by the Lord

Women and Misses

Harry, snow on the windows, and you make me think of violets."

Her voice was hushed. "Why—why that's what I was thinking of!" she said. "Violets in spring. They laughed at me at the store today for saying it felt like a spring day."

"I guess it's you that's like spring," he said awkwardly—not so awkwardly either. "Spring in Wintertime! How's that for a name, eh? What if I call my new shadow-weightless 'Spring in Wintertime'—after you, Gussie!"

Could anybody ask for any more than that? But it was then that Gussie Reingold had the idea that upset the apple cart—guileless Gussie.

"Why don't you drop around to the store at closing time tomorrow?" she suggested. "And let me show you the new dresses? We can match up a 'Spring in Wintertime' ensemble with your new sample."

"Good work!" he answered, glad of an excuse to see her again so soon without committing himself particularly. "And now, since we got a date tomorrow, I better be on my lonely way."

THE next day was slippery instead of slushy. Everything was frozen hard and glittering. There didn't seem to be anything soft in the world. Young Mr. Reiser was hardly Irish at all. Mr. Reiser *père* was in one of those volcanic moods when it seemed the immense, invisible powers that worked through him were determined to tear the small, sinewy body like a split pea-pod. By six o'clock there were, in fact, only two sensate souls under the roof of the great establishment who were not wrecked. One of these was Mr. Reiser himself. The other was Gussie Reingold.

The little genius stood the strain because his spirit was eagle enough to carry his body through space forever. And Gussie Reingold came smiling through because her spirit was clear and bright enough to make the whole winter over into spring.

At six o'clock Mr. Reiser *père* was in a little mauve-decorated room of Miss Reingold's department. The big Austrian copy-writer was with him. Miss Reingold had gone up to the advertising department to get another verse! Annice was modeling up and down.

Of course, Annice was modeling. That was her job. Her fragile body was supporting a frock of white chiffon and white satin, dazzling like the day. The white sheen about her made the memory of the flame Chanel seem pale. Up and down the gray velvet carpet. A *mannequin*. A lovely thing without insides. Pulled by strings in hands stronger than her own.

The big Austrian was watching her. Mr. Reiser could read every thought he was thinking. All day the pouncing genius had been in such a sensitive mood that the flick of a thought was as much to him as the flick of a whip-lash. He twitched now to tell the big, bronzed, athletic Austrian that Annice was nothing at all in her underwear; but he was not the sort of man who said things like that.

And into this sensitive, fine-webbed atmosphere walked J. Spalding Hammerstein. Mr. Reiser heard him ask directions to Miss Reingold's office and knew instantly who he was. Indubitably this was he for whom Gussie Reingold had wet her feet getting the oysters. But the little man's gratification that J. Spalding was not, after all, a bum, was turned into instant dismay.

For pleasant, full-fashioned J. Spalding was staring with hypnotized eyes at Annice! Annice, up and down, wearing the unearthly glory-gown. Her slim, bare arms perfect as ice crystals. Waist slender as a reed lined with silver. Hair blonde as an angel's hair, and bobbed by Antoine of Paris.

Mr. Reiser staked Gussie Reingold's happiness, plunged.

"Annice!" he cried out sharply. "Go into that fitting-room on the right! *And shut the door!*"

The girl did not even glance behind her. As mechanically as the mannequin she really was, she disappeared into the fitting-room. Didn't

For natural *beauty ...the newest vogue...* this sheer, clinging powder!

WELL-BRED, smartly groomed women now shun artificiality in beauty, and turn instead to the new vogue of *natural* loveliness.

Of first importance to this new chic is an artistically *natural* skin finish—which you attain perfectly with Primrose House Chiffon Powder. Sifted so many times through silk—blended with such scientific skill—this never-caking, never-clogging powder is so fine in texture that it *actually becomes part of the skin.* And so gently clinging that your loveliness endures for hours.

In seven new, smart shades!—each echoing the very latest mode, and each blending perfectly with its corresponding skin tones.

Suitable for every type of skin — this is easily the finest powder money can buy. At all better class drug and department stores—complete with a gay yellow puff—$1.00—or sent direct when you mail the coupon.

PRIMROSE HOUSE, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City G. H. 4-30

Enclosed is $1.00 in stamps, bill or money order, for which please send me the dollar size of Primrose House Chiffon Powder in shade checked.

★ .....white.....natural..... brunette ..... beige

.....bisque.....orchid (evening).....suntan

Name.....

Address.....

PRIMROSE HOUSE

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

In using advertisements see page 6

who wants to "do dishes"?

JUST when you are feeling content and comfortable, then to have to go into the kitchen and attack a pile of dishes—well, it's not right, that's all!

Announcing NEW SINK MODEL CONOVERS

CONOVER ★ *Electric* DISHWASHER

BOTH SINK AND PORTABLE MODELS

WASHES
RINSES, DRIES

Quicker, Cleaner Than By Hand

Do dishes the modern once-a-day way with either a *CONOVER Electric Dishwasher Sink* or a *Portable CONOVER*. Stack dirty dishes in the spacious CONOVER out of sight until the most convenient time to do them. Keeps kitchens always tidy.

The new Sink Model CONOVER does not require a specially low trap. Ideal for old or new buildings. Rubber plated dishracks. Movable drainboard. Portable CONOVER requires no new sink nor plumbing.

The *Portable CONOVER* is sold exclusively by the Electrical Trade. *Sink Model CONOVER* is sold exclusively by the Plumbing Trade.

Write for free literature on either model or both

THE CONOVER COMPANY
Dept. G-4, 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
District offices in New York, Boston & Philadelphia

Women and Misses

see J. Spalding at all! Just seemed to rise and float, with invisible hands seeming to close the door after her.

J. Spalding took a step toward the closed door, but the small, brown mystic was in front of him. And Gussie Reingold was coming out of the employees' elevator with the verse in her hand on a little slip of paper.

Thus, when Gussie showed the stocking manufacturer the Misses' Dresses, he saw them unseeingly. Forgot even to mention what he had come for—that he had come to name his latest shadow-weightless after Gussie Reingold, to call it "Spring in Wintertime."

But he made an appointment to come back at six tomorrow.

As for Mr. Reiser *père*, he assiduously saw that Annice was out of the shop and away before J. Spalding left the Misses' Department. But he did not know that J. Spalding had made a date to come back tomorrow.

However, Mr. Reiser knew human nature in general, and he was inside Miss Reingold's little office at five-thirty the next afternoon. Miss Reingold had gone to the manufacturing district downtown. She would come in any minute.

Looking out at the half-open office door for the hundredth time, he saw Annice up-and-downing as usual. And coming toward her, across the gray velvet carpet, was J. Spalding.

Today Annice wore an afternoon gown of black chiffon velvet, with strings of luminous pearls about her throat. Her chic, black-satin slippers were shining upon her slender feet, with buckles of silver and rhinestones.

J. Spalding was speaking to her, and Annice was listening. She walked down the gray carpet away from Mr. Reiser. J. Spalding walked beside her, his overcoat touching her shoulder. She walked back up the velvet carpet, past the door of Miss Reingold's office, J. Spalding skipping beside her like a boy. And now Mr. Reiser could hear what they were saying.

"You go out at the employees' door at six o'clock," J. Spalding was saying. "And I'll meet you there."

"Tonight?" Annice asked.

"No," J. Spalding answered, looking guiltily around him. "Tomorrow night."

The stocking manufacturer's good-humored, florid face was flushed. His shining eyes were drowned in the pale beauty of the young girl beside him. His voice shook.

"I'll be at the employees' door," he repeated, "at six o'clock tomorrow."

When Gussie Reingold hurried in from buying downtown, she found Mr. Reiser in conversation with J. Spalding. Annice was nowhere to be seen.

J. Spalding took Gussie Reingold to dinner that night at a restaurant. But do what she would, she could not draw him into another definite engagement. So her surprise and joy can be imagined when, the next day, she hurried down the employees' elevator at six o'clock and saw him waiting at the outside door!

She ran to the door. He was just outside with his back to her, talking to Annice. She stepped out to touch him on the arm. And at that instant he started walking away. *With Annice!*

"How about we go to the Biltmore for dinner?" she heard him say.

Gussie Reingold stepped back into the empty, dingy passageway. The elevator had gone up. No one was in sight. She leaned against the yellow wall, smudgy where other people's shoulders had leaned.

WHEN Mr. Reiser saw Gussie Reingold the next morning, he wondered dumbly how she had found out so soon. He didn't say anything. What was there to say? He picked up the neatly arranged ads for next week and threw them all on the floor.

In the middle of the morning Miss Claremont walked jubilantly into Gussie's office

Will It Pay You to Read This Column?

UNLESS you have all the money you want, it certainly will. What could you do with a monthly check for $10.00—$15.00—$25.00? Maybe a new radio? A vacation for yourself and the kiddies? New furniture?

Whatever your desires, you'll find the opportunity here to gratify almost any needs that extra dollars will buy.

Pleasant—Profitable

Thousands of busy women like yourself have found our plan ideal for turning their spare time into extra dollars—dollars that bring those "extras" so essential to happiness.

Ask us about this easy, dignified work in your own neighborhood, requiring no capital or experience.

Well Worth Clipping!

Dept. 430 D, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
I can use some extra money. Please tell me how I can earn it in my spare time.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

A New Antiseptic

- its active ingredient—70 times more powerful than carbolic acid
- non-poisonous, actually soothing
- kills germs instantly on contact

● For years it seemed beyond the reach of science. Then, in the laboratories of one of America's leading universities, a powerful new, non-poisonous antiseptic was perfected. It is called Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37.

It is non-irritating and harmless even if swallowed. Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 opens a new era in the antiseptic care of mouth, nose and throat, and all open wounds.

Solution S. T. 37 destroys all the major types of harmful bacteria instantly on contact, yet is so safe it can be used like water. Poured into an open wound, it is actually soothing.

It spreads with great rapidity because of its extremely low surface tension.* It penetrates the minute irregularities of wound tissue, and the tiny crevices of tonsils and gums, killing bacteria instantly on contact.

Are you using an ineffective mouth wash?

Many other non-poisonous antiseptics, when used as mouth washes, have been found to be of questionable value, either because they are too feeble in antiseptic power to kill bacteria on contact, or because they have a high surface tension and fail to reach the bacteria.

To give your mouth and throat intelligent antiseptic care, you should rinse twice a day with Solution S. T. 37. Make it a practice to use Solution S. T. 37 after exposure or the minute there is irritation in nose or throat. It is odorless, stainless, and pleasant to the taste.

It may be poured full strength on all cuts and raw surfaces—it will not burn or sting, it is actually soothing. Ask your own doctor and dentist about Solution S. T. 37. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle from your druggist today. 50¢ and $1.25.

*Under the same test conditions, the lower the surface tension the greater the effectiveness of the germicide. Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 has the lowest surface tension (37 dynes per centimeter) of any available non-poisonous antiseptic.

This product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

SHARP & DOHME

A general antiseptic for mouth, throat and all open wounds

HEXYLRESORCINOL * SOLUTION S.T.37

In using advertisements see page 6

Mother - Train Your Baby's Mind by Teaching Him to Dress

"See, Mother, I can dress myself! The little Red Heart showed me how! It's fine fun, Mother, I want to do it every single day!"

Vanta SELF ♥ HELP GARMENTS

with Red Heart Label

will train Your Baby, months earlier, to dress. The Red Heart Label, always in the same position, in front, makes dressing so easy. And dressing develops babies' minds, teaching them to be independent; saving hours and hours of mothers' time.

BEGIN at about two years to train your baby to dress by using Vanta Self ♥ Help Garments. The fewest possible buttons and buttonholes are used and so made that tiny fingers can fasten them. Everything has been done scientifically to make baby learn quickly and delight in success.

EVERY garment of unvarying Vanta quality, comes in every kind and weight of fabric that doctors prescribe, in silk, wool, Irish linen mesh, rayon, cotton. Included are Shirts, Training Panties, Union Suits, French Style Step-ins, Waists, Sleepers—for Babies, Girls and Boys, to six years.

FROM BIRTH TO TWO YEARS USE VANTA BABY GARMENTS—NO PINS, NO BUTTONS.

Get them from your favorite store. If not available write Earnshaw Knitting Co., Dept. 353, Newton, Mass. In Canada write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

"The Toddler," a Book on Care, Feeding, Dressing, Training of the Child of 2 to 6 years.

EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC.
Dept. 353, Newton, Mass.
Without charge send your book, "The Toddler," and illustrated catalog of Vanta Self Help Garments

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Women and Misses

with a posthumous love-poem in her hands.

"Lay it on the desk," Miss Reingold said.

She was sorting out unwanted dresses marked down for a sale.

"Wha—what's happened?" Miss Claremont stammered, tearing the poem in two pieces, throwing the pieces into the wastebasket.

Gussie Reingold put her finger on her lips, nodded toward the open door of her office. And there stood Annice, fair flower of Fifth Avenue!

Miss Claremont's hands were shaking. "With—with that?" she demanded, when Annice had floated on.

"Why not? I—I ought not to have brought him here," was all Gussie said. "It was me brought him here."

J. SPALDING took Gussie to the dance at Miss Goldman's. He was a man of his word. The night of the dance, although he had to be encouraged considerably, he made another date to come to Gussie Reingold's apartment for dinner.

Of course, when he came, he enjoyed himself. He ate with gusto. Smoked his own good cigars out of the music-box humidor. Lolled on the down-cushioned divan. Twitted Gussie about not having got him the bedroom slippers.

But the next night he took Annice to the Plaza Hotel for dinner, and to the Black Night Supper Club to supper. Pouf! Why not? Why not, indeed?

Although J. Spalding did think sometimes about—well—the wintertime of life coming on. And Annice Calcomaker, who could stop a clock for looks, never did seem to have a good fireside manner! But then Annice hadn't any fireplace of her own to practise on. So he took her to his apartment.

One Wednesday Miss Claremont, the copywriter, was invited to Miss Reingold's little dinner at her apartment with J. Spalding. She went with the greatest reluctance, fearing she would be tempted to slap his face. But to her surprise she liked him.

And from that evening on, for the next two weeks, Miss Claremont had an elusive, persistent idea in her head. It was something J. Spalding made her think, when he looked after Miss Reingold quickly as she left the room for a moment. And stirred uneasily until she returned. Something he made her think again when he put his big, soft, florid hand on Gussie's beautiful, dark hair, as they waited in the hall for the elevator, to go home.

Then, in two weeks, came the Reiser and Reiser employees' ball. Of course, Gussie Reingold invited J. Spalding. But Annice had invited him first!

This seemed the last straw. Yet Gussie Reingold rose to the challenge, and she announced that she was going to wear the flame Chanel dress to the ball.

But Miss Claremont had suffered, too. And she was determined to take a hand now in the drama. She was determined that Gussie Reingold should for once wear something that helped her instead of hurt her. Something that might even make her, instead of break her. For the Chanel was cleverly fashioned, as only the French could fashion it, to blast the hopes of anybody over twenty.

It was not easy to wrest the flame Chanel out of Miss Reingold's plans—especially since it had cost so much. But the fashion adviser from Paris added her authority. And against the terrible night Gussie Reingold was prepared with the utmost finesse and knowledge. And everybody wondered what the magic result would be.

For everybody knew everything. There is no reticence in a shop. The very walls have ears, and not even a heart-beat is muffled. The atmosphere is pervaded with innermost secrets. The same people remain in a great establishment for a generation. And these are not people who are accustomed to veiling the mainsprings of their lives. They live as fully as they can. There is no passive moment under

Yes, threads that blend and lose themselves in the rich dark shades and delicate tints of the new silks, the new woolens, rayons, cottons, linens. For we matched them in the making with the very fabrics you have chosen.

So simply take a sample of your material to the nearest notion department and say "Match this please with Clark's O. N. T. or J. & P. Coats Mercerized Threads." Use these famous quality threads for stitching every fabric—use them for dresses, draperies, children's clothes. They are lustrous in finish, smooth flowing through the needle, and they never fade—every color is guaranteed boilfast. And consider the price—only 5 cents for 100 yards.

Clark's O.N.T. or J. & P. Coats

Mercerized Threads in

Boilfast COLORS

Downy-white petals of pure soap that protect your delicate underthings from re-deposited dirt!

No JAGGED little imps of re-deposited dirt shall ever darken your precious underthings again...or lodge in the mesh of your stockings to provoke runs.

That is, not if they find themselves in the rich, bubbly suds of these fluffy petals of soap. For Kirkman's Chips—prepared to a remarkably balanced formula—keep dirt from redepositing.

In Kirkman's suds are millions of little miracle workers...tiny globules of soap that capture each particle of dirt as it floats from your clothes and hold it, till the washing is finished.

No harsh particles of "washed dirt" can redeposit . . . the last particle goes out in the rinse water.

Your grocer has Kirkman's Soap Chips, packaged in three convenient sizes. But we would like you to try these feathery petals of pure, snowy soap, without cost to you and will gladly send you a package of Kirkman's Soap Chips. Simply mail the coupon below. Kirkman & Son, Brooklyn, New York.

KIRKMAN'S SOAP CHIPS

Soft, white petals of purest soap

FREE! *Send for bathroom package of Kirkman's Soap Chips*

KIRKMAN & SON, BROOKLYN, N. Y. A—1 April

Gentlemen:

Please send me without charge your regular bathroom package of Kirkman's Soap Chips.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... *State* .....

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PURITY THERE CAN BE NO SUBSTITUTE FOR KIRKMAN PRODUCTS

In using advertisements see page 6

Threatened HEADS *Sound their own* DANGER Signals

• • •

You—man or woman, some day must face the facts: Modern living takes its toll of your hair. Soon or late you must decide whether you will care for your hair or part with it.

Critical days are ahead . . . no one can say how close they are. BUT, remember this: Threatened heads sound their own danger signals—dry, brittle hair; itching scalp; dandruff! Heed! Now—right now—get

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Massage firmly into the scalp at the hair roots. Instantly the rich oils speed up circulation, limber scalp muscles and free the scalp of scales and dead hair. Your hair shortly flashes its gratitude—through added lustre, vitality and sleek silkiness. Be sure to follow your regular massage with a copious shampoo with

75¢

GLOVER'S MEDICATED SOAP

made especially to blend with the Mange Medicine and thereby form a perfect GLOVER hair and scalp treatment. The invigorating shampoo serves both to cleanse and deodorize the hair and scalp, and together with GLOVER'S Mange Medicine forms a modern, scientific system of treatment, having a background of fifty years' success.

30¢

Ask for GLOVER'S at your department or drug store this very day.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
119 Fifth Avenue
New York

★

Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., INC.
New York

Women and Misses

the undulating roofs of a great shop. It is up or down, sing or shriek, a kiss or a blow.

So that on the afternoon before the ball, emotion about Gussie Reingold and Annice Calcomaker ran high. There was a dress rehearsal of Gussie's costume. In a fitting-room of the Women's Department, Mr. Reiser, who had invited himself to the rehearsal, was popping with excitement.

"Them clothes will make you tonight." he said. "*You* ain't a Misses, Miss Reingold. You're a well-developed woman!"

Miss Claremont was not going to the ball—not officially—but she stayed at the office that night and worked. The ballroom was a big, converted stock-room in the building. And she planned to meet Miss Reingold at the ballroom door at nine o'clock to witness her triumphant entry.

So the copy-writer went out to a restaurant to dinner, then was back in her tiny, bare office by eight o'clock. As she sat there alone, her little, lighted office was an eerie place, no more than a glimmering lantern in the shadows of the great dark floor of the great, dark shop. No more than the glimmering chance Gussie Reingold's spirit had to light up the whole complexity of life!

The copy-writer put her head down on her hands. Was there no break anywhere in the insane circle of love and defeat! Gussie defeated in the stocking manufacturer. The stocking manufacturer defeated in Annice. She herself defeated in her poems—her poor little poems that had never yet wrought the miracle she dreamed for them, the expressing of a thought too big for words!

But the copy-writer and Mr. Reiser, too, were taking on responsibility unduly. In their philosophy they should have known when to sit back and let fate weave the threads that become too fine for human hands, for that was exactly what fate was doing.

J. SPALDING was calling Annice and asking her to jump in a taxi and come by his apartment for him. For on this auspicious night J. Spalding had been kept late downtown by a big customer from Kansas City, and had been compelled to invite the customer to come by his apartment for a few last words of business before the ball.

After he called Annice, J. Spalding began getting ready for the evening. But a little irritation in his throat had been growing more persistent for hours. And by the time he was tubbed and shaved, he found it difficult to breathe. His face and hands felt hot.

"My old friend, tonsillitis," he groaned.

He knew he ought to be in bed at once, instead of arraying himself for the ball. A little temperature made him delirious. And his attacks of tonsillitis made his throat feel indescribably terrible.

He slumped down in a big chair beside the hearth. He felt cold as well as hot. The fire was laid. But he didn't want even to bend over and light it. If only there were some one to make him a hot lemonade!

And just as he slumped down further into his chair, the bell of his apartment rang. He lifted one hand toward the door. The bell rang again. He had left the apartment unlocked, so why didn't Annice try the door and come in? No, she rang again.

He stirred miserably. Surely she would try the door. Gussie would have been in by now, bending over him, smoothing his hair with her ringless hands.

Trill. Brrrr. Shrill.

He staggered to the door. Pale beauty he could scarcely see confronted him. Annice drew back, startled at his flushed face.

And just then the customer from Kansas City got out of the elevator and came toward them—a big man with affluence written on him large.

"Hey, Hammerstein," he guffawed, "what's this vision I see at your door?"

The customer was shaking Annice's acqui-

Model 494 **$8**
Sizes 16–20 36–46

By the Hubrite label you may know them

These springlike, youthful frocks, styled, fitted and made correctly for women of discrimination who watch their budget. Model 494 shown is fashioned of beautiful quality Soiray Flat Crepe in three tones of blue, green or black on white ground, and dahlia or cocoabrown on eggshell ground. Fagoted collar and jabot facing of silk crepe de chine to match background. Belt adjustable to waistline most becoming to you. This and similar values await your choice at James McCreery & Co., Jordan Marsh Company, O'Connor Moffat & Co., John Taylor Dry Goods Co., Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., Elder & Johnston Co., The Ernst Kern Co., or may be ordered direct from Boston.

Advance Summer Style Folder FREE

HUBRITE *Informal Frocks*
INCORPORATED
101 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The EASIEST IRON TO USE

MOST electric irons are as out-of-date today as cars that have to be cranked or skirts that swing at the kneecap. Yet women keep on using these irons . . . having them repaired . . . buying new ones of the same kind! Simply because they haven't heard about . . . or tried . . . the new Westinghouse Adjust-o-matic, the easy iron to use.

Do you realize that, with this truly modern iron, you can do a whole morning's ironing without once pulling out the plug? It's *automatic!* And do you realize that you can set it to the right ironing heat for tablecloths, then change it to the right heat for handkerchiefs or lingerie or anything else you're ironing? It's *adjustable!* Then, when you iron with the Adjust-o-matic, you'll find that the iron slips over the fabric just about a third more easily than the iron you're using today. It's *chrome-finished!*

Those are the big reasons why a Westinghouse Iron is so easy to use. But notice the small, important details that have been refined to make your ironing less fatiguing. The nicely tapered point . . . the beveled base . . . the perfect balance!

Send for Free Booklet

Send for the little booklet, "The Easiest Iron to Use"! It will tell you all about this iron that will be a revelation in what Westinghouse is doing to make your household work less burdensome.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.,
Domestic Appliance Department,
Mansfield Works, Mansfield, O.

Gentlemen:
Please send me a copy of your booklet "The Easiest Iron to Use."

Name.....

Address.....G. H. 4-30.

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

Westinghouse Electrification Wiring

★ **Westinghouse**

ADJUST-O-MATIC

The Iron with the Built-in Watchman

In using advertisements see page 6

Don't overlook the good old staple foods

~~especially this one which gives "fancy food sparkle" to everyday menus!

You *expect* fancy foods to brighten up your menus. That's why you serve them occasionally. But what a satisfaction to find a wholesome *simple* food with the same interesting possibilities! With it, you can work wonders in your everyday meals!

For example—California Limas! *What* staple food offers such tempting menu variety — tasty salads, creamed and scalloped dishes, delicious vegetable loaves, and dozens of other satisfying food surprises! And a cup of dried Limas makes for greater taste and nourishment when added to *any* soup!

Fortunately, Limas are *so* easy to prepare. No peeling, paring or cutting. Just put Limas to soak after breakfast—by mid-afternoon they're *ready to cook!*

And Limas are *most* healthful, too—rich in proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. Besides, the alkaline-ash* of this matchless year-round vegetable is a most valuable dietetic aid!

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Recipes for easy-to-prepare Lima dishes which will help "sparkle up" your everyday meals, and approved menus for luncheon, dinner and Sunday supper—you'll find dozens of them in the handy little booklet illustrated here. *It is free!* Address Dept. 142, California Lima Bean Growers Association, Oxnard, Calif.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE Limas

Look for this 100-pound SEASIDE bag, before you buy.

famous for their nut-like flavor

*Many common foods have an acid reaction in the body. Acid-ash foods, eaten in excess, cause *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills; some annoying, some serious. Dietitians endorse Limas because they are nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in *alkalinity* (which neutralizes acidity), and from six to seven times as alkaline as the most popular fruits!

Women and Misses

escent, slim, beautiful hand, without the formality of an introduction.

"C'm—come in," was all J. Spalding could say.

He went back and sat down in the chair before the black fireplace. Annice and the customer stood in the little foyer at his back, leaving the hall door open behind them.

"Golly, girlie," J. Spalding heard the Kansan say. "D'you know who I am, girlie? I'm a customer come to New York to buy something beautiful!"

J. Spalding tried to rise, tried to speak, but his voice stuck in his swollen throat. He heard Annice's voice like silver.

"Oh, how you talk!" she said.

"My money talks, girlie. But, hey, Hammerstein, ain't you on your way to a ball?"

"I—I—Annice," J. Spalding managed to say. "Annice! I've got tonsillitis!"

He looked up into her face, his eyes pleading. He was such a big sick boy to have no little mamma. "I feel just terrible, Annice."

"Tonsillitis?" guffawed the Kansas City customer. "Tonsillitis!" Hitting J. Spalding on the back as if tonsillitis were something hugely amusing. "Hey, Hammerstein, just my luck. You got tonsillitis. And I get the girl!"

The customer was looking at his watch. "Say. Here. It's nine-thirty," he was saying. "Say. Here. You ain't able to take the Princess to the ball, Hammerstein. So I'll just take her myself! Eh? Yes? Bright eyes?"

And some way or other that J. Spalding did not accurately register, they were gone, and he was sitting in the big chair, just as he had been before they came. But he could tell they had been there, because he could feel a draft on his back from the apartment door they had left open.

"Gussie," he muttered.

His teeth chattered. His eyes fell upon his shiny, tight dancing pumps. "Now, if I could only get to Gussie's house," he muddled confusedly in his mind, "*she* would get me those bedroom slippers!"

His thoughts cleared enough for him to get up to close the hall door that Annice and the customer had left open. He didn't seem to think anything about Annice at all. She was gone. That seemed to settle it. She seemed gone conclusively, with the Kansas City customer. And since she *was* gone, she just seemed to fade out of J. Spalding's mind—like a mannequin.

What he was thinking was that as he had to get up to shut the door, he might as well take a taxi to Gussie's apartment! See if she would make him a hot lemonade before she went to the ball.

AND still Miss Claremont sat in her little office, waiting for Gussie Reingold to call up. For it had been arranged that Gussie would call when she started from her apartment, and Miss Claremont would go downstairs to meet her at the ballroom door.

Nine-thirty. A quarter to ten. Ten. A quarter after ten. Miss Claremont called Gussie's apartment.

"Not coming! You've already telephoned Mr. Reiser you are not coming?" Miss Claremont's voice cried in dismay into the telephone.

The telephone spluttered, while Miss Claremont listened.

"You're going to be married tomorrow? Why, Gussie Reingold! 'That is, if Mr. Hammerstein is well enough.' He doesn't know where Annice is?"

There was more crackling excitement of electricity over the wire.

"Now, see," Miss Claremont said triumphantly, "how wonderful that dress was, we made you buy! As soon as he saw it, he proposed to you."

The tiny lantern of an office was silent again, except for sibilance from the telephone receiver.

"You say you didn't have on the dress when he came! He hasn't seen it *yet!* You had on

Why there are 3 kinds of CLICQUOT

BECAUSE different people have different tastes and different moods—that is why there are three entirely different Clicquot flavors. Unless you have tried them all, you cannot be sure just how each one suits a particular taste or a particular occasion.

GOLDEN is full-flavored and intriguing to the appetite, with the spirited tang of ginger that pleases so many people. It is a true ginger ale. Children love it, too, and it is good for them.

PALE DRY is a bit milder with the fruit flavorings more apparent. It is a smooth and delicate blend especially suited for recipe drinks and, of course, delicious alone.

SEC is dry, very dry, with a distinctive flavor quite unlike the others. It is a ginger ale supreme . . . a perfect blender . . . a delightful dinner beverage that wins approval everywhere.

Into all three of them go only the purest and finest of ingredients. Double carbonation gives them lasting "pep." And the rich, ripe, mellow flavor is there because they are aged 6 months in the making. They are put only into brand-new bottles as a final guarantee of purity. No other ginger ale offers you this choice of blends.

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from* W E A F *and Associated Stations, at 9 p. m., E. S. T.*

Now, for you... NEW cooking ease!
Cooks a whole meal around one burner. Large cooking top.
Flat top lets pots slide. Smallest pots will not tip or spill.
One burner keeps whole meal steaming hot until it is served.
Evenly heated oven, automatic control, time and heat chart.
Self-lighting, powerful burners speed cooking, save time.
Broad top at new, comfortable height, easy to keep clean.
Smoothtop
GAS RANGE

It Captures the flavor... frees the cook!

What a gas range this new Smoothtop is! It captures every elusive flavor and sends food to the table piping hot, right on time... with an ease that will add years to your life.

Look at Smoothtop's broad, enclosed, shadowless top. Start the pots for your meal over its 3 self-lighting burners. Then see how they can be grouped around one burner... how the heat from just this one burner radiates under the top, spreads into 4 very definite heat zones... from the *speed spot* to *busy-boiling, simmering* and *warming* zones. It's through these exclusive simmering and warming zones, that Smoothtop holds food flavors. Foods don't boil out... delicate sauces don't dry up. The whole meal stays steaming hot until it is served.

Just slide each vessel to its proper heat zone, and you're free to leave the kitchen ...free while Smoothtop brings all you've started to a delicious conclusion... hot, juicy, and flavor-filled.

And then there is Smoothtop's remarkable oven. It bakes evenly. It roasts to perfection. Its automatic heat regulator and complete cooking chart show the exact time and heat for everything, from fluffy muffins to a well-browned goose.

Interesting menus! One-burner meals! Vitamine-saving! Send for the Smoothtop Book. With pages beautifully illustrated in color, it suggests improved kitchens, and explains how the new Smoothtop gas range "captures the flavor... frees the cook." It tells how Smoothtop uses *any* kind of gas. Sent FREE on request. Just mail us this coupon or send a post card.

Standard Gas Equipment Corporation,
18 East 41st Street, New York City
Please send me, free, the Smoothtop Book.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
G. H.

STANDARD GAS EQUIPMENT CORPORATION... 18 East 41st Street, New York City
Makers of... SMOOTHTOP... ORIOLE... ACORN... VULCAN... The standard domestic and heavy duty gas ranges... wherever gas is used.

In using advertisements see page 6

ANSWERING YOUR UPPERMOST QUESTIONS ABOUT FLOORS

Are you puzzled about how to care for linoleum? . . . How to keep wooden floors from showing wear in doorways? Are your floors ever sticky? Do your children mar them? Would you like them to add more to the decorative scheme? Do you wonder how on earth to keep them CLEAN?

For these and other floor problems, leading household institutes recommend a new treatment. It is less work, it is simple, and it is wonderful for the floor.

Scrubbing, of course, is banished, as it warps wood and defaces linoleum. Oil treatment is abandoned, too, for it leaves a sticky floor. Dirt and dust cling to it, become embedded, and the floor is never actually clean.

The new treatment is to clean as well as polish floors with Johnson's Wax. Wax won't injure anything. In fact, you need it to protect varnish, shellac, or paint, and to keep your linoleum supple. Waxed floors, as you will discover, are the easiest to care for, and universally considered the most beautiful. Their deep lasting lustre enriches the entire house.

Where the floor is soiled, Liquid Wax is first used as a cleaning fluid. In liquid state it dissolves the dirt and dust, and this is wiped up with a few clean rags. A fresh film of wax, either paste or liquid, is applied and when dry, burnished with an electric polisher to a mellow, glistening sheen.

Using the polisher is like running an electric train. It runs itself. The revolving bristles drive the wax into the pores, sealing the wood against dirt pockets and the damp breeding places of germs. Thereafter the dust stays on top of the hard smooth surface, where it is easily removed without scrubbing.

When you use a polisher too, the *work* of cleaning floors is ended. There is no difficulty in getting a machine. Several stores near you offer them for rental at only $2.00 a day and will deliver a Johnson polisher to your door without* charge. If later you decide to own one the price is $29.50, which includes a half gallon ($2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a $1.50 Lamb's Wool Mop for applying the wax. See illustration of this complete floor equipment in circle below.

If you would like to try this treatment, let us send you our regular 25c can of Johnson's Wax, paste or liquid, free. This offer is possible because we feel sure you will keep on with it, once you know what a satisfaction this treatment is. Send the coupon or a few lines to S. C. Johnson & Son, "The Interior Finishing Authorities," Racine, Wisconsin.

THREE STEPS

❶ Where floor is soiled, apply Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner.

❷ Wipe up all liquid solution with clean rags. All embedded dirt, now dissolved, comes with it.

❸ Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear mellow lustre. This treatment at intervals of a month will keep floors in perfect condition.

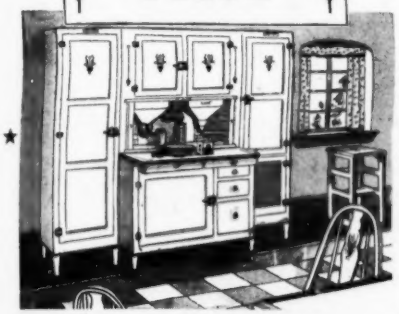
25¢ can FREE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. GH4, Racine, Wis. Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ( ) paste or ( ) liquid (check one) and illustrated booklet on the new care of floors and furniture.

Name_____ Address_____

(Please Print)

from **THIS** to **THIS**



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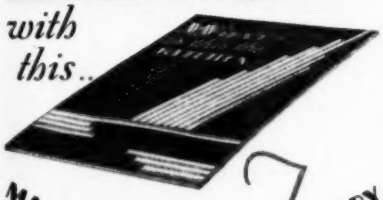

MAIL COUPON FOR YOUR COPY *free*

Perhaps you have never appreciated how *easy* it is to Hoosier-equip your kitchen. The Hoosier booklet covers this in detail, from apartment Hoosierette, to larger electrified models.

Then at your dealer's pick out accessory pieces—a Hoosier serving table, or a cupboard unit. And there's your Hoosier kitchen! A correct, colorful ensemble—so efficient that kitchen time is cut as much as 40%.

Once you enjoy the exclusive features of a *genuine* Hoosier—as low as $39.75, plus freight—you'll wonder how you ever got along without it!

Let us send you the new Hoosier booklet, "What! Is this the Kitchen?"—32 pages of color illustrations, photos, plans and *facts*. Really a *manual* for furnishing the kitchen! *Sign the coupon for your copy—mail it today.*

LOOK FOR THE HOOSIER *Name-Plate* . . . YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE *Genuine* HOOSIER

HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.
430 Gray Street, New Castle, Indiana
Please send me, free, your new 32-page kitchen and breakfast room booklet.

Your Name .....

Address .....

City.....*State*.....

© H. M. C., 1930

Women and Misses

your *old gray bathrobe!* You still have it on—"

Miss Claremont hung up the receiver that had gone suddenly dead at the other end. She selected a sharpened pencil from the glass tray on her desk. She was *glad* Gussie Reingold had not had on the new dress! *Glad* she had on the old gray bathrobe. For it proved she had her man! Away from such as Annice forever.

Annice, who was powdered snow and crystals. Gussie, who was Spring in Wintertime. The copy-writer was reaching gropingly for paper, for she was going to write a poem—a *real* poem—for Gussie Reingold on her wedding day. For a poem is something the Great Spirit wants said in the world, that can not be said in words. Something the Great Spirit had said with the gentle Gussie Reingold. Something the stocking manufacturer had understood!

Simba

(*Continued from page 59*)

in the afternoon, while the lioness again seemed lost in revery as she dozed before the rock, that the youngster, Simba, once more emerged. Mother let him stay this time, and soon, to my surprise, another ball of yellow, just a trifle smaller than Simba, tumbled out. I think it was his sister. After that the mother permitted her youngsters to come out each day, and I always had high hopes of catching a good picture of them. But perhaps that wise lioness knew that danger lurked in the clump of thorn in which I hid, for she would not let her babies get close to the water when I was there.

It was keenly interesting to observe that family group from my hiding place. The cubs were a gay pair of kittens, and it was so much fun for them to be out in the warm sunshine. The mother was a good playmate. She seemed proud of her youngsters, as they frolicked about, boxing, wrestling, tumbling over, and growling with baby voices. Simba was a regular little rowdy and up to all sorts of clownish tricks. He would scramble up on his mother's back, followed by little sister. Then he would leap at the tassel on the end of his mother's tail. Sometimes both cubs would leap together. The lioness would whisk it away.

There were times when the mother spanked her babies, when their tiny teeth bit into her sides too sharply. She didn't mean to hurt them, though. The young ones could tell by the soft purr of her voice and the kindly expression on her face.

At times the father of the cubs visited the little clump of trees. He was a grand beast in his coat of faded gold. His mane was thick and streaked with black. There was a ball of black hair at the end of his tail. The mother would not let him get close to her babies, but the cubs seemed to admire him, as he drowsed lazily in the sun, with an expression of peace and contentment in his heavy-jowled face. He looked like a kind old judge, wise and solemn.

One afternoon the lioness seemed nervous and disturbed about something. Perhaps it was my presence in the blind. She had been sunning herself on top of the rocks and started to walk to the glade below. The young ones followed. Little Simba got playful and lost his balance as he descended. Down he came, rolling over and over until he crashed into the hind legs of his mother. The lioness picked him up and carried him to the top of the rock, her other baby following. She stayed with them there a long time, and that night she disappeared from the vicinity, taking her young ones with her.

I was extremely disappointed when Simba went away, as I had grown so interested in him. I made several trips to the waterhole near the rocky ledge, but the lion family did not return to the old home. We did not see them again until the evening when we came upon them in their half-starved condition. After that we returned to our home at Lake Para-

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Simba

dise, and it was months before we made another safari into the land of Chobe.

On our way out I kept thinking of the cute young cub I had come to admire so greatly, and I wondered how he had fared after Martin and I provided him with that much-needed zebra meal. I did not expect to see him again, but it seems as though fate had tangled our paths, and I was to know more of Simba.

Martin and I were driving slowly through a sparse growth of bushes when we again saw Simba. He was about half-grown and had acquired a mean disposition. Apparently he had left his family, because he was with a big lioness. We tried to make some pictures of them, but Simba objected, and made several short charges toward us after we left the automobile. I don't believe he could have harmed us greatly as he was small and still a trifle thin. We feared, however, that he might incite the lioness to charge us, and we did not want to shoot either of them, so we got back into the car and drove away without taking any pictures.

One afternoon, after we had photographed a herd of one hundred and twenty-eight giraffe, we approached a small clump of bushes and saw Simba and four other young lions. Light and the wind were perfect, and we decided to take some pictures of them. The lions were in a happy mood and were playing with each other like the best of friends. They didn't seem to have a care in the world.

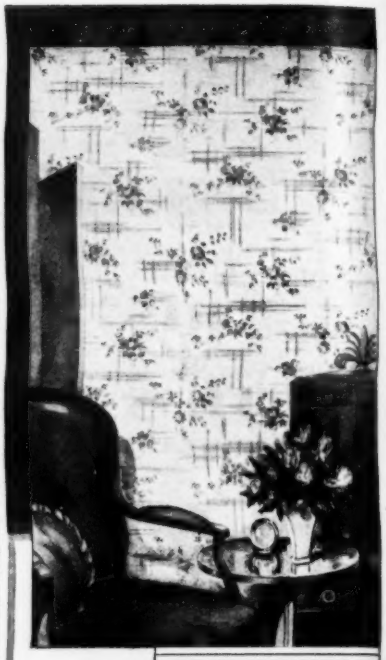
Again Simba objected to posing for the camera. I don't know whether he felt under obligations to us and was resentful or not, but he was the only one in the group that appeared surly. The others were full of curiosity and walked toward us. One of them even nibbled at one of the tires on our car, but we didn't mind. We obtained some excellent photographs.

IT WAS late when we started back to camp and decided to have another look at the lions. Darkness was just falling when we came upon them directly upon our trail. They were lazy and refused to move. We were afraid to drive too closely upon them for fear of an attack. We shouted, and I sounded the horn on the machine. They just looked at us without interest and refused to budge. Martin, becoming impatient, seized a pillow which I used to rest my back while driving, and threw it at the group of lions. It did not strike any of the animals, but fell near them. For a moment they looked at the cushion curiously. Then they were on top of it like a group of young puppies. Simba was in the midst of the scramble, and soon feathers began to fly as they ripped the cushion into bits. Simba looked like a circus clown, as he stood there with a scarf of feathers around his fuzzy neck and a few of them sticking out of his mouth. Our laughter halted the mêlée, and the lions looked at us in bewilderment as we drove hastily by them and away.

Martin and I were concealed near a waterhole one day when Simba and his gang strolled up on a pile of rocks near by. Martin wanted to get an action picture of them and told me to bark like a zebra. I did so, and the effect was most surprising. Simba jumped suddenly from the rock and landed in the crotch of a small tree.

He found himself in a situation that was unusual and astonishing. Lions don't climb trees. At least Simba is the only one I ever saw in one, and he got there by accident. The expression on the face of the young lion was actually silly, when he discovered himself suspended on a limb above the ground. Cautiously he crawled to a fork near the trunk and sat there, trying to determine what to do next. He was still there when Martin and I left, with a puzzled expression on his face as though he were facing a serious problem in figuring out how to reach the ground not many feet below him.

We saw little more of Simba on that safari, but on our next trip into Chobe we were both on the alert to catch a glimpse of him and to



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Simba

learn how he had fared. We invaded the heart of the lion country, where we had observed so many of these mighty beasts, and pitched our camp for an extensive stay.

One morning we were traveling up the bed of a river, trailing a migration of hoofed animals. There were hundreds of them on the plains—zebra, wildebeeste, and impalla. A lioness, sitting under a tree observing the parade, attracted our attention. I presume she was selecting a likely-looking animal for her evening meal.

Our attention distracted from the herds, we approached the lioness in hope of getting her photograph. She ran into some dense bushes, and we followed. Suddenly, we came upon a group of six lions. Two of them were big, strapping males. The others were females, not quite full grown. One of the lions stood out from the rest, as he tossed his great head and shook the long mane which adorned his neck. He was looking in our direction, and his tail lashed back and forth occasionally as though he were slightly annoyed. I was certain then, and I believe now, that it was my little Simba, full grown into the glory and power that were his heritage.

Martin was so eager to get his camera into action that I could hardly restrain him, as this was a ticklish business. For all we knew, those lions might not be in a pleasant humor, and six lions, should they happen to prove disagreeable, are, to say the least, a handful.

It was decided finally that we should bribe the animals with a free meal, so we shot a zebra and dragged it near them. Simba shot from the bush in a magnificent leap, lighting full upon the kill. He lifted his head, growling and roaring just as if he had caught the zebra himself. Then he crouched on his haunches and began to chew its tender hide.

WE HAD moved the car away by the time the four lionesses crept slowly forward and joined the lordly Simba at his banquet. Then the other male lion came up, anxious for a bite of such easily acquired food. He just had time to place one claw upon the meat when things began to happen. Simba, resenting the intrusion, whirled in a flash of fury and was upon the intruder like a thunderbolt.

It was a battle of the mighty, a joust of kings, and the struggle was short and terrific. A bedlam of growls, roars, and screams of hatred echoed over the plains, as all the animals joined in the mêlée. Simba, swinging a powerful foreleg with the skill of a boxer, struck the other lion a stunning blow on the jaw and sent him sprawling. The lion lay still for a minute before he could move. Another blow tumbled a lioness into the grass, which was a signal for the others to retreat from the scene of battle.

The defeated lion crept sullenly to a tree, his dignity wounded in this admission of defeat. A lioness, his mate, followed and sat down beside him. The old fellow made an attempt to appear calm and unconcerned, but it was clear that his vanity and pride had been hurt. He yawned and stretched, trying to appear at ease. Then he rolled over in the grass and pretended to sleep.

After Simba's victory he stood over the zebra, roaring in pride and anger and lashing the wind with his tail. He was magnificent in his triumph, and it was plain that he was the lord of his domain. I felt a tingle of pride as I watched this regal creature, which I had once known as a scrawny, little runt suffering for lack of food. The change in his appearance was amazing.

As Simba's anger subsided, he returned to his meal, and the three lionesses joined him. It was thus that we left him, and I have never seen him since. There were tales we heard from time to time, however, about a huge, black-maned lion that ruled in the jungle of Chobe—the biggest, most powerful and fearsome beast in Africa—a lion that stands out from all others of his kind. I am sure it is Simba.

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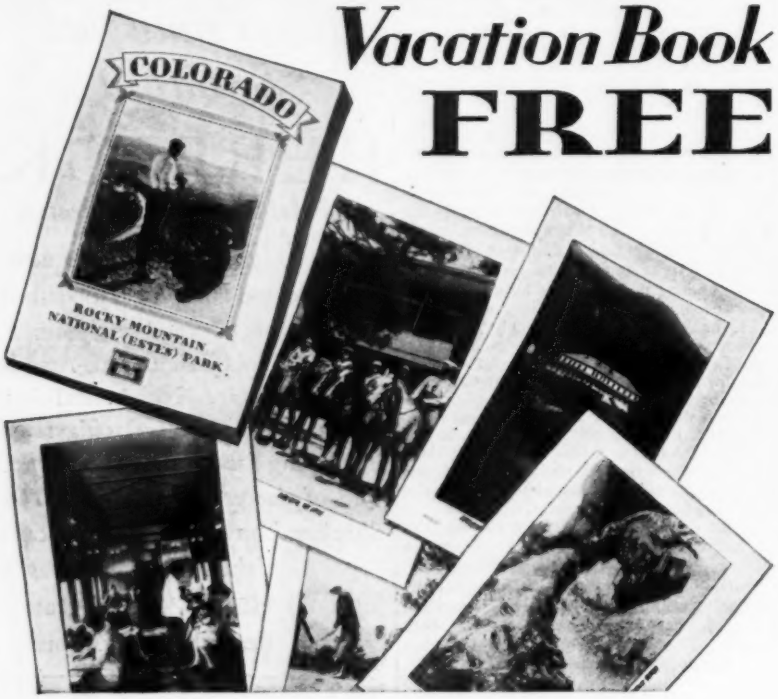

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Hunting the Best Books

(*Continued from page 63*)

What prevents this book from being great tragedy, in my opinion, is not the inevitability of the outcome. Within the limits fixed by the author, his logic is unassailable. It is the elementariness of the types he has chosen. There is no glimmer here of that other part of man which makes him seek to rise above his beginnings, no conflict in any character between ideals and inheritance, no courage. Great tragedy springs out of man's effort to resolve this conflict; in Mr. Green's man yields to his weakness. And death becomes not renunciation for a higher idea, but simply retribution, and results not from any effort to exert the will—as in the case of *Œdipus* or of *Hamlet*—but from a disease of the ego. This will be the reason why many will not like this book. They will feel it futile. They will resent the lack of any attempt to avenge or absolve humanity, or even a hint at consolation. To those of Mr. Green's school this is its merit. But the greatest tragedies do not so. As in life to deny the will to rise, to conquer, is to court extinction, so in literature to ignore it is to forfeit magnitude. Yet though "The Dark Journey" brings us none of that exaltation that comes from great tragedy, it does arouse our sense of awe before the mysteries of life and fills us with such an overwhelming pity that our spiritual nature is expanded.

In that fine book of John Cowper Powys which I should recommend to all who would know how to read gainfully, "The Meaning of Culture" (Norton, $3.00), he advises us to avoid that which disintegrates us. This may well be applied to "The Dark Journey." It is for those who are able to read it for the deepening it gives to sensitivity, not for those for whom it will open the door to despair.

A Book of Doubtful Value

Another book whose popularity has been surprising is Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" (Scribners, $2.50). For Mr. Hemingway is a naturalistic realist. He insists not only on the blackness of the kettle, but flourishes his spades in the parlor, whence good taste long ago banished them. Mr. Hemingway's style has been said to be almost without equal among our modern writers in its directness, its naturalness, and its power to convey more than its words connote. It is not his naturalism, his explicitness, or his style, however, that accounts for the increased number of his readers. It is the fact that he has discovered love. Although apparently he is surprised and chagrined to find a biological fact capable of sublimation into so beautiful and unselfish an emotion, out of his discovery he has wrought a compelling love-story. True to his philosophy of non-illusion, he emphasizes love's pathos and futility. But equally true to his integrity as an artist, he reports its beauty and nobility. And hundreds who will miss the naïveté with which he faces his discovery will read this book as a story of romantic love—romantic as it can be only when it is experienced in a social vacuum; that is, utterly detached from any social significance or connection with the demands of this world, its customs, its taboos, its relationships.

Lieutenant Henry is an American with an ambulance corps in the Italian army. Catherine Barkley, not so much a person as the reflection of Lieutenant Henry's ideal of a woman meet for love, is a nurse. They meet, they fall in love, they part. He is injured, she nurses him. They love; they part. He is lost in the Caparetta retreat, deserts, meets her again. She is to bear a child. They escape together to Switzerland. The difficulties about passports and international law postpone their marriage. But they live for some months an idyllic, pastoral existence where he discovers the true essence of love, that the two are mystically one. And then the hospital, and her death—upon which suddenly he knows his need for a God. And we are left to ponder the terrible pitifulness of those

Hunting the Best Books

to whom life is bounded by physical sensation.

For Mr. Hemingway has posed a problem for those with his naturalistic philosophy. Romantic love came in with belief in the soul. Yet though they deny the latter, they can not escape the former. For it is in the blood and the tradition of the Anglo-Saxons. How will they endure it? he seems to ask with something like despair.

I have tried to indicate that this book deals so openly with sex and insists so blatantly on physical acts that it will offend the taste of many readers. I am not, indeed, urging that it should be read. But for those who have read it, and the sales indicate that there are many, I have tried to point out what I saw in it, especially as too many readers call it "a beautiful love story" without seeming to realize that it is so in spite of Mr. Hemingway's idea of love; in fact that what he reveals is amazement and chagrin that love means sacrifice. We can only hope that he may some day find that Higher Idea which Goethe called God. Even rationalists may do it, as proved by that earnest and spiritual autobiography "God" (Harpers, $3.00) J. Middleton Murray.

It is strange that "A Farewell to Arms" should be called a war novel. It is not. The war is used only as a background. True, the background occupies many pages of the book, is presented by means of episode instead of description, shows soldiers on leave and in battle, reveals their emotions and reactions, depicts a disrupted army fleeing through choked roads in the rains, and shows us army hospitals. But the center of the stage is taken first and last by a man and a woman whose preoccupation, in spite of this background, is with their own emotions and experiences.

Explaining the War

A war novel, on the contrary, does not use war to tell or upholster the story of individuals. It uses individuals to tell the story of a war—what it was, why it was. In recent years there have been many novels to tell what the Great War was. There is only one, so far as I know, that has attempted to tell why it was. This is "All our Yesterdays," by H. M. Tomlinson (Harpers, $2.50).

Those who remember the imaginative quality which could interpret lands and cultures in "Gifts of Fortune," and the psychological insight which could reveal characters in "Gallions Reach" will not be surprised at Mr. Tomlinson's success. He starts as usual at a dock. The year is 1900. Two workmen are discussing a new battleship which is to be launched. We are introduced in turn to ship owners and their wives, night watchmen, seamen, music-hall comedians, a tobacco merchant, a parish vicar, a radical politician, school teachers, housekeepers, Joseph Chamberlain, editors, club men, London society queens, cabinet ministers. And by a sort of legerdemain we are shown the England of the Boer War, its psychology, its aims, its weaknesses, its necessities. And all by way of a carefully woven story, incident built logically upon incident. Next we are whirled with a young man to Novobambia in Africa, where he is carrying stores to a friend doing medical research. And with young Maynard we meet the British Consul, talking what seemed nonsense to Maynard, and go with him up the Mungubeira River where he is deserted by his boatmen and rescued by the American Hoyt. An exciting trip with more than the tang of adventure and mystery. For we learn that all the nations are hunting oil, afraid of each other, trying to hurt or stop each other. Just how we learn it I can not tell you. It is Tomlinson's gift to drop comprehension into our minds by a sort of magic. Africa, then, is woven like a dark stripe into the texture of the war.

At last we come to 1914, and all these people whom we have met are visited again. Again we

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CERTAINLY you'll save... just as you save by putting in *copper* leaders and gutters, and *bronze* screens. Those things are exposed to the weather. You *know* it's real economy in the long run to have them made from rust-proof metal.

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Hunting the Best Books

see their fears, their hopes, their selfishness, and their greediness; again our knowledge of them is gained through incident and episode. When war is proclaimed, we follow them into it, those who profit by it at home as well as those who fight it both at home and at the front. In the last chapter we visit a battlefield after the peace.

Mr. Tomlinson sums up his verdict: "They allowed it to come, and they kept it going, and now the bitter end is a souvenir for them. It is not easy to forgive them."

But this is not his final word. He is too big for despair. "There is more day to dawn."

"All Our Yesterdays" may not be popular with those who prefer the stark black and white lines that force a reader's attention. Its appeal is to those to whom the pattern in some faded tapestry of mauves and blues is all the more beautiful and intriguing because they must concentrate if they would trace it. Such readers will here be rewarded by one of those inner illuminations which suddenly reveal dark mysteries.

A Remarkable Biography

By a different process Brand Whitlock in his biography, "La Fayette" (2 vols., Appleton, $10.00), does the same thing for the French Revolution. He makes us understand how it happened. He does even more. He makes the Dark Terror of this historical event credible. To me at least, although I had read volumes about the events that took place, it had always had the incongruity and illogic of a nightmare. But following La Fayette's association with it step by step, I saw how it could come to be. Not that Mr. Whitlock explains or reasons. He does something more difficult, and rarer. He recreates for us a person so real that we accept him and all that happened to him for actuality. All the more remarkable is this when we realize that this person was totally unlike any we have ever met in life or seen before in history, an anachronism in his day, a myth in ours. For La Fayette in spirit and in heart belonged to the days of chivalry. His methods and his standards were those of the knight in shining armor. But the evils he would vanquish were those of despotism. And the Grail he would seek was the brotherhood of man. A romanticist, he was thrust up against the most hideous realities; an idealist, he lived in a world where expediency reigned. How he evaded the one and refused the other works into so thrilling a story of adventure that one can not put it down until finished.

His was a long life in which he reached the pinnacle of ambition and the depths of despair. He was in turn grandee, warrior, politician, prisoner, farmer, lover, husband, father. Riches and poverty, grandeur and abasement, popularity and scorn—all were his. His participation in the American Revolution while he was a boy under twenty occupied but a few years, but it furnished the keynote to a rarely consistent life. Mr. Whitlock does not ignore his faults or his limitations, but does not permit them to mar for us the contours of his picture or obscure his character. Nor does he judge him by the standards of our age. He sets him forth as he was to himself, to his contemporaries, to history; and this, after all, is the true portrait of an historical figure.

Perhaps the most remarkable attainment of this biographer is the way he relates biography to history. Neither one overshadows the other. As the significance of La Fayette is the part he played in history, the facts are clearly and faithfully rendered. But as the author's task is biography, it is the figure of La Fayette that he follows as he moves about this historical scene. And since to understand the part he played we must know him fully, Mr. Whitlock also presents him when he is, so to speak, off the historical boards, thus revealing to us as beautiful an experience of married love as was ever lived, as devoted a father, as noble and loyal a friend. The sum total is a human document, as well as an historical one, in which

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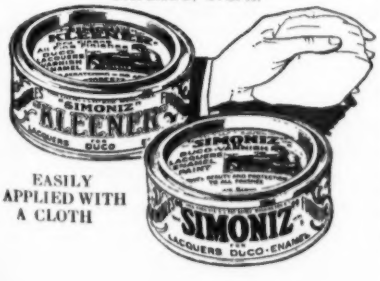

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

Hunting the Best Books

an individual is presented in perfect proportions. This, it seems to me, is biography at its best.

William Bolitho's "Twelve Against the Gods" (Simon & Schuster, $4.00) is another acclaimed and popular book. This author, too, deals with historical material, but in a different way from Whitlock's. Instead of taking one life and showing it to us in entirety he chooses out of history's scrapbook twelve persons he is pleased to call "adventurers" and proceeds to tell us why, using only such facts as he needs to make his point. As I read, I felt him overvalued. I could not agree in every case with his choice. Some of his adventurers I could wish forgotten. I found his sentences long and involved, and his interpretations sometimes seemed to me labored, but gradually I fell under his charm. I realized that a keen mind, a deep insight, a wide knowledge of life, a high idealism were acting on this material. And I put the book down with that joy which comes when a bright light suddenly plays on a hitherto shaded facet of this queer jewel called human nature.

And These Others

My space is almost filled. But I must mention several others if my article is to be inclusive:

W. R. Burnett's "Iron Man" (Dial Press, $2.50), a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, because Dorothy Canfield recommends it for "any woman mature enough and experienced enough not to be too much troubled by the unvarnished talk of rough men." The story of a prizefighter and the way a woman wrecked his life, it explains a type of man and a kind of life which all who wish to understand this queer modern society of ours must meet.

Nat J. Ferber's "New York" (Covici, Friede, $2.50), because it traces the growth of our incredible metropolis. Two boys start life together in the outskirts of Brooklyn forty years ago. One becomes rich; the other chases will-o'-the-wisps. Through their endeavors we see the city develop, ever changing, expanding, becoming more complex, more mammoth. It is as if from the focus of these two personalities lines spread fan-like to each of the city's thousand activities—art, the theatre, finance, construction, speculation, politics, commerce, charity, entertainment, food, housing, music—each epitomized by an individual or an episode. The result is an amazing conception of its totality.

"A House Is Built," by M. Barnard Eldershaw (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), because it yields a remarkable understanding of the social and financial phases of unique and distant Australia. This prize novel is really the work of two women graduates of Sydney University, the Misses Eldershaw and Barnard, but so adroit is the collaboration that one can not see any evidence of two minds or personalities. Through the fortunes of one family of pioneers it discloses the development of a country.

"Coronet" by Manual Komroff (Coward-McCann, $3.00), a Literary Guild choice, because it emphasizes the persistence of human nature's undying will to superiority, reveals the sadism and the vulgarity back of that will, and compels admiration for the author's wide acquaintance with historical detail and events and his ability to portray scenes with power. A little gold coronet, symbol of aristocracy, is traced through many periods from its manufacture in Renaissance Florence to the Chicago of 1919. To many readers its plethora of characters will be confusing. Some of the episodes are revolting and others boresome. To few can it seem a pleasant book. Yet the reason for its choice is evident.

"Short as Any Dream" by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (Harpers, $2.50), because it is that rare thing, a book about ordinary people like ourselves, done with charm as well as distinction. A girl goes back to her old home in Connecticut. Her mother has died. She must decide what she will do with all the things that have accumulated in this house in which

to travel to Europe on board a White Star... Red Star... or Atlantic Transport liner. Devotees of travel choose these ships to indulge in the luxury of their smart and proficient service... to enjoy the delightful spaciousness and livable qualities of the rooms... to experience the smoothness of their sailing. Voyagers who must hurry from port to port appreciate their maintaining express schedules with effortless speed, speed that lands you rested and refreshed at your destination.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Hunting the Best Books

generations of her family have lived. She takes, among other things, a bundle of New England letters to her New York apartment. Seven years later, she sits down to reconstruct from them the lives of those forebears who have made her what she is. Back to the State of Maine she goes in the early nineteenth century. And oh, how she makes them live before us with their loves, their sorrows, their hopes and despairs—Nancy, the bookish; Huldah, the gentle; Reuel Bumstead, the idealist doctor; the Squire, whose memories go far back into another century. Then on to the valiant daughter Mary, going away to school, marrying the adventurer Jamie, following him to Minnesota, pushing him, helping him, fleeing from the Indians. Back again to Maine while Jamie goes to fight the Union's battles. Poverty and charity, but faith and loyalty, too. Jamie's trek to California, hunting as always the elusive elf of fortune, and his death. And then the summing up of this heritage of the past as "an ever-flowing spring," in words that are almost poetry. One can only say if "Short As Any Dream" has not been popular, it should have been.

"The Day of the Brown Horde" by Richard Tooker (Payson & Clarke, $2.50), because it gave me a real thrill to follow the loves and the struggles of these barrowmen of a prehistoric period with as much sympathy as if they were contemporaries of ourselves. To reconstruct their lives and their environment is a *tour de force*, but this book is more than that. It is a moving, adventurous, exciting story which I for one shall never forget.

"The White House Gang" by Earle Looker (Revel, $3.00), because it contains the best boy stories since William Allen White's "The Court of Boyville" or, in the opinion of many, since Mark Twain's "Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

"Coals from Newcastle" by Bruce Beddow (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), because it presents with vividness the conflict between the workingman who exploits his fellows and the one who strives to lift his fellows. And even more, because it portrays with such pathos the appeal of beauty to a man who has not in himself the quality to create or possess it.

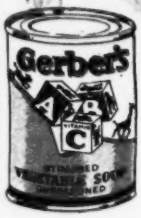
No survey of the year's books can be complete without including whatever Virginia Woolf may have published. This year it is a long essay, "A Room of One's Own" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), on women and literature. To read it is to discover how a richly furbished mind, a keen intellect, a subtle wit, kind and free of rancor, can endow any subject with significance. It has been justly said to be the most important contribution to the literature of feminism. Merely following Mrs. Woolf's English is to soothe one's soul; thinking with her, to extend the boundaries of one's mind; and feeling with her, to renew one's faith in human nature.

And so this month we complete our list of 1929 books. Not that it has mentioned every book of the year worth reading. No list can be all-inclusive. My selection, as I have noted, has been governed in some cases by the popularity that compelled mention; in others, by the significance that demanded recognition; and in a few by the pleasure they gave me, which deserved my appreciation. I shall be glad to hear from those who miss some book they would fain have seen included.

Down with the Rain

(*Continued from page 45*)

the air created by certain industrial processes. This resistance to normal weathering, plus its strength and comparative lightness, plus the biggest factor—namely that the copper industry has made every effort to capture the building trade by giving it good service, attractive profits, and much public educational service—these forces have made this particular metal the favorite in the best construction. Zinc, lead, and even aluminum might have



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In using advertisements see page 6

Maid's day out!

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Down with the Rain

been contenders for the honors, if similar effort had backed them. There are many successful examples of buildings equipped with zinc leaders and gutters, and lead can point to its centuries of life on European buildings.

In recent years American architects, desiring to recall the charm of the old Tudor mansions, have been favoring a combination of copper and lead for the construction of ornamental gutters and leaders. The form has been pressed out in the copper and then the surface covered with lead. The texture of this coating of lead can be made almost a perfect replica of that obtained when the pattern is cast with solid lead in a sand mold. Lightness and lower cost are the chief advantages of this substitute for solid lead.

Another change that can be noted in our newer houses is the tendency towards using fewer concealed gutters, for it is generally recognized that the gutter that used to be concealed behind the cornice of the house was a source of many leaks. These gutters were built like troughs and were flashed with tin and, in the better houses, with copper. In those parts of the country where ice forms in the gutters, the expanding action of the freezing water would split the lining of metal if the gutters were made too deep and narrow, and they generally were. Water would leak down through the cornice and very often find its way into the house. This is not possible with the hung gutter, that is, a trough of galvanized iron or copper, placed just under the eaves of the roof to catch the water flowing off it, but low enough to let the snow slide on over in a thaw. Adjustable metal hangers are made, that make it easy to pitch the gutter towards the leader or to remove it, if it develops defects. A stoppage of the outlet with leaves and twigs may cause the gutter to overflow, but the water will not back up on the roof and leak into the house as it so often does in the concealed type. The simplest shape of these gutters is the half round, but they are made in many patterns, even with moldings pressed along the front. If any reader happens to be living in an old house which has leaky, concealed gutters requiring general overhauling, it would be worth while to consider the cost of closing them up and installing hung gutters.

Intersecting Roof Surfaces

The flashing of valleys at the intersection of two roof surfaces is another source of trouble. In the old days, only roofing tin was generally used, especially in conjunction with a wooden shingle roof. A trough made with sheets soldered together was extended the full length of the valley and made to slip up under the roofing material. Sometimes it was not made wide enough, and the water rushing down one slope would get enough momentum to spill over the edge of the flashing on the other slope. More often it would not be kept painted and would rust out. Occasionally people have had copper put in to replace the tin for permanence, but have been bothered nevertheless by leaks. These usually are caused by the lack of knowledge on the part of some sheet metal worker, who, instead of providing means for the copper to expand and contract, fastened it down so tight that it had to split.

To-day, this open valley is out of favor with architects, and the so-called closed valley is preferred, since it permits the joining of the roofing material on one surface with that of the other, without an ugly strip of metal at the joint. Bent copper shingles are slipped under the joints at each course and nailed to the roofing boards. In many fine houses the valleys are so built that they are round, and the courses of slate on one slope sweep around to join those on the other. Under the slate in the valley copper shingles are placed.

The flashing around plumbing pipes that must go through the roof is often a source of annoyance, because there are certain common types of flashing collars that are tight for six

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Down with the Rain

months, and then develop leaks after the settlement and expansion of the pipe. These are made of copper, and the opening that fits around the pipes is lined with a band of lead. This lead is tapped down against the pipe and closes the joint completely. But any expansion of the pipe or settlement may crush the lead, and since it is not elastic it will not spring back. Then in the next rain, water will trickle down the side of the pipe and drip onto a bedroom ceiling. Of course it can be fixed easily, if the owner can go up on the roof and tap the lead ring down again, but if the plumber or the sheet metal man comes to the job, he may be able to make quite an expensive job out of it.

The proper size of leaders and their location is usually determined by the builder or architect, and the home owner does not have much to say in the matter. It is not common to find a house with too few, but it is common to find them with too few connections to the sewer, so that leaders are carried across the sides of the house in all kinds of unsightly curves in order to get from the roof down to join with a few other leaders into the one and only sewer connection on that side of the house. As the plumber puts in the drainage pipes when the foundations are being built, he may not get them directly underneath the place where the leaders will have to come down vertically from the gutter. Many a house is frightfully marred by its leaders.

Ornamental Leaders

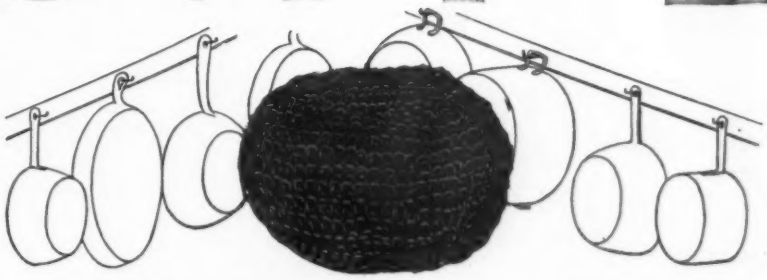
Leaders, instead of being ugly, should be ornamental features, although it must be admitted that architects sometimes make too much of them. In northern climates, where ice may form inside of them and expand, it is advisable to select some form that is corrugated and will give rather than split. The common corrugated, round leaders are too ugly to use, however, and it is better in most cases to select the fluted rectangular shaped ones.

The base of a leader is connected into a cast iron pipe that extends up from the plumbing system of the house on the outside of the foundation wall to the grade.

To prevent bad odors from the house drain coming up through the leaders to dormer windows, traps are placed on the line, which are U-shaped bends in the pipe, and which always hold a water seal against the smelly gases. To keep the water in these traps from freezing, they are usually put inside of the foundation walls. They are provided with screw plugs to clean them out, and special care should be taken to see that when the cement floor of the cellar is put down, a wooden or metal box is built around them so that they can be reached at any time they stop up. Of course screens are put at the top of the leaders to prevent leaves, twigs, and dead insects from clogging the leaders, but these screens often corrode before the owner remembers to replace them; thereupon the débris washes down and catches in the trap. Then the gutters, unable to drain off through the leader, spill over the edge and cause trouble.

In country places, where there are no sewer connections, the bottoms of leaders are often bent out and made to spill the water on flag stones. This is all right if the drainage of the soil is definitely away from the house, but usually such a system fills the soil with so much moisture that it makes a very damp cellar. A better method is to run pipes around the foundations of the house and connect all leaders to them. Then carry these pipes to dry wells, placed at some distance from the house. These wells consist of holes, filled with stones. During the rain the water collects in them, but in the dry period it percolates off into the surrounding soil. If the sewage of the house is drained into a septic tank, the mistake of draining the rain water into the same tank should never be made, for in a heavy downpour the septic tank may be flooded and spill diluted sewage over the ground.

SAFE



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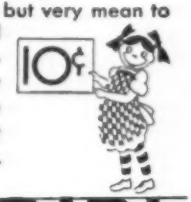

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In using advertisements see page 6

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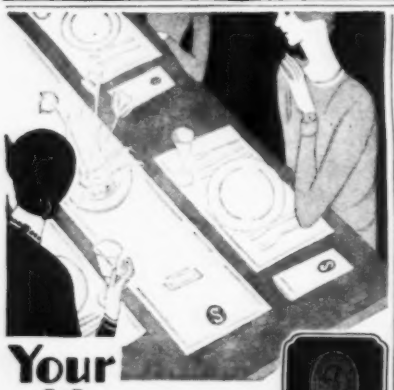

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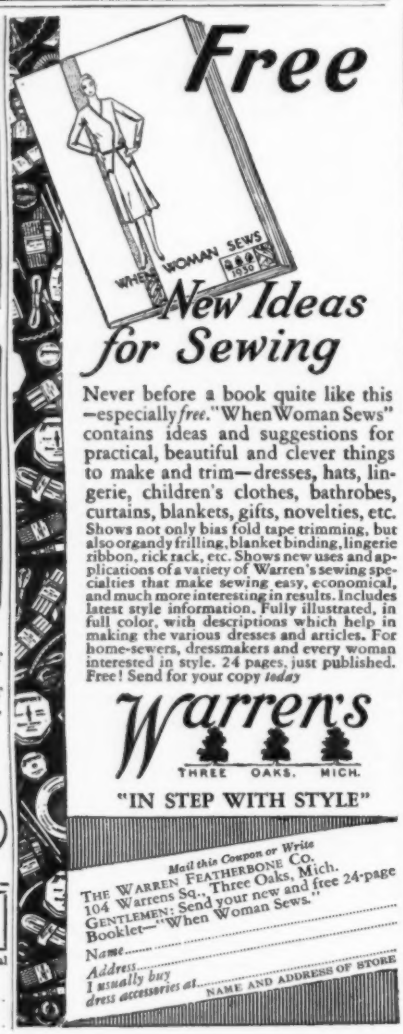

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Happily Married

(Continued from page 31)

"Yes. I don't know where I would have been today, if I had not had my home life all these years—the privilege of my wife's companionship. We have been happy together. I have found home joys the only satisfying happiness on earth."

"How long have you been married?"

"Thirty-nine years! And my wife and I are closer to each other today than ever before. A true affection deepens with the years."

"Was there any time, during that period, when either of you would have retraced the step?"

He shook his head slowly. "No. We've had our ups and downs, and occasional little quarrels. They passed away, leaving no mark. Our home life has been happy and full. I have two daughters and a little grand-daughter. I love my children, and they love me. But the bond between man and woman is the closest tie on earth. There isn't anything else like it. Every man should have it—have some one who cares for him regardless of the rest of the world."

I asked what, in the background of both, or in their upbringing, might possibly account for the success of their marital experiment.

Judge Ford hesitated. "Simplicity in our upbringing, perhaps," he replied.

He sketched for me swiftly the little sixteen-acre farm in Orleans County, New York, where he had been born in 1862. Times were hard. In his fourteenth year he went out to do work at eleven dollars per month.

"That was my background," commented Judge Ford. "Wholesome, but a struggle for a living. I had to work my way through college. It was at Cornell that I first met my wife, Miss Lulu Fairchild Van Aken. Ithaca was her home. We became engaged at the end of my Junior year and were married in 1891, the year after I graduated."

"Tell me this, Judge Ford," the writer urged, "Why has your marriage been so successful, whereas so many today are failures?"

"First, we were really mated. As for making the marriage a success, my wife did that. It is the woman who makes or unmakes marriage—granted she has married a man, not a bounder."

"But surely there is some certain thing you have done, or left undone, as a husband, which has helped to make yours a harmonious union."

The Matter of Money

He hesitated. "There is this—I have never kept the money I earned, and doled it out to my wife in bits. That is fatal to happy marriage. It is degrading to a woman. In keeping the home she helps earn the income. Just because the man is out where he collects the money, he has no right to feel that he owns it all, and that she should come to him for a dole."

Judge Ford explained that he has always, ever since they began to have an accumulation, arranged for his wife to have half of everything they could put by. She has her own bank account. She can buy what she likes.

"This decency about money matters is one of the strongest elements in a happy marriage," he added.

"Do you think the lack of it is the chief cause for divorce?"

"It is one of the gravest. There are others, of course. There is great selfishness in both sexes today. Marriage demands forbearance, mutual sacrifices. But young men nowadays seem to want to spend all their money on themselves. The girls want to marry only wealthy men. Both viewpoints are sordid. I believe in early marriages. Young people should get married in the twenties and struggle upward together."

He rose. The recess was over. "Almost any young wife, if properly treated, will help to buoy her husband up. And he will have in his home an anchor, a stake in life. If a man has a spark of ambition, he will fight for this stake. His reward?" Judge Ford threw out

Happily Married

his hands. "Enduring happiness throughout his entire life. He will find his home a refuge from all the evil things of the world."

Here the Judge's secretary entered with his robe. The Judge was due in the courtroom again. We stood, while he passed from his chambers.

The following day, in her own home, I had a chat with Mrs. Ford. I found her a beautiful, vivacious woman, with high-piled, silvery hair, a graceful figure, dainty feet, and the charming laugh of a young girl. Her spontaneity was what one noticed first. It was not hard to imagine her, thirty-nine years before, her blue eyes a-sparkle, laughing her shy way into the heart of the serious boy from the sixteen-acre farm.

As I explained that I was hunting the secret of happy marriage, she sobered quickly, admitting that a pitiful number of marriages to-day seem to be going on the rocks.

Individual Freedom

"I shall try to tell you why our marriage has been happy," she said simply. "For one thing, Judge Ford has never tried to dominate. And he has been big in money matters. I have had complete freedom. He has wanted me to be an individual. If I wished to go to Europe to-morrow, I could, without even consulting him. On the other hand he makes certain firm demands, and I see that they are respected. He has his own room, here at home, which no one else ever uses. He has his desk in there, his hunting things, all his treasures. He has absolute privacy."

This room, Mrs. Ford went on to say, often elicits wistful comments from other men, who have nothing like it at home.

"The Judge's tastes are very simple," she continued, "and so are mine. I have never been socially ambitious. When we first married, I might have played bridge, gone to parties, and been rather gay—had he cared for these things. He did not. So I gave them up. Then my children came along to absorb me. Now that they are grown and I have time for social life, I realize that I did not miss very much. There is no comparing social pleasures to the satisfaction one's children are. Children are the greatest blessing that can come to a couple."

"What is wrong with so many of the marriages made to-day, Mrs. Ford?" I asked.

"Boys are not being properly trained. They are not being taught the responsibilities of marriage. Young men now marry girls with no thought of the responsibility they are assuming. In a few years they grow bored and no longer want to provide. I should advise young people: 'Be more old-fashioned. Don't try to be too modern. Let licentious plays and books alone! Marry early and decide to stick. You can, if you have common sense. Avoid clashes. Share your troubles and your earnings. And—have children!' "

It was in the rich, mellow drawing-room of America's most beloved exponent of music—Walter Damrosch—that the writer of this article next discussed marital happiness with a woman who has been happily married for forty years. Probably no couple in America is more distinguished than this pair, intellectually and socially. Mrs. Damrosch is extremely reticent, yet she sat before her blazing log fire with me for the better part of a morning, expressing her views on marriage thoughtfully, in the sincere desire to be of any help she might.

"Your own marriage has been happy?"

"Oh, very. Completely, satisfyingly happy!"

As she sat there looking into the fire—a tall, powerful, quiet woman, with dark hair and fine gray eyes under a high, intellectual forehead—I thought of her background. It was as romantic as the wood-paneled room, furnished with rare old treasures, in which we sat.

Mrs. Damrosch is a daughter of James G. Blaine, one of America's greatest orators and statesmen, and at one time a candidate for

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[See page 244]

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In using advertisements see page 6

An old FAMILY RECIPE for reforming men

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"I feel like another man. And I sense a renewed spirit of cordiality between my teachers and myself. They no longer fear that every call to the office means a 'bawling out.' Thanks to the restorative my mother prescribed: Good Postum!"

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Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

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Happily Married

President. Influenced by that heritage, Mrs. Damrosch has ever remained interested in public affairs. Throughout her life, reading editorials and discussing them in the home have been a daily delight.

It was in the home of Andrew Carnegie, in Scotland, in 1887, that she and Mr. Damrosch first met. Both were house guests of Mr. Carnegie that summer. A friendship began then which ripened into love and, in 1890, into marriage. For the details of this beautiful love story I must refer the reader to Walter Damrosch's book, "My Musical Years," written in 1922. In the chapter devoted to his meeting with Margaret Blaine, and his marriage, he says in conclusion:

"I would like to write much more than a chapter about the thirty-two wonderful years of our married life, but as my wife has sternly forbidden me even to mention her name in these memoirs, this chapter must close with the best left unsaid, though the most deeply felt."

Companionship Is Essential

The woman to whom this tribute was written withdrew her eyes suddenly from the fire. "You ask me why divorce is so prevalent today?"

I nodded.

"I think it is partly because the social taboo on divorce has been lifted. Forty years ago a wife put up with drunkenness, anything, rather than seek a divorce. A divorce marked a woman. Now it arouses no comment. The girl today, married to a brute, leaves him.

"Mind you," she hastened to add, "I am not urging divorce on any one. It is always deplorable. No home should ever have to be broken up. If a man and woman are truly mated, and are trying sincerely to make a success of their marriage, divorce will not occur. It should never occur!"

"By 'truly mated,' just what do you mean, Mrs. Damrosch?" I asked.

"I mean if—apart from love—there is real companionship. Emotional love is not enough. It is not enough to 'like' a person, or to be infatuated. Love is an impulse, and it is apt to blind young people. They forget to look for companionship. Yet without companionship as a basis, no marriage will endure. Intellectual interests are very important. Before I married I was not even interested in music, but I married a man to whom music was his whole life. Today it is one of my most absorbing interests and is a great bond between us.

"On the other hand," she continued, "it had always been my custom to glance through the editorials in several newspapers every morning. I have carried this into my married life, and my whole family has enjoyed the discussions we have. I can recommend the practice to every wife. It keeps a woman on mental tiptoe. It enables her to discuss with her husband the world-issues every man is interested in. Many wives never look at the morning papers. This is a mistake, I sincerely believe. Editorials are quickly read. Even on my busiest days I manage to scan them."

No woman has lived a much busier life than Mrs. Damrosch. Besides bringing up her children, she has had a crowded social and public life as the wife of her famous husband.

"Next to care in choosing a partner," she continued, "I should place courtesy after marriage. If young wives would only be as courteous to their husbands as to strangers! Any man will run from a shrewish tongue. Besides, it is poor stategy for a wife to waste her energies on petty issues. She should save her influence and exert it only when necessary; then she will receive consideration.

"Each case is individual," she went on. "However, there is at least one rule that applies to all: the home must be made attractive. It must be a delightful, hospitable place to which the man will want to bring his friends. Early in her married life a bride should

Happily Married

establish the custom of hospitality at home. She should never make her husband feel that restaurants and clubs are the places in which to entertain. Few men will wander from a home that is truly home-like.

"One last word," she concluded thoughtfully, as I rose to depart: "tell young people that quarrels do not necessarily signify marital failure. Disagreements will arise. And they are painful according to the intensity of the affection between the two. We want those whom we love to agree with us. When they do not, we suffer. But it is nothing to be alarmed about. When married people tell me that they have never had a quarrel, I sometimes wonder if they ever cared very deeply for each other."

A startling theory this—that the total absence of quarrels may indicate indifference, lukewarm affection. In many instances, undoubtedly, it is true. But not in all! Among my own acquaintances are several placid, devoted couples whose slow temperaments preclude an open clash. I know others so sensitively constituted that one harsh quarrel would probably shatter the relationship; they, realizing this, avoid the peril.

Time to Know Each Other

A notable example of idyllic married love—of a union that has continued amid deep happiness, without a single ugly clash, for more than twenty-one years—is that of Major Edward Bowes and his wife. She was Miss Margaret Illington, a distinguished and beautiful dramatic star. Major Bowes is a business man. He is the owner of the famous Capitol Theater, in New York City; and he is known in many parts of the world, and loved, for his Sunday evening radio programs.

In Major Bowes' big, quiet office high above Broadway, I asked him why, in his opinion, there are so many unhappy marriages today.

"I think it is because the man and the girl are likely to be on their good behavior just before marriage. They are pretending to each other. They don't really get to know each other. Immediately after marriage both suddenly let down, show an ugly side, and the marriage fails."

"Your marriage has been a very happy one, I am told."

"Exceedingly happy," he assented quietly. "We celebrated our twenty-first anniversary a few days ago. In all these twenty-one years there has never been any friction. There has never been a time when she hasn't wanted to please me, and I her, more than anything else in the world."

It was in San Francisco, where he was in business, that Major Bowes first met his wife. She was then a great star. She had fame and beauty—the world at her feet. But home happiness meant more to her than worldly success. She married, leaving the stage. Today the stage has no lure for her. She is not even interested in what is going on in the theater.

"Often a man will marry a beautiful face and afterward find nothing behind it. My experience was the opposite. My wife is a brilliant personality with a fine brain. She is always interesting. We are just as eager to be together today as ever. We enjoy the same things intellectually. That, I think, is the secret of our happiness. We are really mated.

"You asked me, a moment ago," he continued, "why so many couples are finding it impossible to live happily together. I would say, there is not enough idealism. The woman may think it is her divine right to be catered to without making any effort herself. The man may think that as bread-winner he is doing enough. These attitudes are fatal. Each *must* contribute something definite to the idealism of the match, or it will fail. Marriage must be based on heart and soul and brain. When based on passion alone, this burns out and nothing is left."

Honesty, Major Bowes went on to say, is

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Happily Married

essential. Yet many men try to practice honesty in their business relations and dishonesty in the domestic ones. They fail to realize that the man who is maladjusted at home seldom functions well in business. A restful, happy home atmosphere is the greatest inspiration a business man can have."

"How have you and your wife managed to avoid differences of opinion?" I asked.

"We have not," he returned quickly. "Differences of opinion are wholesome. No two persons could think alike all the time. We often disagree amicably. We enjoy discussions. But we keep them friendly. We never quarrel! We couldn't. Our marriage means too much. If I should go home now and speak a cutting word to her, I think she would crumple up. But why should I? I have never known her to do a mean thing in her life.

"Tell young people to ask themselves, when choosing a mate, 'Are there brains and character here?' When these are present, all other problems can be overcome."

Differences of Opinion Are Healthful

With Mrs. Damrosch's theory—that the vigorous clashing of personalities in marriage is often an excellent sign—Dr. William P. Merrill, pastor of the historic Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue, New York, is in entire agreement.

In his book-lined study he leaned back in his chair to discuss modern marriage with me briefly. Dr. Merrill has been married thirty-three years. His life with his wife and sons has been a conspicuously happy one. It was because of that, and because he is an alert, modern thinker, that I sought his views.

"Do you observe much happy married life today, Dr. Merrill?" I asked. "As a pastor, you have unusual opportunities to study home conditions."

"I find a great deal of happy married life," he came back quickly. "Far more than, say, ten years ago. Divorces are coming to my notice less and less frequently. Of course, I can speak only for my own group—active religionists. The truly religious home has an immense advantage in marital matters.

"A recent investigation," he went on, "has shown that the number of divorces, where both parties were active in religious life and church work, is practically negligible. Some one, making a survey, wrote me recently and asked me how many times, during my thirty-five years in the ministry, I had seen a marriage end in divorce when both husband and wife were active Christians. I replied that I could not recall one!"

"That is a startling statement, Dr. Merrill," I commented.

"It is made after careful thought and nearly half a century of observation," he returned quietly.

"You mean that in the religious home there is no clashing?"

"Not at all! Of course, there's clashing! But that is no sign the marriage has failed. Bishop McConnell said a fine thing in a recent address. He had heard a man say, 'I've been married forty years, and in all that time my wife and I have never had a difference of opinion.' It must—thought the Bishop to himself—have been an unbearably dreary life!" Dr. Merrill smiled.

"Tell young people," he then urged soberly, leaning forward, "that if they will enter marriage in the right spirit, they are bound to succeed. Tell them to take their manners into marriage with them. Courtesy is so important! Booth Tarkington once wrote of a couple who attributed their marital happiness to the fact that neither had ever ceased to treat the other as politely as he would a perfect stranger. This minute courtesy should be the rule in all the little things."

"But when it comes to the big issues, Dr. Merrill?"

"Each partner should stand firm. Any spirited couple must expect to find, and

Happily Married

welcome, a certain amount of the clashing of personalities. This will not drive a truly mated pair to the divorce courts. It is a part of the adjustment. In a way, it enriches both. True love survives it."

"Then romance is doing business at the same old stand?"

"A thriving business! It is a deep satisfaction to me, when young friends of mine marry, to tell them, on the basis of my own personal experience, not to believe those who declare that romance fades. I have found that it deepens and grows richer through the years."

The Supreme Court bench, the home, the musical world, the business life, the ministry—all these had been represented in my symposium of happy-married-life stories. I now turned, not without misgivings, toward the stage. Happy married love—so the old hokum runs—can not thrive in the shadow of the theater. I wondered. I decided to find out.

Behind the Footlights

I had a delightful and reassuring adventure. From without, the stage world is all glitter and sophistication. Behind this mask one finds it a-clutter with wedding rings and baby carriages and charming, cultured, happy couples who have been married fifteen or twenty years—couples who read good books and magazines and live serene, Darby-and-Joan lives. The only difference is that they live much of the time perforce in pullmans and hotels!

There is no actor of the modern intellectual group who has achieved greater artistic distinction than Ralph Morgan. Formerly a lawyer, a graduate of Columbia Law School, he brings to his rôles an unusual discernment. But his success has not been confined to his art. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have achieved a phenomenally happy marriage. They have one daughter who is in her teens.

In their charmingly appointed hotel rooms, Mrs. Morgan—tall, slender, vivacious, sunny—discussed with me her own marriage, and marriage in general. The room was laden with flowers and gifts, as she was about to accompany her husband on a new tour. The family dog, an irrepressible Sealyham, was bursting with joy over the prospective trip.

"He is going, too?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. The whole family has accompanied Mr. Morgan, from the time when our daughter was four. We took a governess with us when Claudia was little. We had another dog then. We've always had one."

"Your married life has been happy, Mrs. Morgan?"

"Happy? My life without my husband would stop." She added: "We've had our trials. But we've always had implicit trust in each other, so we've pulled through. Now we are inseparable. Mutual trust is everything! The first few years of married life are the hardest. If people would only try to adjust themselves to those years, the rest would be easy."

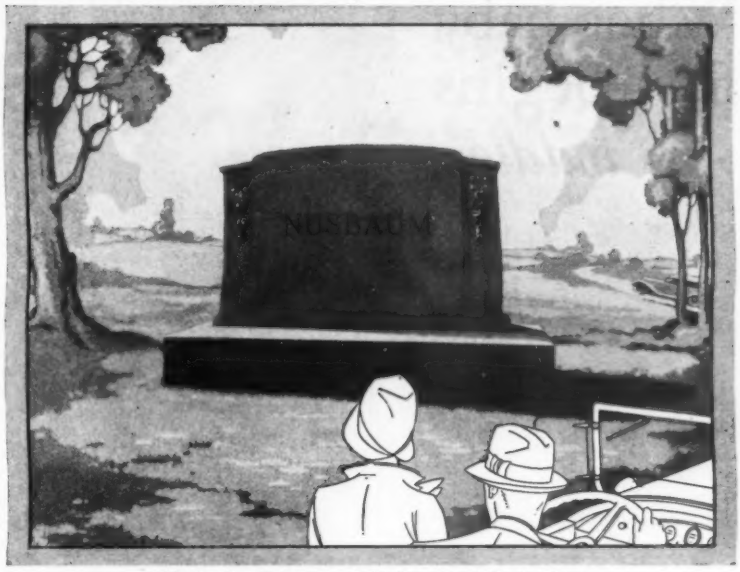
"Why have you two succeeded, Mrs. Morgan—when so many others have failed?"

"It is hard to say. Perhaps our childhood backgrounds helped. My parents were very happily married, and so were Mr. Morgan's. We grew up in that atmosphere. Then, too, when we married, we formed a compact: that if we got tired of the partnership, we would notify each other before the world did. We've never had occasion to do this. But it left us both free. Today we are better pals than when we married. And our daughter, Claudia, is like a third chum. We forget she is not our age. We all enjoy the same things."

"What rocks in the stream would you advise others to avoid?"

"I would say, avoid jealousy. Retain a sense of humor at all times. And—have children!" she said thoughtfully.

At the Longacre Theater, where he was busily rehearsing a new play, I sought out another popular actor. Mr. Ernest Truex,



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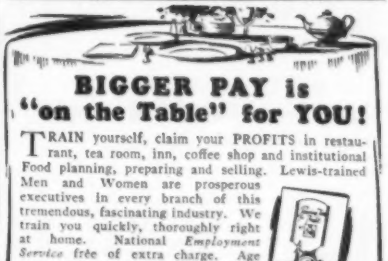

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(Advertisement)

Happily Married

who will be remembered for his work in "Six Cylinder Love," "The Little Devil," and other successes, is the foremost interpreter of young-husband rôles. Also he is a contented husband, himself. I waited in the wings till the scene was ended, and he came hurrying over.

"You want me to tell you why our marriage has been a success?" he repeated slowly. "That is a large order. We've been married nineteen years, you know. So many things enter in! Well—there have been two principal reasons. First, our marriage was the old-fashioned kind, not a new-fangled one. It was based on home and love and babies. We're both family lovers, and we are wrapped up in our two sons. We went through all the usual trials and phases: buying a small home, rearing our children, following the old beaten track. And let me say here, old-fashioned marriage has the ultra-modern kind lashed to the mast!"

"And your second reason, Mr. Truex?"

"We've all four kept together, always, even when I've been on tour here or in England. We've never been separated. I think that is the secret of a happy family life. Separations are devastating. Of course, it hasn't always been easy to arrange it, especially when the boys were babies. Then we had to drag folding baby carts and music-boxes from city to city. Cribs we couldn't carry! So many a time the babies slept in the bureau drawers." He chuckled.

"Tell young couples," he urged, "that marriage will always be a lottery. But if a girl and man will each try to get the other fellow's viewpoint, will stay old-fashioned, will have babies, and will stick together through thick and thin, they are likely to be very happy in the end. We are!"

In my sheaf of happy-married-life stories only two remain. Because they are, in some respects, the most fascinating of all, I have saved them until the last. These are interviews with two splendid women—the Honorable Jeanette G. Brill, the second woman judge appointed in New York City, and Mrs. Eddie Cantor, wife of the famous comedian.

Let us hear from Judge Brill first. I do not know of a finer woman than this new judge, or one more peculiarly fitted to discuss married life. Her own marriage is profoundly happy. Her husband is a prominent lawyer. Her son is eighteen, her daughter fifteen. Judge Brill is wrapped up in husband and children. Everything that life has brought, she richly deserves. For she was reared in great poverty on New York's East Side, yet from girlhood she has lived to help others. A story is told of her school-teaching days, that when one of her students wished to apply for a certain position, the young teacher lent the girl a neat blue dress and hat, then retired from the public eye till they were returned, for she had no other outfit herself. Later, when she had been admitted to the Bar, had married a successful lawyer, and her children were of kindergarten age, instead of taking up bridge or social life, Judge Brill went down into the County Court in Brooklyn (the paupers' court), and for years, never receiving a penny, defended the cases of the penniless and friendless.

Busy Wives Are Happiest

Today, as city magistrate, she sits in the Family Court. All day long, before her bench passes a procession of marital disasters—little ships of marriage blown off their course. At night she returns to the ideal home life which she, wiser than those others, has created for herself.

"Judge Brill," I asked, after I had spent a morning on her bench, "why is it that your marriage has been so successful, whereas all these others in court today have failed?"

"My upbringing! I was so poor. I struggled so. I saw such misery. All that develops character, I believe, and patience and understanding. I appreciate everything I

Happily Married

have. My home. My husband and children. I know what I have! That is the secret, perhaps. I think many women fail to realize what they have—till it is gone. They fume over trifles. They let discontent come in and break up their homes.

"A happy marriage is the greatest blessing that can come to any woman. Mine has enabled me to succeed. We have had our problems, my husband and I, but our affection has steadily deepened. Now, neither of us feels complete without the other. We discuss everything freely. Often we disagree—good-temperedly. We never merge our personalities. An exchange of opinions keeps a couple balanced. Every wife should keep up on world events and local politics. It brings the big outside world into the home."

Judge Brill does not view divorce statistics with alarm. She believes—like others quoted in this article—that many women obtaining divorces today are those who, fifty years ago, would have been obliged by social custom to tolerate a drunken or brutal mate.

"Young people should enter marriage more carefully," she said in conclusion. "That would largely solve both the divorce and marital problems in this country today. Also every couple should agree, before marriage, that they will always sit down and talk things over when discord arises in the home. Finally, every wife should have her time filled to overflowing. It is the idle wives who are making failures of their marriages."

At Great Neck, on Long Island, there stretches a beautiful new country estate—a stone and timber mansion of English design, richly furnished by a noted interior decorator. From its wood-paneled library and lovely dining-room to its French drawing-rooms and luxurious bedroom suites in the modern manner, it is a show place. In this spacious manor house one of the world's greatest comedians, Eddie Cantor, his wife, and their five young daughters live simply.

A Boy-and-Girl Romance

One morning recently, Mrs. Cantor—a quiet, resolute, gray-haired, clear-skinned, clear-eyed woman—graciously showed me through her home, afterward talking with me about her own happy marriage and about marriage in general.

Behind the Cantor marriage is a fascinating story as colorful and romantic as a fairy-tale. Both young people grew up on New York's teeming East Side: she in a sheltered home, Eddie Cantor an orphan in the care of an old grandmother who ran an employment agency while wild young Eddie ran the streets.

Then along came destiny in the form of a charming girl. But let Mrs. Cantor tell it:

"How did I first meet Eddie? At a recreation center where we both had gone to play. I was only fourteen then. Eddie was there playing basket ball—but making fun of it, too. He was terribly funny! Even then he was all comedian. He attracted my attention, and I couldn't forget him. Shortly after that I met him. We took to each other right away and went together for years. He was running the streets then with a gang—running wild! And when my family heard I was going with a boy from the streets, they ordered me flatly never to see him again."

"So you didn't?" I queried.

"So I did!" she retorted, with a flash of her fine eyes. "I'd meet him on the sly, being a real girl. Finally my family became more tolerant, and I could see him openly. I had other admirers at the time, neighborhood boys. They could take me out to shows, as they worked and had money. Eddie couldn't. He became very jealous."

She smiled. "At last Eddie made up his mind he'd have to get out and go to work, too. He wanted to be an actor even then. But when my parents heard that, they refused to let me associate with an actor. So poor Eddie worked at different jobs. Mostly clerking. He was willing to do anything, so he could have a

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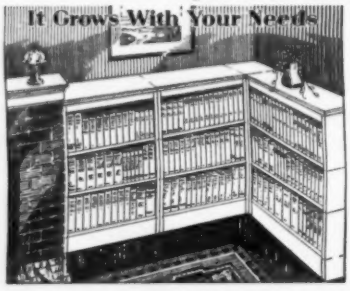

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few dollars Saturday night to spend on me.

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Good Teamwork

From that time forth, Cantor forged ahead. During his first tour on the road, he sent back to his "girl" all his salary for eleven months. She saved every penny of it for him. On his return he bought her a diamond, they became engaged, and they were married when she was twenty-one. Since then Cantor has climbed to the top. He has become a great actor, a wealthy man, and a philanthropist who has done a big work for boys.

"I owe more to my wife than to any one else in the world," I once heard Mr. Cantor say soberly to some newspaper reporters behind the scenes at the Follies. "She was my best pal as a boy. She helped me to go straight. And after we married she saved every dollar she could, and invested it, and reinvested it. She built up a fortune for me. We have five lovely children. And she's made a wonderful home for me always. If I've gotten anywhere, give her the credit."

But this was to be Mrs. Cantor's story. Let us sit down and hear it.

"Why has our marriage been so happy?" she echoed, repeating my question. "I think there is one thing that must be in the make-up of both the man and woman, if any marraige is to be a success. Mr. Cantor had it. So had I. I mean, a great love of home and children. He is first of all a family man. He is never happy away from us, or we from him. His home has always been his greatest interest. He tells me we have been an anchor and a protection to him. I know we have all been very, very happy together.

"As for how to get along with a man—a woman just has to use common sense. Success in business always brings responsibility, and responsibility brings strain. A wife must realize this. Strain makes a man nervous and irritable. I understood that, so if my husband would lose his temper I would just sit quiet and let it blow over: let him get it all out of his system. I would never argue or answer back. Afterward he'd be as fine as silk. One partner must always give in a little more than the other, in every home. I think it is the wife's place to do this."

Mrs. Cantor urged all couples to have children.

"If a man and woman really love each other," she said, "the children will be an added tie. They give permanence and stability to the relationship, as nothing else can. In our home, from the time our first baby was born—and our oldest daughter is now past fifteen—when any quarrel would arise, we would immediately think of the children. That would stop us. Childless couples sometimes separate on silly trifles. Mothers and fathers seldom do.

"I believe in a woman trying to throw herself into her husband's life with all the enthusiasm she's got. If she is interested in what he's doing, and gives him sympathy, he won't go somewhere else for it. If a woman is shallow and extravagant and pleasure-loving and selfish, she can't expect to hold her home together. Making a home is a hard job! If any bride expects it to be easy, she'll be fooled. I would tell young girls: 'Marry, if you're ready to undertake a good hard job. If not, stay out!' "

The girl who had made a good job of one man's life, rose and held out her hand to me with a smile.

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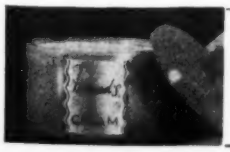

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In using advertisements see page 6

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In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

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Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. If you travel, carry Mum with you. Many women keep it in the purse, just to be ready for any emergency. And be sure to investigate the important special use explained in the directions:

Spread a little Mum on the sanitary napkin and you will be serenely sure of yourself; confident of perfect daintiness at all times. On sale everywhere, 35c and 60c.

★

A Good Girl Scout

(*Continued from page 25*)

regiments and platoons these modern American girls, when they first come in to Girl Scout life, are afraid of thunderstorms, of all "bugs," of being out in the dark, of all snakes, of cows and dogs, of somebody under the bed, of being away from their homes even for a short time, of getting lost, of getting wet. They are convinced that toads give warts, that a dog baying at the moon means death, that a horsehair thrown into water turns into a worm. They think—some of them—that folk-dancing is for some strange reason immoral, and the few scraps of misinformation about sex which they have picked up belong culturally in the Stone Age.

What does the Girl Scout organization do to help them? It utters no word of exhortation to be brave. It persuades them to take up the study of wild life—animals, birds, insects; to learn something about their habits, and about the simplest principles of biology which, for instance, prove it impossible for a horsehair to turn into a worm. In a year or so a girl who has been studying spiders and field-mice feels only enlightened pity for a new girl who at sight of one of these creatures goes through all the old, tiresome, feminine ritual of shrieking and running away. This study of the life of other sentient beings on our globe not only emancipates a girl from the silly misery of fear of small (or large) insects and animals; it diversifies with an impersonal interest the all-too-bare furnishings of her mind. Here is something that is amusing and entertaining to do and to think about, and yet which has no connection with her personal relations with other people, or with her material advancement. It would be impossible to overstate the value of such impersonal, disinterested, mental activities in a woman's life, both for her own happiness and that of the people around her. Perhaps nothing else she gets from the Girl Scout life helps her more surely to grow into being truly human—the best protection, of course, against being merely feminine.

Do you belong to an old enough generation so that all this talk about breaking down inhibitions in girls makes you a little uneasy? Have you had enough life experience to realize that the breaking up of what comes from the past is not always a good and holy enterprise? If so, let me assure you that in some ways the Girl Scout organization is as ardently devoted to the past as any grandmother could wish. While attacking superstitions with the best tools it can invent, in inculcates the tenderest affection for all sorts of mellow habits and customs which were delightful decorations in our forefathers' lives, and which are being corroded away by the materialistic, utilitarian acids of our day.

Patriotism

One of the strongest points of Girl Scout training is a proper, joyous, well-ordered celebration of the great feast-days of our traditions. May Day was almost lost when Girl Scouts began to celebrate it again with the songs and dances which come straight from the lighter hearts of past generations. Decoration Day and the Fourth of July may mean to many Americans merely one more baseball game and auto trip to a road-house. Not so to the Girl Scouts who have a special cult for enlightened patriotism. Everybody says our American life suffers from monotony, drabness, lack of daily beauty. The Girl Scouts are learning how to add color and variety to it by keeping in our yearly calendar the folk-festivals of the past to remind us (as is the function of folk-festivals) of all sorts of human experiences and emotions outside our usual Main Street gamut.

I said the Girl Scouts have a special cult for enlightened patriotism. I do not refer to their occasional drilling together or to their uniform—which, by the way, is now changed from the stiff, unbecoming khaki with its heart-chilling war associations, to a delightful, soft green

A Good Girl Scout

garb with no suggestion of army wear. When I said "enlightened," I meant just that. They are aware that one of the great obstacles to real American patriotism is our ignorance of what our huge country is. Women share with other citizens the difficulty of knowing enough about the U. S. A. to feel it as more than an abstract idea. The Girl Scouts have a device for conquering this vagueness which they call "historical hikes." In them are combined the joys of gypsying, camping, adventuring, with learning something about their country. In many parts of the country, troops of Girl Scouts set out in an auto caravan of two or three cars to see the world. They always have their Captain with them, usually another adult, as enchanted as they by the change from stationary life. Of course, the running-boards are always packed with the equipment for out-of-door life with which their Girl Scout training has made them so familiar. It costs very little to buy food in the shape of raw materials, the cost of gas and oil divided among them is minute. A two-weeks' trip, covering fifteen hundred miles of new country, costs each girl about ten dollars—less than many New Yorkers would pay for two tickets to see a play.

In many places such a traveling troop finds other Girl Scouts and is entertained by them. Can you imagine a better method of breaking down local insularity? The girls see the local sights; they watch other people living their lives and earning their livings in new ways; rivers, towns, mountains, plains, which were only names in a geography book, come to life, and with them the conception of a vast, diversified nation with varied traditions. If you had to choose the people whose votes would decide some big national question, which would you choose—those girls, or their mothers?

Reviving the Old Arts

There is another aspect in which the Girl Scouts, although radical and modern in their impatience with the feminine silliness formerly considered so desirable, are strongly, almost amusingly conservative. The home used to be a training-school for the domestic arts, didn't it?—the only one there was. Girls who did not have good homes where they could learn those arts never learned them. By the industrial revolution, the use of machinery, a paid job for most people (mothers included), apartment houses, kitchenettes, ready-made clothing, high rents, nursery schools, and a dozen or so other well-known elements in modern life, the home side of family life has been torn into a thousand fragments and strewn over the American landscape. The Girl Scouts are precisely the people who are picking up these pieces and putting them together again, for of course somebody must.

Destroy the old home as much as you like, children and young people must somehow be cared for by older people. If not by their parents, by some other adults. They can't—as anybody who has ever brought up children knows—they can not, without adult instruction, learn so much as to take care of their personal belongings, let alone acquiring other more important arts of living. Come what may, young human beings must be looked out for by older ones. Now, there was in the old-time, domestic home life, much valuable experience, skill, and first-hand contact with life, much that we can not afford to do without. Leaving on one side the really dead elements of the old-fashioned home life, such as the czar-like parental authority which used to darken its doors, the Girl Scouts are salvaging many customs which should never die. They are teaching girls, better than the majority of homes ever taught them, the essentials of the old skills—how to prepare nourishing, appetizing food; how to clothe human bodies with clean, comfortable, and agreeable garments; how to make of human habitations

Washes clothes whiter
...safe and economical

IT'S ALMOST unbelievable how snowy-white Rinso *soaks* clothes. Only Rinso seems to give this gleaming, sweet-smelling whiteness to the wash.

Not by forcibly *scrubbing out* the dirt, either! With Rinso both scrubbing and boiling are unnecessary. Its rich, soapy suds soak out the dirt, gently—*safely*. Clothes stay new-looking much longer.

You never saw such suds! Thick, soapy, *active*—even in hardest water. Rinso asks no help of chips, powders, softeners. Alone it soaks clothes wonderfully clean and white!

For washing machines, too

The makers of 38 well-known washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. Great for dishwashing, too—loosens grease in a jiffy. Thrifty housewives use Rinso for all cleaning, it's so economical.

A real economical soap

Get the BIG package. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—because it's granulated, *compact*. A little goes a long way in washer, tub or dishpan!

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

For whiter clothes in tub or washer

In using advertisements see page 6

I'll tell you the SECRET

. . of Youth and Clear Skin

Guard your *vital health.* It is the true secret of beauty—of youthful vitality. 3 cakes of C-Y Chocolate Yeast eaten everyday is the health recipe of Miss E. P. of Long Island, shown above. "It is the best thing for constipation that I've ever used," Miss E. P. writes.

Good to Eat—Keeps Fresh

C-Y Chocolate Yeast is a delicious blend of chocolate and live active yeast. It keeps fresh and stays active. Send 10c for health booklet and 2 cakes of C-Y Chocolate Yeast to:

C-Y CHOCOLATE YEAST CO., Inc.
101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

Sales Representatives
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc., New York.

5¢ A CAKE

Eat 3 a Day

Buy the Package of 10

50¢

A Good Girl Scout

pleasant, convenient backgrounds to intelligent lives; how to keep human beings in good health—especially this last. For never did old-time homes preach the doctrine of good health to its girls as sternly as does the Girl Scout idea. Delicate health is frowned on and eliminated by a spontaneous, eager desire to be strong, of which no girls of earlier generations ever dreamed. Cooking is taught as a means to health as well as to enjoyment (something my generation never heard in its youth), together with sewing, darning, cleaning, house-decorating, housekeeping of all sorts. To stimulate interest in these activities, each girl who completes a certain amount of designated work in one or another of them, is awarded an embroidered merit badge—which represents a particular unit of work—to be sewn on the sleeve of her uniform. She may work for any badge she chooses and for as many as she chooses.

The arts and skills of home-making are taught not only to the same kind of girls who in earlier periods would have learned them at home, but to the many others always unprovided for by the learn-at-home system. The very rich and the very poor girls had no chance at all under the older régime. In either case did their mothers know enough of household arts to impart them, and nobody else was available. Sometimes nowadays a Girl Scout comes from so wealthy a family that never till she lights a camp-fire has she struck a match—yes, this is authentic. Sometimes from so poor a family that the first thing she learns is how to keep her hair clean. To have such underprivileged girls from great and mean families in the very same Girl Scout troop together—there's a truly American horizon-widening experience *for them both!*

The "Little House"

Together these girls learn the old home-arts, and side by side with them are the far more numerous daughters of competent middle-class housekeepers who would be perfectly capable of teaching their girls if they were not running a campaign for better schools. Their daughters do not miss their instruction, which would have been desultory compared to the experience and instruction they get as Girl Scouts in the Girl Scout "little house."

Don't you know what that is? Haven't you one in your town? You should have, as much as a courthouse—on the whole, rather more. Drive to the next town and look at the one they have for their Girl Scouts. These "little houses" range all the way from a log-cabin, through an abandoned schoolhouse made over, to a modern dwelling with open plumbing and all the other traditional fixings. The only invariable element is that the house, whatever it is, belongs to the Girl Scouts of the town. They furnish it—and change the color scheme from blue to green or yellow whenever they like and have the energy and wit to compass this, a privilege no girl is ever allowed outside her own room in her parents' home. They hold their meetings in it. They play tennis in the court beside it, and after the game take a shower-bath in its basement. They plan and create the garden which grows beside it. There they have their Girl Scout parties and entertain in other ways. They cook in its kitchen, messing it up as much as they like, provided they clean it up afterward. They learn there fastidiously neat ways of doing housework such as only the finest housekeepers used to know how to teach their girls. They sew on its sewing machine whenever they like. In short, it is their club-house, a recognition of new needs for them arising out of high rents and close quarters, like their parents' club-houses. It furnishes to adolescent girls the joy little girls have in "playing house" and at the same time a genuine education in house managing.

In many ways the practical experience obtained in Girl Scout life is more authentic than that which was provided by the home, because it is based on actual responsibility, a moral element almost never present in good homes, where parents monopolize it. The finances of Girl Scout life are managed by the girls themselves. Above all, they are trained to budget—priceless art! The girls plan how much money they will need, earn part of it, and account for all of it. Did I say that acquiring an impersonal, intellectual activity was the greatest service the Girl Scouts give their girls? I take it back. I believe that learning how to make a budget, and stick to it, is more important—at least, for the peace of mind of the people they live with. Does that sound materialistic? It means, really, in modern conditions, that they are learning how to calculate what their obligations will be and how to plan to meet them—something most women need direly to learn, in the moral as well as in the financial world.

If that glorification of budget-making still seems materialistic praise, consider that quite another quality is as characteristic of the organization—the fact that it provides in the twentieth century a wonderful refuge from the sound of cash being passed back and forth in buying and selling. A Girl Scout camp, for instance, is almost as free of the buying insanity as the traditional South Sea island. There is nothing you can buy, save the inexpensive raw materials for your food. If you want things, you make them yourself or go without. Above all, you do not buy your recreation. It is not for sale. You learn how to create it.

Getting Away From Money

The effect on modern souls of escape from the invisible, ever-present pressure of cash can be compared to the effect of country quiet on the ears of people who live beside an elevated railroad in a city. They have grown used to it, yes, they "do not mind it any more" perhaps. But oh! the blessed relief to heart and nerves when the infernal din stops. The proverbial lightness of heart of Girl Scouts on hikes and in camps, the way in which song bursts from them as they work and play and march, the extravagant energy they pour into their dramatics, the joy they get from their games, the cheerful fortitude they show in difficult situations—don't you suppose some of this sunniness of heart comes from being, for a time, out of a world where everything is for sale?

And incidentally the cost of membership itself is very small. Besides the fifty cents a year for dues, each girl buys her uniform which is $4.25. And if she wishes to go to camp, it costs her on an average of $7.60 for an entire week of fun and instructive recreation.

There is undoubtedly another source for the never-failing cheerfulness of Girl Scout life, a consideration of which I urge on any parent who, stirred perhaps by some such account as this, decides to enroll at once all his daughters and nieces in it. Let me beg him first to consider the girl. Girl Scout life is not sure to suit *all* human temperaments. If you have used your imagination a little in reading this sketch of Girl Scout existence, you probably have quite an accurate picture of it from its start in the dewy morning in camp, through a long, bright, high-hearted day of fun and study and work and play, to the story-telling and fireside games around the campfire at night. Have you noticed in it any times in which a genuine, pure-quill specimen of the solitary-minded, contemplative meditation-loving temperament would be happy? If you have, your eyesight is better than mine. The Girl Scouts are richly content and happy in that sort of life for the same reason that fish are happy in water. It suits them. But there are a few girls—a very few, probably—whom it would not suit.

And yet—there are very, very few people

A Good Girl Scout

who are pure introverts compared to the number who have a normal mixture of the two kinds of temperaments. Many times a person, especially a young person, who seems to prefer gray, solitary quiet and her own thoughts to social cheer, is only pitifully shy and self-conscious, wistfully longing with all her heart to jump into the pool of young fun, but not sure she could swim in it if she did. The sooner, the better, for her! Off with her to the nearest Girl Scout troop. The intimacy of the life-in-common with her patrol will thaw out her self-consciousness and self-distrust in a year. Her initiative and her personality will grow fast and ripen in the absence of any compulsory factor in that world, for above everything else the Girl Scouts abhor the idea of being only one more school, where certain things must be taught and learned.

They do not function like schools in large units of many individuals each, marshaled here and there by a teacher. The unit is the patrol, never more than eight, sometimes only four girls. And what the patrols decide is the decision of the troop. If the Captain loves biology and would like to have the girls take up the observation of water-life, and the patrols think it would be more fun to devote themselves to folk-dancing and semaphore signaling they compromise on folk-dancing and semaphore signaling. Schools sufficiently (perhaps more than sufficiently) train the capacity to go at a task set by somebody else. The ideal of the Girl Scouts is to learn, little by little, how to give a wise, resourceful and civilized answer to the terrific, Judgment-Day question: "What do you do when you are free to do just as you like?"

Something interesting is happening to this organization of which it, perhaps, is not fully conscious. In the beginning of the Girl Scout movement (I speak only from outside observation, never having had any personal connection with the work), apparently it was thought that adequate leaders could be found in sufficient numbers by taking any well-intentioned woman or grown girl of the community ready to undertake the work. Anybody interested in girls, who could be depended on to be responsible, would make a Captain, they seemed to think, with what help could be sent from the really admirably organized National Headquarters, which supplies a flood of intelligently written brochures on all the activities likely to be undertaken by any troop.

Well, they have not taken a generation or so to find out more about that matter, as did the school trustees of older days. Not ten years had gone by before the need of careful training for leaders became obvious—loudly obvious, if I may so express myself. Now, after ten years more, one of the most important sides of the organization is the system of well-run training camps for leaders in different parts of the country, corresponding roughly to normal training schools for teachers. There are 12,957 Girl Scout leaders, captains and lieutenants. But not nearly enough camps, open not nearly long enough at a time for any one student-leader. Here for the first time this volunteer organization runs into a money difficulty. To extend, as is plainly necessary, this kind of careful, intelligently planned training for leaders, can not be managed on the negligible dues nor improvised out of nothing at all. Other modern women, doing professionally part of the work done by mothers in the older home, receive long, adequate, continued training to fit them. Somehow this will have to be provided for the women who are working in the Girl Scout plan.

Do I hear, perhaps, from the edge of the audience, an elderly gentleman object:

"But what's all this nonsense about 'learning' how to take care of young ones? Old-fashioned mothers never had any 'training' for the work they did! They married at seventeen, nursed, taught, fed, and brought up their children without needing to 'learn' anything about it."

If I do hear such a voice from the past, let it, I beg you, echo and re-echo in your ears, as, bringing to mind any seventeen-year-old girl in your acquaintance, you silently consider exactly what that meant for the helpless children entrusted to the care of such mothers.

When East Meets West

(*Continued from page 43*)

a Russian observer watching and reporting to the ever-vigilant government of Moscow; a keen young Frenchman reminding us of the great possessions of France in southern China; and a third observer for the Dutch in the empire of Java, where forty million Asiatics live under the kindly paternalism of the Netherlands.

It had been the duty of Lord Hailsham in the Cabinet of Premier Baldwin to preside over the House of Lords, but it is doubtful if anything in the deliberations of that august body ever proved of such absorbing interest as the debates to which he now listened between the representatives of the new Republic of China and the experienced statesmen and men of affairs of Japan. Here is a former presiding genius of the South Manchurian Railway, Mr. Matsuoka, defending the policies of the Japanese against the hottest kind of attack from a brother of the Foreign Minister of China, himself a high official in Mukden. When the discussion swings to a question of British interests in the Far East, there are British bankers there and merchants who have spent their lives in the Orient. American interests are represented by Americans with equal experience, one of whom, Mr. Fessenden, is the chairman of the Shanghai Council, the body that acts as the international government of the settlement of Shanghai. But another point of view is represented by missionaries who have come down from the farthest confines of China to be present at this meeting, traveling by caravan and river boat for over six weeks through the western mountains and river valleys of that vast country, and telling how even in these distant cities the China of today is in unanimous protest against its treatment by the western world.

The president of this informal and unofficial parliament of nations is known throughout the whole area of the Pacific, Dr. Nitobe, of the Japanese House of Peers—the outstanding figure in the international life of Japan today. For almost ten years he was at Geneva, representing his country on the Secretariat of the League of Nations, but for a long lifetime he has been an intellectual leader in his own country, training a whole generation in the ideals and thought of the western world and, above all, interpreting to Japan, American literature and ways of thinking. Surrounded as he was at this Conference by a group of brilliant younger men who had been his students in the years gone by and have now risen to high office, he was now able to interpret Japan to the western world. Under the leadership of men like this, the Institute of Pacific Relations set about its work of substituting international understanding for the haphazard methods of the past that have so often led to conflict.

It is a commonplace that two benefits come from meetings of this kind; one is the understanding of questions, and the other is the getting acquainted with men. Of the two, the

Jack Tar Togs

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Mothers with whom good taste is second nature are making Jack Tar Togs their first choice for the children—they've learned to look to Jack Tar for originality, for smartness, for fine needlework.

Foremost with Jack Tar are the new Feature Styles for Spring—now being displayed by Jack Tar dealers from coast to coast. See these Feature Styles—and ask for the illustrated folder of boys' and girls' models.

The STROUSE-BAER CO
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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Because the Floor is newly Painted

the CLEAN KITCHEN KEEPS CLEAN

WHAT a blessing—floors that are clean and *stay* clean. It's such a simple thing nowadays to have such floors when you finish them smoothly, easily and permanently with *Kyanize* Floor Enamel. Easy to brush on, this modern enamel dries in a few hours and is so tough and enduring that constant use cannot destroy its sturdy beauty. Try

Kyanize
FLOOR ENAMEL

if you want to settle forever the floor problem.

DECORATED FLOORS

Your *Kyanize* dealer will gladly show you the new and delightful effects in colorful floor designs so quickly made with *Kyanize* Floor Enamel and the new ROLDART decorating system. Ask for the new book, "Dream Floors."

Special $1.00 Offer! Send us a dollar and the name of your local paint dealer and receive a full-pint can, *Kyanize* Floor Enamel, a brush and the book "Dream Floors."

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY 329 EVERETT STA. BOSTON, MASS.

When East Meets West

latter frequently turns out to be the more important. In quiet talks around breakfast, lunch, or dinner tables, or in walks and incidental conversations, one gets to have a sense of the real meaning of international problems by understanding the way the other nations feel about them. So as you look around the rooms of the hotel you will see this form of education proceeding on every side. There is the son of the Labor Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, himself a member of Parliament, discussing matters with the head of a great Chinese university or a leading banker of Peking. He has just come back from a shopping expedition with Japanese lacquer bowls for his father's morning porridge at the breakfast in No. 10 Downing Street, and one can imagine that constant reminder of the delicate art of old Japan with each opening day, as the British Prime Minister looks over his morning mail. In another corner of the room Mr. Roland Boyden, who had been the representative of the United States in the Reparations Commission in Paris, is in conversation with Mr. Tsurumi, a member of the Japanese Parliament, well known to audiences in America. The chairman of the American group, Mr. Jerome D. Greene of New York, was born in Kyoto, for his father was one of the leading missionaries in Japan, and he speaks Japanese with the accent or dialect of the City of Kyoto itself. But English is the universal tongue, and no British or American speaker can use it with greater mastery of precision or diction than Dr. Nitobe or Miss Kim, the head of the one women's college of Korea. Canon Streeter, from Oxford, pleads for the ancient cultures and protests against the introduction of the machine age into the Orient; a Chinese lady, Mrs. Zen, graduate of Vassar College, answers him with a rather keen retort that however beautiful the temples may be which he has been visiting, he doubtless prefers to travel across America by express train rather than by rickshaw! Light banter is a frequent weapon of the Chinese delegates, but the discussion is always serious on matters of politics when Mr. Lionel Curtis takes part in them, for he has been behind the scenes in most of the important events which have transformed the British Empire into the British Commonwealth of Nations; in India, in South Africa, and in the making of the treaty with the Irish Free State. But perhaps the most important of these personal contacts is the intimate friendship of Mr. Suzuki, the leader of the labor unions of Japan, with Mr. Scharrenberg, the labor leader of California. One of the leaders in the movement for Japanese exclusion, Mr. Scharrenberg won the respect and confidence of the Japanese themselves by his fair-minded study of Japanese conditions and his frank yet sympathetic statement of opinion.

A Considered Program

But after all, these contacts would not have meant much if they had not been drawn together around a well-worked-out program. The success of the Kyoto Conference was chiefly due to the fact that its program had been studied and worked upon for over six years by organized committees and individuals interested in the problems that arise from the meeting of East and West. For it was over six years ago that the first meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations took place in that central meeting house of the Pacific Ocean, Honolulu. There in 1925, and again two years later in 1927, the Conference of the Institute called together groups of men and women from the different countries around the Pacific, some of whom met again in Kyoto, summoned by no authority, but brought together solely under the influence of a great ideal: the problems of the Pacific were to be solved—such was the hope and faith of those who built up the Institute of Pacific Relations—not by the imperialism of the past, but by cooperation and understanding. But although the Institute of Pacific Relations

When East Meets West

is planned to further international peace, the word Pacific in its title has reference only to geography. The Institute is not pacifistic in the narrower sense of the word; it does not ignore realities in the search for an ideal. It builds upon facts of history and geography and economics, and attempts to establish peace by securing a better understanding of those forces which might threaten it.

To come to grips with these problems, the Institute brings together leaders of opinion and specialists in the different fields of economics, education, business, or politics, to meet in conferences like that of Kyoto once every two years. But the conference is only a single part of a far-reaching organization. There is in addition to the central office which maintains a permanent staff at Honolulu, a whole series of national organizations in each of the participating countries. These national councils have their committees of education and of research studying and writing and speaking concerning the problems which have arisen wherever the European has entered Asia, either as missionary or as business man, or those even more difficult questions which arise when the Oriental seeks entry into such countries as Australia, Canada, or the United States.

The program of the Institute naturally falls into two main divisions: On the one hand there are historical or economic processes at work which have to be studied by scientific minds throughout a considerable period of time—problems like those of the migration of peoples, the growth of population and food supply, or the effect of the introduction of the modern factory system. Then, on the other hand, there are the more immediate questions which grow out of these deeper forces, or which simply happen through thoughtlessness or ignorance or blind mischance. It is this latter type of question or incident which makes up most of the international news of today, for the journalists know that there is still enough of the savage in us all to make us much more interested in the chance of a quarrel than in the mere fact of an agreement. The conferences of the Institute, therefore, tend to deal with the sharper issues of conflict; but the work of the Institute as a whole, year in, year out, at home in the different countries, has to do rather with the deeper movements of history than with the local incidents that tend to rouse national passions.

The Influence of Modern Science

There can be no doubt as to the underlying fact upon which the whole program of the Institute rests, it is the all-pervading, irresistible movement of modern science which, having established its empire in Europe and America, has in these last days moved in upon the civilizations of Asia. One sees the signs of this even in Kyoto itself. If one looks across the valley from the windows of the Miyako Hotel, which nestles part way up the pine-clad hillside, one can see the signs of the new modern world edging its way between the temple groves and among the quaint, low-lying roofs of this world-old city. There are factory chimneys—thin little stovepipe-looking chimneys like the miniature houses beneath them—from which dun-colored smoke rises like a smudge across the landscape.

That smudge of smoke above Kyoto means more than merely that a few machines are at work in the rooms below; it means that the ways of thinking are changing with the ways of doing the day's work, that the old loyalties are being questioned by new social forces, that the laborers in the factories and the students in the new universities are studying no longer merely the ancient classics, but the works of Karl Marx or Lenin. If we in the West are sometimes bewildered by the speed with which our modern world is being transformed, it is nothing to that breathless transformation which is revolutionizing Asia.

Take China. Down to our own day China

Joyous and vigorous, like children's laughter, it is part of the happy household

Bobbie thinks Susan can play on his team and Susan, the tomboy, would rather fight battles with lead soldiers than rock to sleep the prettiest doll in the nursery. And mother is sure that her children's laughter is part of a happy household.

So, tired or gay; frolicking over the nursery, sitting politely at table, Bobbie and Susan and countless other children in countless other households smile and shout with joy when "Canada Dry" is placed before them. To them, it's a treat!

It is a joyous beverage. It matches the high spirits of children and is good for them. Its purity recommends it to parents.

And into your household this fine old ginger ale will bring its cheer and vigor. To your Bobbie and Susan . . . this fine old ginger ale will bring laughter and joy. Is there a Hostess Package of 12 bottles in *your* pantry, for *your* children?

★

"CANADA DRY" *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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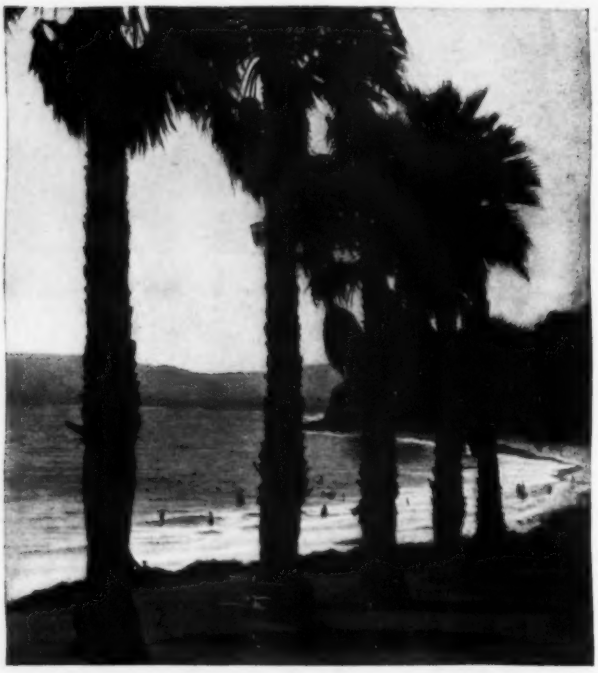

ELEVEN MEMORABLE DAYS
in Southern California next Summer

for $70

YOU might be tempted to call it "a mid-summer night's dream"... light wraps for motoring after sundown and for comfort listening to Hollywood Bowl "Symphonies under the Stars"; blankets under your chin ten nights out of eleven! Yet, that is Southern California in summer ... and you won't need your umbrella!

Close-by ocean beaches invite daily swims. Trips to Hollywood, Old Spanish Missions, High Sierra glaciers, Yosemite, the Orange Empire, nearby mile-high mountains, ocean islands, ocean barge fishing. Novelty ... almost endless!

Decide now to come to this summerland... even with but two vacation weeks. 570,000 visitors were here last summer. Take back memories to last a lifetime! Illustrated Itinerary details what you can see and do here in 11 days of your vacation time ... and shows expenses while here can be as little as $6.35 daily for comfortable living and sightseeing ... $70 for your actual stay in Southern California! MAIL THE COUPON. Special low railroad fares, May 15 until October 31.

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 camera studies by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for the postage cost. EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions ... the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

Southern California

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When East Meets West

was an antique empire, a living embodiment of the civilization that passed away with Egypt or Babylon or ancient Rome. Its public men, whether magistrates, statesmen, or ambassadors, were trained in the Chinese classics in schools which exacted gigantic feats of memory so that the learned and cultured Chinese could at a reference of a word or phrase bring back to the mind of his listener whole passages from Confucius or the other sages of thousands of years ago. If its thinkers kept looking backward, and the merchants of its nineteen hundred walled cities lived and traded according to the unchanging precepts of the guilds, there was little hope of modernizing the agriculture of that 85 percent of the population of China which lives by the tilling of the soil. For four thousand years the farmers of China have planted their crops the same way; and with the exception of its few trunk lines of railway, mostly built by foreign engineers, the commerce of that vast country is still carried in primitive caravans. Trains of shaggy camels go trailing down from the distant mountains in the west to the very doors of the embassies in Peking. It still takes longer to reach the western provinces of China than it does to go from London to Shanghai. Vast and immovable China seems, when one looks at these survivals of the past. Nevertheless, to-day she is rising as from sleep at the touch of modern industry and science. In this she is following where Japan had led.

The Industrial Revolution

In the two decades of republican history, China has suffered almost constant civil war and devastating famine in large sections of the country, but in spite of all disasters, the industrial, social, and political revolution is moving forward. The ancient city of Mukden, the capital of Manchuria and the home of the Manchu Dynasty, is tearing down its Asiatic slums and building with the feverish haste of a western city in the midst of a real estate boom. Harbin, to the north of it, has in a few years grown from a village to a city of nearly a million inhabitants, a city in which the rickshaws are forbidden in the streets in order to make room for the fast-moving automobiles!

It goes without saying that these new forces can not make a place for themselves in the world without calling for much new adjusting in existing society; and often this adjustment has used force to establish itself. It was the sight of Admiral Perry's battleships that led to the opening of Japan, the guns of the British fleet that broke down the barriers of China; and the railway that pierces the heart of the Asiatic mainland through Siberia brought the armies of the Czar to struggle with Japan for the mastery of Manchuria at Port Arthur and that greatest of all battlefields before the battle of the Marne, when Kuropatkin was driven in on Mukden by the soldiers of Marshal Oyama. If past history is any guide, it would seem almost inevitable that the introduction of Western civilization into the Orient would sooner or later bring another world catastrophe when the four hundred millions of China, a quarter of all the human race, had learned, as Japan has already learned, to use the weapons of the Western world and then to throw off the yoke imposed upon it in the days when it was merely a survival from antiquity.

Now the chief purpose of the Kyoto Conference was to see if there was not another way for dealing with the problems of modern nations than that which had been used in the past. It proposed to apply to the Far East, and to the area of the Pacific Ocean generally, the methods which have been worked out in the discussions of the League of Nations at Geneva, but with this difference—that here, instead of the representatives of governments, private individuals without any government connection set to work on their own account to try to solve international problems, relying only upon public opinion and education to secure results. So, although the Institute of

When East Meets West

Pacific Relations gets its title from the ocean on whose shores it meets, it really is an instrument of international peace.

The first two days of the Conference were given over to a discussion of the underlying problem referred to above, the effect upon the ancient cultures of the introduction of machinery. Some of those present felt that this was a pure waste of time; but others thought that the East, in taking on the factory system of the West, need not repeat all of its sad history; and might bring in with the machine itself, the latest ideas of social betterment, trying to avoid the slums of the great industrial cities by planning model villages; and by the rapid spread of education, build up an industrial democracy that does not depend upon the routine of the machine, but looks forward to partnership in the increased output of wealth.

Higher Living Standards

These optimistic views seem to the more conservatively-minded to have little basis in fact when, almost at the doors of the Conference, one could find in the commercial port of Kobe an overcrowding in the slums that has hardly a parallel in any of the worst congested cities of Europe, or when one recalls that the new factories of China are already filled with thousands of women and little children working long hours at exhausting tasks for a few cents a day. Nevertheless, Mr. Paul Scharrenberg was right when he put his finger upon this question of the standard of living as the one which was bound to be of greatest interest to the United States in years to come. It, more than anything else, has been responsible for the movement for Oriental exclusion. We can not afford to have the workers of America held down to the low standards of living of Oriental labor. Japan is doing all it can to remedy the situation for its own sake. It has passed laws against child labor and strictly limited the work of women in its factories. But over in China this movement of social reform has hardly even begun. There is, however, one encouraging fact from the very outset, and that is that it is now seen to be not a matter of international controversy but of the common interest of all concerned. The old idea that one nation benefits by exploiting another is breaking down before a new conception of common interest in securing higher standards of living for the whole world. Even if the Kyoto Conference could not do more than point this out, it was an important step in international education.

The two days discussing the Machine Age and Culture were planned for another reason than the light which might come from the discussions themselves. During those two days the delegates of the different countries had time to get acquainted with each other, and thus approached the problems of politics in a less antagonistic frame of mind than would have been the case had they come head on at the very first of the program. These political problems had to do with the problems of China. The Chinese Delegation came to Kyoto in a stern frame of mind, voicing the irritation of practically all classes of intelligent Chinese against the treatment of their country by the other nations. This irritation centered upon three great questions: the problem of extra-territoriality, that of foreign concessions, and the question of Manchuria. So deeply had the Chinese felt the unfairness and the injustice of the way in which they had been treated that many of their leaders, even the most prudent and sober-minded, had come to the conclusion that the only way they could get the Western Powers and Japan to listen to their demands was to build up an armed force and threaten reprisals. The resentment against Japan was particularly strong, and it was the great triumph of the Kyoto Conference that it substituted for this war-feeling, plans for international action satisfactory to all concerned. It is a commonplace nowadays to say that the one

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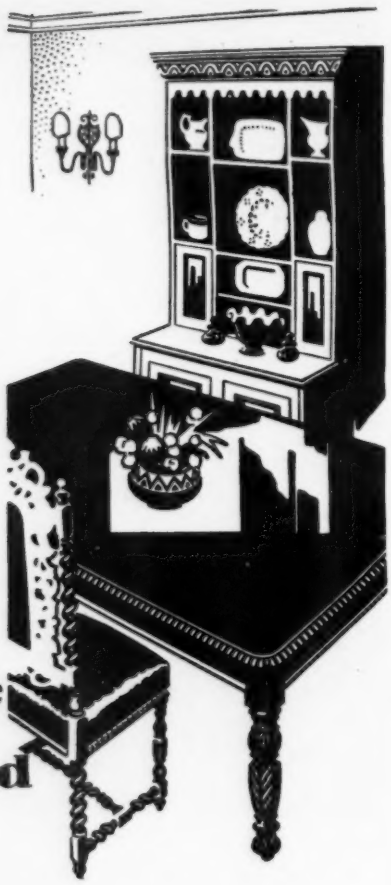

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When East Meets West

alternative for war is conference and discussion, but seldom has it been better proved than in the Conference at Kyoto.

Extra-territoriality is a word so hard to pronounce that it has been shortened in conversation to "extrality." It means, as applied to China, that the country claiming it does not permit its citizens to come under Chinese law. They are to be judged in consular courts by the officers of their own country. This is the claim of practically all the outside world in China with the exception of Germany and Austria, which lost the privilege in the World War. Both Great Britain and the United States have repeatedly stated that they are ready to give up this privilege if and when the Chinese courts become modernized. To meet the situation the Chinese prepared codes of law drawn from Western models. But the United States still feels that Chinese courts can not be counted upon to administer the law justly. Finally, losing patience, the Chinese Government stated that it was going to end the situation whether the Western Powers liked it or not, and set the date of January 1, 1930, to mark the end of any recognition by China of extra-territoriality. Now at Kyoto, it was pointed out that the chief misunderstanding lay in the fact that to the Chinese the refusal to accept its jurisdiction meant a political affront, a denial of its sovereignty, while the foreigners insisted upon it not for any political reasons, but for purely business ones. Stated on these grounds, the Chinese at once agreed to continue whatever legal devices were necessary for the world of trade and commerce and to take the whole matter out of politics. Before the end of the year the Chinese Government itself spoke in these terms to the governments of the other countries, and a crisis therefore has been avoided.

The Chinese Concessions

The question of concessions in China has to do with the little strips of territory that have been made over by China to Western Powers for their citizens to live there as if they were at home. These concessions are chiefly at seaports, and the only ones of any extent are those held by Japan in Manchuria. The rest are merely a few square miles along the harbor-front, as at Shanghai and Tientsin. They date from the middle of the nineteenth century when the English, in the so-called "opium war," forced the Manchu emperors of Peking to open the seaports of China to the world. The most important of these is the settlement at Shanghai where along the muddy swamps of the Whangpoo, a tributary of the Yangtze, foreign merchants have built up the greatest seaport of Asia under the shelter of gunboats anchored along the shore. In these settlements the Chinese find themselves treated as inferiors, and they are no longer willing to endure the humiliation of such treatment. But at Kyoto, instead of merely insisting that the foreigners should be forced out of their rich concessions, the Chinese delegates placed the question on the same footing as extra-territoriality, and so it was recognized on both sides that there was a way of solving the problem short of the application of force.

After these two problems had been disposed of, the Conference was ready to tackle the hardest of all problems in international affairs to-day, that of Manchuria. Here Japan, as the conqueror of Russia in the War of 1904-1905, has exerted an almost sovereign control over the country through its ownership of the South Manchurian Railway, the central railway line for some thirty million inhabitants. But while Japan has control of the railway, the Chinese, by a vast migration of over a million a year, have filled up the farmlands behind. So Manchuria has become more and more Chinese with every year. The clash of interest between the two nations has been a constant menace of trouble, and the solution most talked of was that sooner or later there would be war. At Kyoto an entirely different attitude prevailed,

When East Meets West

and ultimately the Chinese and Japanese, themselves, came together in friendly meetings and worked out a program which proposed not merely cooperation, but intimate friendship in the future. It was the Japanese who proposed a sort of Locarno of the Orient. And though this plan was only referred to as a hopeful program for the future, it was seriously taken up by men high in the public life of both Japan and China.

The Manchurian Question

It would carry us too far afield to describe in detail these discussions concerning Manchuria. But the way in which so delicate and difficult a problem was solved is of general interest because it may very well be tried elsewhere in other conferences in the future. Any agreement seemed impossible so long as the subject was looked at as a whole, since the mere mention of the "Manchurian Question" was a reminder of hostile attitudes on both sides. It was a political issue between Japan and China; and the issues of politics have to do more with the attitudes, that is to say, the policies of nations, than with the detail of the questions under discussion. The political question of Manchuria rests more upon the mutual lack of confidence or good faith between the two nations than upon the exact amount of Japanese investments in Manchuria or any other detail of the present. The Chinese have charged the Japanese with designs of imperialistic expansion at the expense of China: while the Japanese have felt that the Chinese are unable to guarantee law and order where Japan has held such a heavy stake.

Now at Kyoto these large issues were not allowed to come to the fore until there had been a minute examination of some of the specific items which have been responsible for the hostile attitudes of the two nations. For instance, the Chinese charged that the Japanese consuls were conducting themselves in Manchuria as though the country were theirs, that Japanese police and military were cruel and ruthless in their treatment of the Chinese, who had no appeal from them. The Japanese did not respond to this charge by emotional protests, but by suggesting that the remedy lay in the abolition of consular jurisdiction—that is, of extra-territoriality—and the erection of a special court at Mukden or Harbin to deal with all such cases as might give rise to international disagreement.

The discussion turned from a record of abuses, which inevitably arouses national passion, to the consideration of a workable plan of reform. The question of concessions was treated in the same practical spirit as that of extra-territoriality, by concentrating on the chief point of disagreement, which was the vagueness of the treaty rights under which Japan held its grip on Manchurian territory. It held in addition to the right of way, such territory as was needed for the working and support of the railway; and under this vague clause, the Chinese claimed that Japan had unduly extended its hold on Manchuria. Stated in these terms, the dispute was narrowed down to a field that could be covered by practical proposals. Thus, "the problem of Manchuria," which had seemed to be a menace to the peace of the world so long as it was dealt with in terms of politics, was seen to be capable of a perfectly sensible and pacific settlement if analyzed in detail and held down to facts.

Having stated these great results of the Conference, it is necessary to add a word of warning. No final decisions were taken of any kind whatever. The results enumerated above were simply the common understanding of men learning to think together, or at least to think to a common purpose and reaching much the same kind of conclusion. They were never asked to record their decisions in a vote, and perhaps that is why they were able to go so far in the great work of supplanting prejudices and misunderstanding by commonsense.

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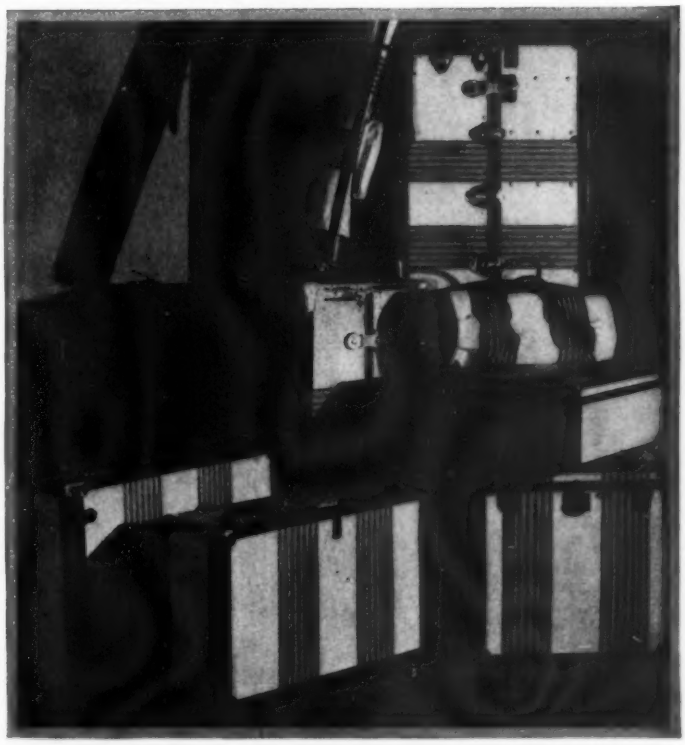

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Women who perspire least · · often need Odorono most · ·

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The Budget

(*Continued from page 57*)

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11 yds. daffodil yellow chintz for slip-covers on chairs @ $1.65 yd	$18.15
2 prs. filet net curtains @ $7.75 a pair	$15.50
1 9′x12′ brown woven rug	$27.50
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2 polished steel lamps with parchment shades @ $19.10	$38.20
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6 small dog etchings @ $4.00 each	$24.00
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2 yellow linen appliquéed dresser scarfs, $5.75 and $4.75	$10.50
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1 sateen quilt	$ 6.95
2 green glass painted dressing-table bottles @ $4.00 each	$ 8.00
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1 crystal frog vase	$ 3.00
Celluloid Dressing-Table Set	$11.25
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TOTAL FOR ENTIRE ROOM $498.92

The clock illustrated on pages 52 and 53 is from the Seth Thomas Clock Co.